

THE
WORKS
OF
PETER PINDAR, ESQ.
COMPLETE.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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for
A

LOUSIAD.

“Qualis ab Incepto.” HORACE.

“As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World
“without End.”

CANTO II.

NYMPHS of the sacred fount, around whose brink
Bards rush in droves, like cart-horses, to drink;
Dip their dark beards amidst your streams so clear,
And, whilst they gulp it, with it ale or beer;
Far more delighted to possess, I ween,
Old Calvert's brew-house for their Hippocrene;
And, blest with beef, their ghostly forms to fill,
Make Dolly's chop-house their Æolian hill.
More pleas'd to hear knives, forks, in concert join,
Than all the tinkling cymbals of the NINE,
Assist me—ye who themes sublime pursue,
With scarce a shift, a stocking, or a shoe,
Such pow'r have satires, epigrams, and odes,
As make ev'n bankrupts of the born of gods,
As well as mortal bards, who oft bewail
Their unsuccessful madrigals in jail,

Where, penn'd, like hapless cuckows, in a cage,
 The ragged warblers pour their tuneful rage;
 Deck the damp walls with verse of various quality,
 And, from their prisons, mount to immortality.

Ah! tell me where is now thy blush, O SHAME!
 Shall bards through *jails* explore the road to fame;
 Like souls of papists, in their way to glory,
 Doom'd, at the half-way house, call'd Purgatory,
 To burn, before they reach the realms of light,
 Like old tobacco-pipes, from black to white?
 Yet let me say again, that pow'rful rhyme
 Hath lifted poets to a state sublime;
 To lofty pill'ries rais'd their sacred ears,
 High o'er the heads of marvelling compeers,
 Whose eggs, potatoes, turnips, and their tops,
 Paid flying homage to their tuneful chops:
 Blest state! that gives each fair exalted mien,
 To grace in print each monthly magazine;
 And deck the shops with sweet engravings drest,
 'Midst angels, sinners, saints of Mr. WEST;
 Where brave KING ALEXANDER and the DEER,
 A noble, bustling hodge-podge shall appear
 From that fam'd * picture which our wonder drew,
 And pour'd its brazen splendours on the view;
 Bright as the pictures that, with glorious glare,
 On penthouse high, in Piccadilly stare,
 Where lions seem to roar, and tygers growl,
 Hyænas whine, and wolves in concert howl;
 And by their goggling eyes, and furious grin,
 Inform what thaggy dev's lodge within.

Ye NYMPHS who, fond of fun, full many a time,
 Mount on a jack-ass many a child of rhyme,
 And make him think, astride his braying hack,
 He moves sublimely on Pegasus's back:
 Ye MUSES, oft by brainless poets sought,
 To bid the stanza chime and swell with thought;

* A whole acre of canvass, so daubed by colour as to give it the appearance of a brass-foundry.

Who, whelping for OBLIVION, fain would save
 Their whining puppies from the fullen wave;
 Assist me!—ye who visit towns and hovels,
 To teach our girls in bibs to eke out novels,
 And treat with scorn (far nobler knowledge studying)
 The humble art of making pye or pudding:
 Who make our Sapphos of their verses vain,
 And fancy all Parnassus in their brain;
 And 'midst the bustle of their lucubrations,
 Take downright madness for your inspirations;
 Charm'd with the cadence of a lucky line,
 Who taste a rapture equal, GEORGE, to thine;
 When blest at DATCHET, through thy HERSCHELL'S
 glafs,
 That brings from distant worlds a horse, an ass,
 A tree, a windmill, to the curious eye,
 Shirts, stockings, blankets, that on hedges dry;
 Thine eyes, at evenings late, and mornings soon,
 Unfated feast on wonders in the moon;
 Where Herschell on volcanos, mountains, pores,
 And happy Nature's true sublime explores;
 Whilst thou so modest (wonderful to tell!)
 On LUNAR trifles art content to dwell,
 Flies, grasshoppers, grubs, cobwebs, cuckow spittle,
 In short, delighted with the world of *little*.
 Which West shall paint, and grave Sir Joseph Banks
 Receive from thy historic mouth with thanks:
 Then bid the vermin on the journals * crawl,
 Hop, jump, and flutter, to amuse us all.

And thou, great PATRON † of the double quill,
 That slays by rhyme, and murders by a pill,
 A pretty kind of double-barrell'd gun,
 More giv'n to tragedy than comic fun:
 Auspicious PATRON of the paunch and backs
 Of those all-daring rascals christen'd quacks,
 To whom our purse and lives are legal plunder,
 Who, hawk-like, keep the human species under:

* Of the Royal Society.

† Apollo.

GOD of those gentlemen of gingling brains,
 Who, for *their own amusement*, print their strains,
 O aid, as lofty Homer says, my *nous*,
 To sing sublime the Monarch and the Louse!

NYPHS, PHOEBUS, in my *first* heroic chapter,
 I should have pray'd for crumbs of tuneful rapture:
 Thus to forget my friends was not so clever;
 But, says the proverb, better *late* than *never*."

Well! since I'm in the invocation trade,
 To *conscience* let my compliments be paid——

CONSCIENCE, a terrifying little sprite,
 That, bat-like, winks by day, and wakes by night;
 Hunts through the heart's dark holes each lurking vice,
 As sharp as weazels hunting eggs or mice;—
 Who, when the light'nings flash, and thunders crack,
 Makes our hair bristle like a hedge-hog's back;
 Shakes, ague-like, our hearts with wild commotion:
 Uplifts our faint-like eyes with dread devotion:
 Bids the poor trembling tongue make terms with Heav'n,
 And promise miracles to be forgiv'n:
 Bids spectres rise, not very like the graces,
 With gogling eyes, black beards, and Tyburn faces;
 With scenes of fires of glowing brimstone scares,
 Spits, forks, and proper culinary wares
 For roasting, broiling, frying, fricasseeing,
 The soul, that sad offending little *being*:
 That stubborn stuff of salamander make,
 Proof to the fury of the burning lake.

O CONSCIENCE! thou strait-jacket of the soul,
 The maddling fallies of the bard controul;
 Who, when inclin'd, like brother bards, to lie,
 Bring TRUTH's neglected form before his eye,
 Fair MAID! to towns and courts a stranger grown,
 And now to rural swains almost unknown,
 Whose company was once their prudent choice;
 Who once delighted, list'ned to her voice;
 When in their hearts the *gentler* passion strove,
 And CONSTANCY went hand in hand with LOVE.

Sweet

Sweet TRUTH, who steals through lonely shades along,
And mingles with the turtle's note her song;
Whilst FALSEHOOD, rais'd by sycophantic tricks,
Unblushing flaunts it in a coach and six.

CONSCIENCE, who bid'st our monarch from the nation
Send sons to Gottingen for education,
Since hapless CAM and ISIS, lost to knowledge,
Are ideots to this Hanoverian college,
Where simple science beams with orient ray;
The great, the glorious ATHENS of the day!
So says the RULER of us English fools,
Who cannot judge like *him* of WISDOM's schools.

Dear attic Gottingen! to thee I bow,
Of knowledge; O most wonderful milch cow!
From whom huge pails the royal boys shall bring,
And give, we hope, a little to the —.
Through *thee*, besides the knowledge they may reap,
The lads shall get their board and lodging cheap;
And learn, like their good parents, to subsist
Within the limits of the Civil List;
Who seldom bid a minister implore
A little farther pittance for the *poor*.

CONSCIENCE! who, to the wonder of his SIRE,
Bad'st from his wonted state a PRINCE retire,
And, like a subject, humbly seek the shade,
That not a tradesman might remain unpaid:
An action that the soul of ENVY stings—
A deed unmention'd in the book of KINGS:

CONSCIENCE! who mad'st a monarch, by thy pow'r,
Send pris'ner the fam'd * di'mond to the Tow'r;
So witchingly that look'd him in the face,
And impudently sought to bribe his GRACE..
Where, too, the cradle and the bed shall rest,
That on the same damn'd errand left the East—
Thus fall of gems and pearl the treas'rous tribe,
And beds and cradles that would monarchs bribe!

* Such is the story of the late fly bulse that stole into St. James's.

CONSCIENCE! who mak'st our King (how very
strange!)
Keep a fair drawer of halfpence to give change :
Resolv'd (so strictly in his dealings true)
That none shall keep from CÆSAR, CÆSAR's due.

CONSCIENCE! who now can'st, like a cart-horse,
draw,
Now lifeless sinking, scarcely lift a straw :
So different are thy pow'rs at diff'rent times,
Thou dear companion of the man of rhymes !
Thou! who at times can'st like a lion roar
For one poor sixpence, yet, like NORTH, can'st snore,
Though rapine, murder, try to ope thine eyes,
And raging Hell with all his horrors rise :
Whose eye on petty frauds can fiercely flame,
Yet wink at full-blown crimes that *blast* a name.

O CONSCIENCE! who didst bid to madness work
(So great thy pow'r) the brain of hapless YORKE,
And mad'st him cut from ear to ear his throat,
That luckless spoil'd his patriotic note ;
Yet wanted'st strength to force from *his* hard eye
One drop—who *help'd* him to yon spangled sky ;
Whose damned pray'rs, feign'd tears, and tongue of
art,
Won on the weakness of his honest heart !
Poor YORKE! without a stone, whose reliques lie,
Though VIRTUE mark'd the murder with a sigh !

O CONSCIENCE! who to CLIVE did'st give the
knife
That, desp'rate plunging, took his forfeit life ;
Who, lawless plund'rer, in his wild career,
Whelm'd ASIA's eye with woe, and heart with fear ;
Whose wheels on carnage roll'd, and drench'd with
blood,
From gasping Nature forc'd the blushing flood ;
Whilst HAVOCK, panting with triumphant breath,
Nerv'd his red arm, and hail'd the hills of death.

And now to thee, O lovely FAME, I bend ;
Let all thy trumpets this great work commend :

Give

Give one a-piece to all the learn'd reviews,
 And bid them sound the labours of the muse :
 Give to the magazines a trumpet each,
 And let the swelling note to doomsday reach :
 To daily newspapers a trumpet give :
 Thus shall my epic strain for ever live :
 Thus shall my book descend to distant times,
 And rapt posterity resound my rhymes.
 By future BEAUTIES shall each tone be prest,
 And, like their lap-dogs, live a parlour guest.

Thee, dearest FAME, some mercenaries hail,
 Merely to gain their labours a good sale ;
 Or rise to fair preferment by thy tongue,
 Though deaf as adders to thy charms of song :
 Just as the hypocrites say pray'rs, sing psalms,
 Bestow upon the blind, and cripple, alms ;
 Yield glory to the Pow'r who rules above,
 Not from a principle of heav'nly love,
 But, sneaking rascals, to obtain—when dead—
 A comfortable lodging over head,
 When forc'd by age, or doctors, or their spoules,
 The vagrants quit their sublunary houses.

With tiresome invocation having done,
 At length our glorious epic may go on—
 Lo ! Madam SWELLENBERG, inclin'd to *cram*,
 Was wond'rous busy o'er a plate of ham ;
 A ham that once adorn'd a German pig,
 Rough as a bear, and as a jack-ass big ;
 In Woods of *Westphaly* by hunters smitten,
 And sent a present to the Queen of Britain.

But ere we farther march, ye muses, say
 Somewhat of Madam SWELLENBERG, I pray :
 If ancient poets mention but a horse,
 We read his genealogy of course :
 O say, shall horses boast the deathless line,
 And o'er a *lady's* lineage sleep the Nine ?

By virtue of her father and her mother,
 This woman saw the light without much pother ;
 That

That is—no grand commotions shook our earth—
 Apollo danc'd no hornpipe at her birth,
 To say to what perfection she was born :
 What wit, what wisdom should the nymph adorn :
 No bees around her lips in clusters hung,
 To tell the future sweetness of her tongue :
 Around her cradle perch'd no cooing dove,
 To mark the soul of innocence and love :
 No smiling Cupids round her cradle play'd,
 To shew the future conquests of the maid ;
 Whose charms would make the jealous sex her foes,
 And with their light'nings blast a thousand beaux.
 Indeed, the muse must own a trifling pother
 Sprung up between the father and the mother ;
 For, after taking methods how to gain her,
 They knew not how the devil to maintain her.

Heav'ns ! what no prodigy attend *her* birth,
 Who awes the greatest palace upon earth ?
 Yes !—a black cat around the bantling squawl'd,
 Join'd its young cries, and all the house appall'd :
 Now here, now there, he sprung with visage wild,
 And made a bold attempt to kiss the child :
 Bats pour'd in hideous hosts into the room,
 And, imp-like, flitting, form'd a sudden gloom ;
 Then to the cradle rush'd the dark'ning throng,
 And, raptur'd, shriek'd congratulating song ;
 Which song, in concert with the squawls of puffs,
 Seem'd, in plain German, “ *Thou art one of us.*”

In Strelitz first this dame the light espied,
 Born to a good inheritance of pride ;
 For, however paradoxical it be,
 PRIDE pigs with people of a *low* degree,
 As well as with your folks of fortune struts ;
 Like rats that live in palaces or huts ;
 Or bugs, an animal of pompous gait,
 That dwell in beds of straw, or beds of state ;
 Or monkies vile, whose tooth inglorious grapples,
 Now with ananas, now with rotten apples.
 Hail PROTEUS PRIDE, whose various pow'rs of throat
 Can swell the trumpet's loud and faucy note ;

And

And if a meaner air can serve thy turn,
 In panting, quiv'ring sounds of Jews-harps mourn !
 Hail, PRIDE, companion of the great and little,
 So abject, who can'st lick a patron's spittle ;
 Whine like a sneaking puppy at his door,
 And turn the hind part of thy wig before ;
 Nay, if he orders, turn it inside out,
 And wear it, Merry Andrew-like, about ;
 Heed not the grinning world a single rush,
 But bear its pointed scorn without a blush.
 Yet fain would'st thou the crouching world bestride,
 Just like the RHODIAN BULLY o'er the tide ;
 The brazen wonder of the world of yore,
 That proudly stretch'd his legs from shore to shore,
 And saw of Greece the loftiest navy travel,
 In dread submission, underneath his navel.

So much for pride—great, little, humble, vain ;
 And now for Madam SWELLENBERG again.

Whether the nymph could ever boast a grace,
 That deign'd to pay a visit to her face,
 The MUSE is ignorant, she must allow ;
 Yet know this truth, that not one sparkles *now*.
 If ever beauties, in delight excelling,
 Charm'd on her cheek, they long have left their
 dwelling.

This nymph a mantua-maker was, I ween,
 And priz'd for cheapness by our saving Queen,
 Who (where's the mighty harm of loving money)
 Brought her to this fair land of milk and honey,
 And plac'd her in a most important sphere—
 INSPECTRESS GENERAL of the royal geer.

Soon as this woman heard the Loufe's tale,
 At once she turn'd, like walls of plaster, pale.
 But first the ham of *Westphaly* she gobbled,
 And then to seek the LORD'S ANOINTED hobbled.
 HIM full of wrath, like Peleus' son, of yore,
 When Agamemnon took away his wh—,
 In all the bitterness of wrath, she found ;
 The Queen and royal children staring round.

“ O Swelly,”

" O *Swelly*," thus the madden'd Monarch roar'd,
 Whilst wild impatience wing'd the rapid word ;
 For lo ! the *solemn* march of graceful speech,
 The KING long since had bid to kiss his b——h.
 The broken language that this mouth affords
 Are heads and tails, and legs and wings, of words,
 That give imagination's laughing eye
 A lively picture of a giblet pye.

" O *Swelly*, *Swelly*," cried the furious King,
 " What ! what a dirty, filthy, nasty thing !
 " That thus you come to ease my angry mind,
 " Indeed, is very, very, very, very kind.
 " What's your opinion, hæ ?" the Monarch rav'd—
 " Yes, yes, the cooks shall ev'ry one be shav'd—
 " What ! what ! hæ ! hæ ! now tell me, *Swelly*, pray—
 " Shan't I be right in't—What ! what ! *Swelly*, hæ ?
 " Yes, yes, I'm sure on't, by the Loufe's looks,
 " That he belong'd to some one of the cooks—
 " Speak, *Swelly*, shan't we shave each filthy jowl ?—
 " Yes, yes, and that we will, upon my soul."

To whom the DAME, with elevated chin,
 Wide staring eyes, and broad contemptuous grin :

" Yes, sure as dat my soul is to be sav'd,
 " So sure de dirty rascals shal be shav'd—
 " Shav'd to de quick be ev'ry moder's son—
 " And curse me if I do not see it done :
 " De barbers soon der nasty locks shal fall on,
 " Nor leave one standing for a loufe to crawl on.
 " If on der skulls de razor do not shine,
 " May gowns and petticoats no more be mine—
 " Curls, clubs, and pig-tails, all shal go to pot
 " For sush curs'd nastiness, or I'll be rot ;
 " Or else to Strelitz let me quickly fly,
 " Dat dunghill, dat poor pig-house to de eye ;
 " Where from his own mock trone de Prince so great,
 " Can jomp into anoder Prince estate—
 " Yes, by de God dat made dis eart and me,
 " No single lousy rascal shal go free."

Reader,

Reader, thou raifest both thy marv'ling eyes,
In all the staring wildness of surprise ;
As if the poet did not truth revere,
And fanciest *gentlewomen* could not swear :
Go, fool, and seek the ladies of the mud,
Queens of the lakes, or damsels of the flood ;
Nymphs, nereids, or what vulgar tongues call drabs,
Who vend at Billingsgate their sprats and crabs ;
Tell them their fish all stink, and thou wilt hear
Whether that *gentlewomen* ever swear :
Nay, visit many of our courtly dames,
When wrath their dove-like gentleness inflames ;
Lo ! thou shalt find, by many a naughty word,
They use small ceremony with the Lord,
In spite of all that godly books contain,
That teach them not to take his name in vain.

“ Thanks, *Swelly*, thanks, thanks, thanks,” the
KING replied,

“ Like me, you have not got a grain of pride.

“ Yes, yes, if I am master of this house ;

“ Yes, yes, the locks shall fall, and then the louse.”

He spoke—and to confirm the dreadful doom,
His head he shook, that shook the dining room.
Thus, JOVE of old, the dread, the THUND'RING GOD,
Shook, when he swore, OLYMPUS with his nod.

“ Yes (cried the KING)—yes, yes, their curls shall
“ quake :

“ But, tell me, where, where, where's Sir FRANCIS
“ DRAKE ?”

O, Reader, think not 'twas that DRAKE, Sir FRANCIS,
Whose wond'rous actions seem almost romances ;
Who shone in sense profound, and bloodiest wars,
And rais'd the nation's glory to the stars :
Who first in triumph sail'd around the world,
And vengeance on the foes of Britain hurl'd :
But HE who sculks around the royal kitchen,
Which, if he catch a neighbour's dog or bitch in,
Lets fly, to strike the four-legg'd mumper dead,
A poker, or a clever, at his head.

Not

Not *that* Sir FRANCIS DRAKE who, god-like, bore
 Fair freedom, science, to th'Atlantic shore :
 To Pagans gave the Gospel's saving grace,
 And planted virtue 'midst a barb'rous race ;
 Spread on the dark'ned realms the blaze of light—
 But *he* who sees the spoons and plates are bright ;
 Sees that the knives before the King and Queen
 Are, like the pair of royal stomachs, *keen* :
 Not *he* whose martial frown whole kingdoms shook,
 But he whose low'ring visage shakes a cook :
 Not he who pour'd on Mexico his tars,
 But he, at *London*, who with *linen* wars ;
 Napkins and damask table-cloths assails
 With scissars, razors, knives, and teeth and nails ;
 Who dares with doylies desp'rate war to wage,
 Such is *his* province and domestic rage,
 If, like his predecessors, he hath grace,
 And calls his conquests, *perquisites of place*—
 'Twas not that DRAKE who bade his daring crew
 Run with their bayonets the Spaniards through ;
 But that important DRAKE, in office big,
 Instructing cooks to spit a goose or pig :
 Not *he* who took the Spaniards by the nose,
 And prisons fill'd with Britain's graceless foes ;
 But he who bids the geese, his pris'ners, die,
 And stuffs their legs and gizzards in a pye :
 He who, three times a-week, a green-cloth lord,
 Sits, wisdom-fraught, at that important board
 With wise compeers, in judge-like order studying,
 Whether the KING shall have a tart or pudding.
 'Twas *this* Sir FRANCIS, quite a diff'rent man
 From him who round the world with glory ran :
 Forbid it, Heav'n ! that e'er the MUSE untrue
 Should give to any man another's due !

MUSE, leave we now the Monarch, vengeance
 brewing,
 To take a peep at what the cooks were doing.

In that snug room *, the scene of shrewd remark,
 Whose window stares upon the saunt'ring park,

* The Larder.

Where many a hungry bard, and gambling sinner,
 In chop-fall'n sadness, counts the trees for dinner :
 In that snug room, where any man of spunk
 Would find it a hard matter to get * drunk ;
 Where coy tokay ne'er feels a cook's embraces,
 Nor port nor claret shew their rosy faces ;
 But where old Adam's beverage flows with pride,
 From wide-mouth'd pitchers, in a plenteous tide ;
 Where veal, pork, mutton, beef, and fowl and fish,
 All club their joints, to make one *handsome* dish :
 Where stew-pan covers serve for plates, I ween,
 And knives and forks and spoons, are never seen ;
 Where pepper issues from a paper-bag,
 And for a crewet stands a brandy-cag ;
 Where Madam SWELLENBERG too often sits
 Like some old tabby in her mousing fits,
 Demurely squinting with majestic mien,
 To catch some fault to carry to the QUEEN.

In that snug room, like those immortal Greeks,
 Of whom, in book the thirteenth, OVID speaks—
 Around the table, all with sulky looks,
 Like culprits doom'd to Tyburn, sat the cooks.
 At length, with phiz that shew'd the man of woes,
 The sorrowing king of spits and stew-pans rose ;
 Like PAUL at Athens, very justly fainted,
 And by the charming brush of Raphael painted,
 With out-stretch'd hands, and energetic grace,
 He fearless thus harangues the ROASTING RACE,
 Whilst gaping round, in mute attention sit
 The poor forlorn disciples of the spit :

“ Cooks, scullions, hear me, ev'ry mother's son—

“ Know that I relish not this royal fun.

“ GEORGE thinks us scarcely fit ('tis very clear)

“ To carry guts, my brethren, to a bear.”

“ Guts to a bear !” the cooks, upspringing, cried—

“ Guts to a bear !” the major loud replied.

“ Guts to the dev'l !” roar'd the cooks again,

And tofs'd their noses high in proud disdain :

* This will be deemed strange by my country readers—but it is nevertheless true.

The plain translation of whose pointed noses
 The reader needeth not, the bard supposes :
 But if the reason some dull reader looks,
 'Tis this—whatever kings may think of cooks,
 Howe'er crown'd heads may deem them low-born
 things,

Cooks are possess'd of souls as well as *kings*.
 Yet are there some who think (but what a shame !)
 Poor people's souls like pence of Birmingham,
 Adulterated brass—base stuff—abhorr'd—
 That never can pass current with the LORD ;
 And think, because of wealth they boast a store,
 With ev'ry freedom they may treat the *poor* :
 Witness the story that my muse, with tears,
 Relates, O Reader, to thy shrinking ears.
 With feeble voice and deep desponding sighs,
 With fallow cheek and pity-asking eyes,
 A wretch, by age and poverty decay'd,
 For farthings lately to a NABOB pray'd :
 The NABOB, turkey-like, began to swell,
 And damn'd the beggar to the pit of hell.
 " Oh ! Sir," the suppliant was heard to cry
 (The tear of mis'ry trickling from his eye),
 " Though I'm in rags, and wond'rous, wond'rous
 " poor,
 " And *you* with gold and silver cover'd o'er,
 " There won't in heav'n such difference take place,
 " When we before the LORD come face to face."
 " *You* face to face with *me* !" the nabob cried,
 In all the insolence of up-start pride ;
 " *You* face to face with *me*, you dog, appear ?
 " Damme, I'll kick you, if I catch you there."
 Oh ! shocking blasphemy ! Oh ! horrid speech !
 Where was the fellow born ? The wicked wretch !
 So black an imp would pull, I do suppose,
 A bulse of di'monds from a BEGUM's nose ;
 Or make, like DOULAH, careless of his soul,
 A new edition of the old black hole.

" What's life," the major said, " my brethren,
 " pray,
 " If force must snatch our first delights away ?
 " Relentless

" Relentless shall the royal mandate drag
 " The hairs that long have grac'd this silken bag ?
 " Hairs to a barber scarcely worth a fig,
 " Too few to make a fore-top for a wig :
 " Must razors vile these locks so scanty shave,
 " Locks that I wish to carry to my grave ;
 " Hairs, look my lads, so wonderfully thin—
 " Old SWELLENBERG hath more upon her chin ?"
 " Yes, that she hath (exclaim'd a cook), by G-d,
 " A damn'd old German good-for-nothing toad.
 " Yes, yes, her mouth with beard divinely bristles—
 " Curse me, I'd rather kiss a bunch of thistles.
 " Oh! were it but his Majesty's commands
 " To give her gentle jaw-bones to these hands,
 " I'd shave her, like a punish'd soldier, *dry*—
 " No killing sow should make a sweeter cry—
 " I'd pay my compliments to Madam's chin—
 " I'll answer for't, I'd make the dev'l grin—
 " The razor most deliciously should work—
 " I'd trim her muzzle—yes, I'd scrape her pork—
 " I'd teach her to some purpose to behave,
 " And shew the witch the nature of a shave—
 " Oh! woman, woman! whether lean or fat,
 " In face an *angel*, but in soul a *cat*."

He ended—when each mouth upon the stretch,
Crown'd with a loud horse-laugh the classic speech.

Too soon, alas! resentment seiz'd the hour,
 And JOKE resign'd his grin-provoking pow'r ;
 RAGE dimm'd of mirth the sudden sunny sky,
 And fill'd with gloomy oaths each scowling eye :
 Whilst GRIEF returning, took her turn to reign,
 Sunk ev'ry heart, and sadden'd ev'ry mien :
 Drew from their giddy heights the laughing graces—
 For much is grief dispos'd to bring down faces.

" Son of the spit," the major, strutting, cried,
 " I like thy spirit, and revere thy pride :
 " I'd rather hear thee than a bishop preach,
 " For thou hast made a very pretty speech.
 " Such is the language that the gods should hear,
 " And such should thunder on the royal ear.

" Yet, son of dripping, though thou speak'st my notions,

" We must not be too nimble in our motions——

" Awhile, heroic brothers, let us halt ;

" Soft fires, the proverb tells us, make good malt.

" And yet again I bid you stand like rocks,

" And battle for the honour of your locks,

" Lo ! in these aged hairs is all my joy——

" To shave them, is my *being* to destroy.

" What's life, if life has not a bliss to give——

" And if unhappy, who would wish to live ?

" CONTENT can visit the poor spider'd room,

" Pleas'd with the coarse rush mat and birchen broom ;

" Where parents, children, feast on oaten bread,

" With cheeks as round as apples, and as red ;

" Where health with vigour nerves their backs and

" hams,

" Sweet souls, though ragged as young colts or rams ;

" Where calmly sleep the parents with their darlings,

" Though nibbled by the fleas as thick as starlings ;

" Lull'd to their rest, beneath the coarsest rugs,

" Dead to the bitings of a thousand bugs.

" CONTENT, mild maid ! delights in *simple* things,

" And envies not the state of queens or kings :

" Can dine on sheep's head, or a dish of broth,

" Without a table, or a table-cloth ;

" Nor wishes with the fashionable groupe,

" To visit HORTON'S shop for turtle soup :

" Can use a bit of packthread for a jack,

" And sit upon a chair without a back :

" Nay, wanting knives, can with her fingers work,

" And use a wooden skewer for a fork.

" Sweet maid ! who thinks not shoes of leather shock-

" ing,

" Nor feels the horrors in a worsted stocking :

" Her temper mild, no huckaback can shock,

" Though for her lovely limbs it forms a smock :

" Pleas'd with the nat'ral curls her face that shade,

" No graves are robb'd for hair to make a braid :

" Her breast of native plumpness ne'er aspires

" To swelling *merry thoughts* of gauze and wires,

" To

" To look like crops of ducks (with labour born)
 " Stretch'd by a superfluity of corn.
 " With Nature's hips, she sighs not for *cork rumps*,
 " And scorns the pride of pinching stays or jumps :
 " But pleas'd from whalebone prisons to escape,
 " She trusts to simple nature for a shape :
 " Without a warming-pan can go to bed—
 " And wrap her petticoat about her head ;
 " Nor sigh for cobweb caps of Mecklin lace,
 " That shade of quality the varnish'd face :
 " Sweet nymph, like doves, she seeks her straw-built
 " nest,
 " And in a pair of minutes is undrest ;
 " Whilst all the *fashionable* female clans,
 " Undressing, seem unloading caravans.
 " No matter from what source Contentment springs ;
 " 'Tis just the same in Cooks as 'tis in Kings ;
 " And if our souls are set upon our hair,
 " Let snip-snap barbers, nay, let *kings* beware,
 " Nor tempt the dang'rous rage of true John Bulls,
 " And clap, like fools, the edge-tool to our skulls.
 " Tread on a worm, he shews his rage and pain,
 " By turning on the wounding toe again :
 " Nay, ev'n *inanimates* appear to feel—
 " On the loose *stone*, if chance direct your heel,
 " Lo ! from its womb the sudden stream ascends,
 " To prove the foot was not among its friends :
 " And calling in the aid of neighbour mud,
 " O'er the fair stocking pouts the fable flood."

So spoke the major, with resentment fir'd—
 Spoke like a man—indeed like man *inspir'd* !
 Some critic cries, with sharp fastidious look,
 " Bard, bard, this is not language for a cook."—
 " O snarler ! but I'll lay thee any wager,
 " It is not too sublime for a *cook major*."—

" Behold ! to remedy our sad condition,"
 The major cried, " I've cook'd up a petition :
 " This carries weight with it, or I'm mistaken :
 " Shall shake the monarch's soul, and save our ba-
 " con."—

Then jumping on a barrel, thus aloud
He read sonorous to the gaping croud.

Thus reads a parish-clerk in church a brief,
That begs for burnt-out wretches kind relief—
Relief, alas ! that very rarely reaches
The poor petitioners, the ruin'd wretches :
But (lost its way) unfortunately steers
To fat church-wardens and fat overseers ;
Improves each dish, augments the punch and ale,
And adds new spirit to the smutty tale.

T H E

P E T I T I O N O F T H E C O O K S .

YOUR Majesty's firm friends and faithful cooks,
Who in your palace merry liv'd as grigs,
Have heard, with heavy hearts and down-cast looks,
That we must all be shav'd, and put on wigs :
You, SIRE, who with such honour wear your crown,
Should never bring on *ours* disgraces down.

Dread Sir ! we really deem our heads our own,
With ev'ry sprig of hair that on them springs—
In France, where men like spaniels lick the throne,
And count it glory to be cuff'd by Kings,
Their locks belong unto the *Grand Monarque*,
Who swallows privileges like a shark.

Be pleas'd to pardon what we now advance—
We dare your sacred Majesty assure,
That there's a difference 'twixt *us* and *France* ;
And *long*, we hope, that *diff'rence* we'll endure.
We know KING LEWIS would, with pow'r so dread,
Not only cut the *hair* off, but the *head*.

Oh !

Oh! tell us, Sir, in loyalty so true,
 What dire designing raggamuffins said,
 That we your cooks are such a nasty crew,
 Great Sir! as to have crawlers in our head?
 My Liege, you can't find one through all our house—
 Not if you'd give a guinea for a louse.

What creature 'twas you found upon your plate
 We know not—if a louse, it was not ours—
 To shave each cook's poor unoffending pate,
 Betrays too much of arbitrary pow'rs—
 The act humanity and justice shocks—
 Let him who *owns* the crawler lose his locks.

But grant upon your plate this louse so dread,
 How can you say, Sir, it belongs to *us*?—
 Maggots are found in many a princely head;
 And if a maggot, why then not a louse?
 Nay, grant the fact—with horror should you shrink?
 It could not eat your Majesty, we think.

Hunger, my Liege, hath oft been felt by kings,
 As well as people of *inferior state*—
 Quarrels with cooks are therefore dangerous things—
 We cannot answer for your stomach's fate;
 For by your size, we frankly must declare—
 You feed on more substantial stuff than *air*.

My Liege, a universe hath been your foes:
 The times have look'd most miserably black—
 America hath *tried* to pull your nose—
 French, Dutch, and Spaniards, *tried* to bang your
 back:
 'Twould be a serious matter, we can tell ye,
 Were *we* to buccaneer it on your *belly*.

You see the spirit of your cooks then, Sire—
 Determin'd nobly to support their locks:
 And should your guards be order'd out to fire,
 Their guns may be oppos'd by spits and crocks:
 Knives, forks, and spoons, may fly, with plates a store,
 And all the thunder of the kitchen roar.

Nat.

Nat. Gardner, yeoman of the mouth, declares
 He'll join the standard of your injur'd cooks—
 Each scullion, turnbroche, for redress prepares,
 And puts on very formidable looks :
 Your women too—*imprimis*, *Mrs. Dyer*,
 Whose eggs are good as ever felt a fire.

Next Sweeper-general *Bickley*, *Mrs. Mary*,
 With that fam'd bell-ringer call'd *Mrs. Loman*—
Ann Spencer, guardian of the necessary—
 That is to say, the necessary woman—
 All these, an't please you, Sir, so fierce, determine
 To join us in the cause of hair and vermin.

There's *Mistress Stewart*—*Mr. Richard Day*,
 Who find your sacred Majesty in linen—
 Are ready to support us in our fray—
 You can't conceive the passion they have been in—
 They swear so much your scheme of shaving hurts,
 You shan't have pocket-handkerchiefs or shirts.

The grocers, *Clarke* and *Taylor*, curse the scheme,
 And say what'er we do, the world won't blame us—
 So *Comber* says, who gives you milk and cream—
 And thus your old friend, *Mr. Lewis Ramus*.
 We think your sacred Majesty would mutter
 At loss of sugar, milk, and cream, and butter.

Suppose, an't please you, Sir, that *Mistress Knutton*
 And *Mistress Maishfield*, fierce as tyger cats,
 One overseer of all the beef and mutton,
 The other lady president of sprats—
 Suppose, in opposition to your wish,
 This locks away the flesh, and *that* the fish ?

Suppose *John Clarke* refuse supplies of mustard,
 So necessary to your beef and bacon ?
Will Roberts all the apple-pye and custard,
 Your Majesty would growl, or we're mistaken—
 Suppose that *Wells*, a stubborn temper, studying,
 Should take the plums from off the Sunday pudding ?

Suppose

Suppose that *Rainsforth* with our *corps* unites?—

We mean the man who all the tallow handles—

Suppose he daring locks up all the lights—

How could your Majesty contrive for candles?

You'd be (excuse the freedom of remark)

Like *some* administrations—in the *dark*.

We dare assure you that our grief is great—

And oft indeed our feelings it enrages,

To see your sacred Majesty beset

By such a graceless gang of idle pages—

And with submission to your judgment, Sire,

We think old Madam SWELLENBERG a liar.

Suppose, GREAT SIR, that by your cruel *fat*,

The barbers should attack our humble head,

And that we should not chuse to breed a riot,

Because we might not wish to lose our bread;

Say, would the triumph o'er each harmless cook

Make GEORGE THE THIRD like ALEXANDER look?

Dread Sir, reflect on JOHNNY WILKES's fate,

Supported chiefly by a paltry rabble—

WILKES bade defiance to your frowns and state,

And got the better in that famous squabble:

Poor was the victory you wish'd to win,

That set the mouth of EUROPE on the *grin*.

O KING, our wives are in the kitchen roaring,

All ready in rebellion, ready now to rise—

They mock our humble method of imploring,

And bid us guard against a wig-surprise:

"*Yours* is the hair (they cry) th'Almighty gave ye,

"And not a King in Christendom should shave ye."

Lo! on th' event the world impatient looks,

And thinks the joke is carried much too far—

Then pray, Sir, listen to your faithful cooks,

Nor in the palace breed a civil war:

Loud roars our band, and, obstinate as pigs,

Cry, "Locks and liberty, and damn the wigs."

T H E
L O U S I A D.

C A N T O III.

NIGHT, like a widow in her weeds of woe,
 Had gravely walk'd for hours our world below :
 Hobgoblins, spectres in her train, and cats,
 Owls round her hooting, mix'd with shrieking bats,
 Like wanton Cupids in th' Idalian grove,
 That flickering sport around the Queen of Love.
 Now like our quality, who darkling rise,
 Each star had op'd its fashionable eyes;
 Too proud to make appearance, too well bred,
 Till SOL, the *vulgar wretch*, had gone to bed.

His wisdom dead to sublunary things,
 In leaden slumber snor'd the *best* of ***** ;
 In slumber lifeless, with seraphic mien,
 Close at his back, too, snor'd his *gentle* ***** ;
 Unlike the pair of modern days, that weds,
 And, in *one* fortnight, bawls for different beds !

Blest imp ! now MORPHEUS o'er each princess stole,
 And clos'd those radiant eyes that vainly roll !
 Eyes ! Love's bright stars ! but doom'd in vain to
 shine ;
 For, ah ! what youth shall say, " Those orbs are
 " mine ?"
 Then, what are eyes, alas ! the *brightest* eyes,
 Forbid to languish on a lover's sighs ?

The

The pouting lip, the soft luxuriant breast,
 If coldly fated never to be prest ?
 Ah ! vainly *those* like dew-clad cherries glow ;
 And *this* as vainly vies with Alpine snow !
 The breath that gives of Araby the gales,
 The voice that sounds enchantment, what avails ?
 The Juno form, the purple bloom of May,
 Gifts of the Graces, all are thrown away !

But, possibly, some German Duke may move,
 And make a *tendre* of his heavy love !
 His wide dominions—miles, p'rhaps, nine or ten ;
 His Myrmidonian phalanx—fifty men !
 But lo ! his *heart*, the fount whence honour springs,
 Swell'd with the richest blood of ancient kings !
 He comes ! not for high birth, his own before !
 Great Duke ! he comes to woo our golden ore,
 And add (how truly happy Britain's fate !)
 Another leech to suck the sanguine state ;
 To join (composing what a goodly row !)
 The place-broker, old SCHW———— and Co.

NOW MORPHEUS (in compassion to mankind,
 Made, by his magic, deaf, and dumb, and blind)
 Amus'd with dreams man's ambulating soul,
 To recompense him for the time he stole ;
 Bade the beau dance, his Delia melt away,
 Who box'd his ears so cruel through the day :
 Of ancient damsels eas'd the love-sick pains,
 Brought back lost charms, and fill'd their laps with
 swains ;

Gave placid cuckoldom a constant dame ;
 To brainless authors, bread and cheese and fame ;
 Made driv'ling monarchs schemes of wisdom plan,
 And nature's rankest coward kill his man ;
 Gave to the chop-fall'n courtier wealth and power,
 Who felt no favour at the levee hour,
 Though tip-toe'd, hawk-like, watchful all the while,
 To seize the faintest glimpse of royal smile ;
 Bade happy aldermen assume new airs,
 Be-chain'd with all the splendour of Lord May'rs ;
 And bade them too (without a groat to pay)
 Re-gobble all the turtle of the day :

Bade

Bade GL——r think his might could match a mouse,
 And CHAMBERS fancy he could build a house ;
 And LADY MOUNT, th' antipodes of grace,
 Think that she does not *frighten* with her face.—

Now SILENCE in the country stalk'd the dews,
 As if she wore a flannel pair of shoes,
 Lone list'ning, as the poets well remark,
 To falling mill-streams, and the mastiff's bark ;
 To loves of wide-mouth'd cats most mournful tales ;
 To hoot of owls amid the dusky vales,
 To hum of beetles, and the bull-frog's snore,
 The spectre's shriek, and ocean's drowzy roar.—
 Lull'd was each street of London to repose,
 Save where it echo'd to a WATCHMAN's nose ;
 Or where a WATCHMAN, with ear-piercing rattle,
 Rous'd his brave brothers from each box to battle ;
 To fall upon the CYNTHIAS of the night,
 Sweet nymphs ! whose sole profession is delight !
 Thus the gaunt wolves the tender lambs pursue,
 And hawks, in blood of doves, their beaks imbrue !
 Thus on the flies of evening rush the bats,
 And mastiffs sally on the am'rous cats !

Still was the palace, save where now and then
 The tell-tale feet of love-designing men,
 Night-wand'ring lords, soft patting on the floor,
 Of maids of honour sought the chamber-door ;
 Obliging door ! that, op'ning to the tap,
 Admitted lords to take a social nap,
 And chase most kindly from each timid maid
 The ghosts that frightful haunt the midnight shade :
 For very horrid 'tis, we all must own,
 For poor defenceless nymphs to lie alone ;
 Since nights are often doleful, dark, and drear,
 And raise in gentle breasts a world of fear.
 Nay, were not lords ordain'd for lady's charms ;
 To guard from perils dire, and dread alarms ?
 Yes ! and like lock'd-up gems those charms to keep,
 Amidst the spectred solitude of sleep.
 How wicked, then, to fly in NATURE's face,
 And deal damnation on a kind embrace !

Pardon,

Pardon, ye grave divines, this doctrine strange,
 Who think my morals may have caught the mänge.
 Still was the palace, save where some poor fly,
 With thirst just ready to drop down and die,
 Buzz'd faint petitions to his Maker's ear,
 To shew him one small drop of dead small beer ;
 Save where the cat, for mice, so hungry, watching,
 Swore the lean animals were scarce worth catching ;
 Save where the dog so gaunt, in grumbling tone,
 By dreams deluded, mouth'd a mutton bone ;
 Save where, with throats to sounds of horror strain'd,
 Crickets of coughs and rheumatisms complain'd,
 Lamenting sore, amid a royal hold,
 " How hard that crickets should be kill'd by cold !"—

NOW FAME to DISCORD's dreary mansion flew,
 To tell the beldame more than all she knew,
 Who, at the devil's table, for her work,
 For ever welcome finds a knife and fork :
 DISCORD, a sleepless hag, who never dies,
 With snipe-like nose, and ferret-glowing eyes,
 Lean, fallow cheeks, long chin, with beard supplied,
 Poor crackling joints, and wither'd parchment hide,
 As if old drums, worn out with martial din,
 Had chubb'd their yellow heads to form her skin ;
 DISCORD, who, pleas'd a universe to sway,
 Is never half so blest as in a fray :
 DISCORD, to deeds, indeed, most daring giv'n,
 Who bade vile Satan raise a dust in heav'n :
 Stirr'd up the sweetest angels to rebel,
 And sunk the fairest forms to darkest hell ;
 Bade, by her din, the humblest spirits rise,
 Bold to dethrone the Monarch of the skies ;
 For which they very *properly* were sent,
 Unhappy legions! into banishment ;
 Doom'd, for such most abominable finning,
 To broil on charcoal, with eternal grinning.—

DISCORD, who whisper'd to the jealous Cain,
 " Go crack thy brother's box that holds his brain ;"
 Which Cain perform'd, in godliness unstable,
 That foe to piety and brother Abel :

DISCORD, who haunts poor G——'s maudling DAME,
 And makes her Duke of wisdom cry out "Shame!"
 Who, *after* dinner, for her honours screams,
 And grasps a British crown in drunken dreams;
 Then roars as though (what richly she deserves)
 The D-ke had clapp'd a broom-stick to her nerves:
 DISCORD, who also often doth profane
 The goodly streets and courts of Drury-lane;
 Where bawd meets bawd, blaspheming, swearing,
 drunk,
 Pimp knocks down pimp, and punk abuses punk:
 DISCORD, delighting in the wordy war,
 The pillar of the senate and the bar:
 DISCORD, who makes a ** delight in ode,
 Slight * Square of Hanover for Tott'nham Road;
 Where, with the taste sublime of Goth and Vandal,
 He orders the worst works of heavy Handel;
 † *Encores* himself, till all the audience gape,
 And suffers not a quaver to escape:
 DISCORD, all eye, all mouth, all ear, all nose,
 For ever warring with a world's repose!—

When FAME arriv'd, the shav'g tale to tell,
 Pleas'd was the red-ey'd fury in her cell,
 Where scorpions crawl'd, where screech'd that noisy
 fowl,
 Known in Great Britain by the name of OWL;
 Bats shriek'd, and grillatalpas join'd the sound,
 Cats squall'd, pigs whin'd, and adders hiss'd around.

Close to the restless wave her mansion lay,
 Receding from the beam of chearful day:
 Hence on black wing the HAG was wont to roam,
 And join the witches 'mid the stormy gloom;
 Howl with delight amid the thunder's roar;
 Hang o'er the wrecks that crowd the billowy shore;

* Gallini's rooms are in this square, in which is performed the celebrated professional concert.

† This was a most ludicrous circumstance, that happened not long since, when his ***** and the orchestra were left to themselves and *God save the King*.

See,

See, 'midst each flash, the heads of seamen rise,
 And drink with greedy ears their drowning cries.—
 Around her dwelling various portraits hung,
 Of those whose noisy names in hist'ry rung.
 Here, with spread arms, whom grace and fury fill,
 Thund'ring damnation, star'd Stentorian HILL :
 There curs'd, SIR JOSEPH BANKS, in quest of fame,
 At finding fleas and lobsters not the same.
 Here a prime fav'rite, of a fainted band,
 Hell in his heart, and torches in his hand ;
 LORD GEORGE by mobs huzza'd, and, what is odd,
 Burning poor papists for the love of God ;
 Pleas'd as old NERO on each falling dome,
 Sublimely fiddling to the flames of Rome !
 There, in respect to kings, not over nice,
 That revolution-sinner—DOCTOR PRICE ;
 Whose labours, in a most uncourtly style,
 Win not, like *gentle* BURKE's, the royal smile ;
 Gain not from *good* DIVINES both praise and thanks,
 Call'd, by the wicked, " Gospel Mountebanks,
 " Mere quack pretenders, from their lofty station
 " Puffing off idle *nostrums* of salvation ;
 " Who, where the milk and honey flows, resort,
 " Like rooks in corn-fields, black'ning all the court."
 Here, leading all her bears, so savage, forth,
 Wild rag'd the AMAZONIAN of the North,
 With RUIN leagu'd, t' attack the Turkish hive,
 And leave not half a Mussulman alive :
 There storm'd a VIXEN, far and near renown'd.
 For *sweetness, meekness, piety profound* :
 Her sons abusing (in abuses old)
 With all the fury of a German scold !—
 These, with some scores, were seen, of equal fame,
 Thanks to a lonely taper's livid flame !
 The form of MADAM SCHWELLENBERG she took,
 Her broken English, garb, and sin-like look ;
 Then sought the palace, and the royal ear,
 And whisper'd thus, " Mine God, Sir, nebber fear—
 " Oh, please your Majesty, you ver ver right :
 " Shave all de rascal, if but out of spite.
 " Lord ! Lord ! how vill a mighty monarch look,
 " Not able, O mine God ! for shave a cook !

" *Dat* like a king, I say, what can't do dat ?
 " Mine God ! pray haf more spirit dan a cat.
 " Ser, in mine court, de prince be great as king—
 " He scorn to ax one word about a ting.
 " Mine God ! de cook mufs nebber dare make groan,
 " Nor dare to tell a prince der foul der own :
 " 'Tis de dam Englis only, dat can say,
 " ' Boh ! fig for king ! by God, I'll haf my way.'

" I haf see court enough—a prince and dook,
 " But nebber wish on fush as dis to look :
 " I say ver often to myself—Goode God !
 " I nebber wish a crown mine head for load !
 " I do not wish myself more greater efils—
 " A King of Englis be a King of defils :
 " To punishment de lousy rascal bring,
 " And shew dem all vat 'tis for be a king.
 " America haf cover'd us vid shame ;
 " Jack Wilkes, too, be a dam, dam uglish name ;
 " And sal de paltry cook be conquerer, too ?—
 " No, God forbid ! as dat vill nebber do.
 " De hair mufs fall before your royal eye,
 " 'Tis semeting, fags ! to triumph 'pon poor fly."—

Pleas'd with her voice, the King of nations smil'd,
 For pow'r with monarchs is a fav'rite child :—
 " What ! what ! not shave 'em, shave 'em, shave 'em,
 " shave 'em ?
 " Not all the world, not all the world shall save 'em.
 " I'll shear 'em, sheer 'em, as I sheer my sheep."—
 Thus spoke the mighty Monarch in his sleep :
 Which proves that kings in sleep a speech may make,
 Equal to what they utter broad awake.—

Charm'd with the mischief full on fancy's view,
 Quick to the major's room the FURY flew :
 Put off the form of SCHWELLENBERG, and took
 Of MADAM HAGGERDORN the milder look :
 A woman, in whose soul no guile is seen,
 The mistress of the robes to our good Queen :
 A queen, who really has not got her peer :
 A queen, to this our kingdom wond'rous dear :

Which

Which shews, however folks are apt to sport,
 That all the virtues may be found at court.—
 Now, in the MAJOR's ear the beldame said,
 " YAN DIXON—YAN, you must not, man, be fraid!
 " I like mush your peteeftron to de King,
 " Though GEORGE will swear 'tis dam, dam faucy
 " ting;
 " And swear, dat as his soul is to be save,
 " Dat ebbry von of you sal all be shave:
 " YAN DIXON, rader your dear life lay down,
 " Dan be de laugh (mine Gote!) of all de town.
 " De ver, ver littel boy an girl you meet,
 " Vill point and laugh and hoot you-trow de street.
 " De same (mine Gote!) vill chimney-sweep behave;
 " And cry, " Dere go de blockhead dat vas shave:
 " ' Dere go von poor shave fellow!' cry de trul,
 " ' Because he had de louse upon his scull.'
 " I know he say, dat you sal lose your lock,
 " Before to-morrow mornin twalfe o'clock.
 " I tink dere may be battle—nebber mind,
 " I hope dat Godamighty vill be kind.
 " What, if de King make noise about de house,
 " For noting but dis dam confounded louse:
 " He be but von, you know: and den for you,
 " Mine Gote! YAN DIXON, you is fifty-two:
 " Tink, YAN, how GEORGE vas frighten by de mob.
 " When Lord GEORGE GORDON made dat burning
 " job.
 " Mine Gote! YAN, mind me, rader lose dy place,
 " Dan suffer such dam nasty, dam disgrace.
 " I tell you true, indeed, ver true, dear YAN,
 " His Majesty be ver good sort of man;
 " But ver ver like, indeed, as oder men,
 " Dat is, a leetel stubborn now and den.—
 " Tink, YAN, of dat ver ugly ting, a wig,
 " For bot-boy and de pot-girl run der rig!
 " Boh! filty ting, enough the deffil for scare,
 " An m-de perhap of dismal dead man's hair!
 " I sal not wonders if, dy soul for shock,
 " A ghost come seize upon der stolen lock.
 " No, tags! nor vonders if dey come an pull:
 " De vig vid mush, mush fury from dy scull.

" Pon fom poor strumpet head perhap that grow'd,
 " Dat die of dam disorder, nasty toad !"—

Thus saying, lo ! the fury made retreat,
 And left the lord of saucepans in a sweat
 Just like King Richard in his tent, JOHN rear'd,
 And verily a man of woes appear'd.
 Now handling his small pig-tail, " Now you're here,"
 Exclaim'd the MAJOR, " but not long, I fear :
 " Perhaps some good may follow this same dream,
 " And resolution mar this shaving scheme.
 " Curs'd be the louse that so much mischief bred,
 " And yields to barbers boys the harmless head :
 " Curs'd be the razor-maker, curs'd the prig
 " Who thought upon that greasy thing—a wig.
 " Sure, 'twas some mangy beast, some scabby rogue,
 " Who brought a thing so filthy into vogue !
 " Had NATURE meant the scare-crow to be worn,
 " Infants with wigs had certainly been born,
 " But lo ! with little hair, and that uncurl'd,
 " But not with *wigs*, they come into the world !
 " What shame, that sheep, that horses, cows, and bulls,
 " Should club their tails, to furnish Christian skulls !
 " But what a sacrilegious shame, the *dead*
 " Can't keep, poor souls, their locks upon their head !
 " What shame, the spectres, in the midnight air,
 " Should wander, screaming for their plunder'd hair !
 " Curs'd be the shaving plan, I say again,
 " Although the bantling of a royal brain !"

Thus curs'd the MAJOR to NIGHT's list'ning ear,
 Enough to turn a Christian pale to hear !
 Thus, heedless of hereafter, for a pin
 Will men and women run their souls in sin !
 Now paus'd the MAJOR, with a thoughtful air ;
 And now soliloquied with a solemn stare :—
 " Drunk with dominion, gorg'd with vicious thoughts,
 " With folly teeming, doz'd by flatt'ry's draughts,
 " Taught to admire their very maudling dreams,
 " And think their brains' dull mud-pools, wisdom's
 " streams,—

" Too

“ Too many a monarch lives ; but, lo ! not ours !
 “ A king, who wisdom’s very self devours ;
 “ Snaps at arts, sciences, where’er they rise,
 “ With all the fire of boys at butterflies.—
 “ *Such* cannot, surely, own a little heart ;
 “ Therefore our locks and we *may* never part.”

Now, from a stool a tinder-box he took,
 And fiercely with the stone the steel he struck ;
 And, after many unsuccessful shocks,
 “ The sparks inflam’d the tinder in the box ;
 Which, by a match which JOHN did sagely handle,
 Gave sudden lustre to a farthing candle.
 Thus, if small things with great we may compare,
 We see hard pedagogues, with furious air,
 Strike with the fist, and often with a stick,
 Light through a scholar’s scull, ten inches thick.

Now, full illuminated, DIXON stole,
 Where lay a master-cook within his hole :
 From whence, to all th’ inferior cooks they went,
 Inclined to opposition’s big intent :
 But not so fierce, alas ! for opposition,
 As in the threat’ning, bullying petition ;
 For men (it is reported) dash and vapour
 Less on the field of battle, than on paper.
 Thus, in the hist’ry of each *dire* campaign,
 More carnage loads the newspaper than plain.
 And now the cooks and scullions left each nest ;
 And now, behold, they one and all were drest.

Lo ! fullen to the kitchen mov’d the throng,
 Gloom on each eye, and silence on each tongue :
 How much like crape-clad mourners round a bier !
 But, ah ! impress’d with sorrow more sincere ;
 For oft, at *tombs*, with joy the bosom burns—
 There, ’tis the *sable back alone* that mourns.
 Now making, with a few dry chips, a fire,
 They fullen fat, their grief commix’d with ire ;
 Sad ruminating all around the flame,
 Like Harry and his band, of deathless name.
 Near Agincourt, expectant of the day,
 Big with the horrors of a bloody fray ;

A fray

A fray that threat'ned his poor little band,
 To sweep it, just like spiders, to that land
Terra ignota yclep'd, which stretches
 Afar!—of which, imperfect are our sketches;
 Since all who have survey'd this distant bourne,
 So welcom'd, were not suffer'd to return.—
 Thus did the cooks expect the fatal morn,
 When, sheep-like, ev'ry head was to be shorn.

Now, to the whitening East they cast their sight,
 And wish'd, but vainly, an eternal night:
 Not with less pleasure stares upon the day,
 The wretch condemn'd hard nature's debt to pay;
 Condemn'd ere noon to act a deed abhorr'd;
 To stretch, for justice's sake, the fatal cord:
 Not with less pleasure shrunk (unknown to shame)
 A meat, drink, snuff, and diamond-loving DAME,
 When told, "That if poor Hastings went to pot,
 "Away went pearls, and jewels, and what not,
 "Torn from the stomacher so fine, yet foul,
 "Which AV'RICE thirsted for, and RAPINE stole:"
 Not with less pleasure, in the vale of life,
 Poor EGL-N-T-N beheld a youthful wife,
 (Forc'd on a bed of ice, sweet flow'r, to bloom;
 Ah! forc'd to shine, a sun-beam, on a tomb),
 That blooming youthful wife, inclin'd to stray
 With HAM-LTON, all in a billing way;
 Just like two turtles, or a pair of lambs,
 Or ewes so playful with the frisky rams.

Not with less glee an old and hopeless maid:
 Surveys the sun ascending from the shade;
 A sun, that gives a younger sister's charms,
 So hated, to a bridegroom's happy arms:
 Not with less joy, that raging chaste old maid
 Sees the frail fair ones in the Cyprian trade,
 Escape the whip and jail, and hemp beside,
 By means of gentle MISTER JUSTICE HYDE.
 Sweet wrecks of beauty! though, with aspic eye,
 And glance disdainful, PRUDERY pass them by.
 With mincing step, and squinting cautious dread,
 As though their looks alone contagion shed.—

I view

I view each pallid WRETCH with grief sincere,
 And call on pity for her tend'rest tear ;
 See, on their cheeks, the blush of VIRTUE burn ;
 Hear from their souls, the sigh of RUIN mourn ;
 View, veil'd in HORROR'S gloom, their swimming eyes,
 Beaming with hopeless wishes to the skies,
 Like the pale MOON'S dim solitary form,
 Wrapp'd in the darkness of the midnight storm.
 Too oft by TREACH'RY'S winning smile betray'd,
 Too fondly trusting, falls the simple maid !
 Too many a TH—L—E walks the world of woe,
 To foul of INNOCENCE the sacred snow !
 To love, yet nurse the thought of villain art,
 How hard a lesson for the *partial* heart !
 Too hard a lesson for the female soul,
 Where LOVE no partner owns, and scorns controul.

Not with less pleasure doth a poet look
 On cruel criticism, which damns his book,
 Or recommends it to that peaceful shore
 Where books and bards are never heard of more,
 That look'd each man, with lengthen'd boding beard,
 On that sad morn, which doom'd them to be shear'd :
 Not with less pleasure, likewise, let me say,
 A hungry author sees his dying play ;
 Child of his dotage, who surveys its fall,
 Just as mankind shall view the tumbling ball ;
 When sun, moon, stars, and all the distant spheres,
 Burst in one general wreck about their ears.
 Not with less pleasure did * SIR WILLIAM'S eye
 See SOMERSET'S bold wing desert its sky :
 A fall, at which the nation's purse exclaims,
 That thund'ring crush'd the back of roaring THAMES :

* This gentleman still retains the place of Comptroller of the Board of Works, to the kingdom's surprise : but demerit in building, as well as in painting, is a sufficient recommendation to a certain species of PATRONS, particularly if the professors are despised by the people at large. It is the money of this nation that is sought for, not the merit. The circumstance of being a foreigner, too (for this same SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS is a Swede), carries with it another strong claim to favouritism !

Not with less pleasure did SIR WILLIAM's ear,
 A *second* crash of this fam'd fabric hear ;
 When poor SIR JOSHUA, with his painting band,
 Swore the dread day of judgment just at hand.
 Not with less glee, tenacious of his drofs,
 Ross * started—Reader ! not the Man of Ross—
 When

* The present BISHOP OF EXETER, who, when his MAJESTY visited that ancient city lately, *most handsomely* excused himself the honour of entertaining his ROYAL MASTER, by billeting him upon DEAN BULLER. The following lines, extracted from a manuscript performance of one JOHN PLOUGHSHARE, called the ROYAL PROGRESS, we think, will elucidate this part of our EPIC, and not be unacceptable to our readers.

- ' IN comm'd the King at last to town,
- ' With doubt and zweet az nutmeg brown,
- ' The hories all in smoke ;
- ' Huzzaing, trumpeting, and ringing,
- ' Red colours vleeing, roaring, dringing,
- ' Zo mad zeem'd all the voke.
- ' Wiping his zweaty jaws and poll,
- ' All over douste we spied 'SQUIRE ROLLE,
- ' Close by the King's coach trattin ;
- ' Now shoving in the coach his head,
- ' Meaking (we thoft) it might be zed,
- ' 'SQUIRE ROLLE and GEORGE be chattin.
- ' Now went the ALDERMEN and MAY'r,
- ' Zome with cut wigs, and zome with hair,
- ' The royal voke to ken ;
- ' When MEASTER MAY'r, upon my word,
- ' Pok'd to the King a gert long sword,
- ' Which *he* pok'd back agen.
- ' Now thoofe that round his Worship stood,
- ' Declar'd it clumsily was dood ;
- ' Yet SQUIRT, the people zay,
- ' Brandish'd a gert hofs glyfter-pipe,
- ' To make un in his lesson ripe,
- ' That took up half a day.
- ' Now down droo Vore-street did they com,
- ' Zum hallowin, and schreeching zum :
- ' Now trudg'd they to the DEAN's ;
- ' Becaze the BISHOP sent mun word,
- ' " A could not meat and drink avord,
- ' " A had not got the means."

' A zed,

When MAJESTY, to rest his royal head,
Ask'd of the church's mitred son a bed,—
Poor man ! who proving, like his sovereign, poor,
Begg'd him to knock at good DEAN BULLER's door;
BULLER, who took his wand'ring master in,
And stuff'd with corn and oil his scrip and skin ;

‘ A zed, that, “ Az vor he, poor man,
“ A had not got a pot or pan,
“ Nor spoon, nor knife, nor vork ;
“ That he was weak, and ould, and squeal,
“ And zeldom made a hearty meal,
“ And zeldom drade a cork.”

‘ Indeed, a is a moderate man,
‘ And zo be all the clargy clan,
‘ That with un come to chatter ;
‘ Who, when they're ax'd to a glafs of wine,
‘ To one the wother they tip the sign,
‘ And beg my Lord's fine water.

‘ Then az vor rooms—why, there agen,
“ A could not lodge a cock, nor hen,
“ They were so small,” a zed ;
“ And az vor beds, they wudn't do,
“ In number about one or two,
“ Vor self and JOAN the maid.

“ In voolish things, a wudn't be cort ;
“ 'Twas stoopid to treat volks for nort :—
“ No ; twazn't heese desire.
“ Prefarment, too, waz to an eend ;
“ The King woud never more vor'n zend,
“ To lift un one peg higher.

“ And yet volks zay's a man o'sense,
“ Honest and good—but hoardth his pence ;
“ Can't peart with drink nor met.
“ An then why vore ?” the peepel rail :—
“ To greaze a vat ould pig in the tail—
“ OULD WEYMOUTH o' Long Leat.”

‘ Well, to the DEAN's, bounce in they went,
‘ And all the day in munchin spent,
‘ And guzlin, too, no doubt ;
‘ And while the gentry drink'd *twitbin*,
‘ The mob, with brandy, ale, and gin,
‘ Got roaring drunk *without*.’

For which (on gratitude so wont to dote)
 The Monarch gave a TUMBLER—worth a groat!
 O glorious act! an act, how seldom seen!
 O what a day of gladness for the Dean!
 A gift so rare, so noble, so sublime,
 Will stupify the sons of distant time.
 This, let the BULLER family record;
 This brittle treasure let the BULLERS hoard;
 Yet shew, exulting, upon gala days,
 To bid some favour'd GUEST admire and praise.

Now did the MAJOR hum a tune so sad!
 Chromatic—in the robes of sorrow clad:
 But, lo! the ballad could not fear controul,
 Nor exorcise the barbers from his soul:
 And now his lifted eyes the cieling fought;
 And now he whistled—not for want of thought.
 A mournful air the whistling MAJOR chose:
 Still on his rolling eye the razors rose.
 From grave to sprightly now he chang'd—a jig—
 Still o'er his haunted fancy wav'd the wig;
 Still saw his eye alarm'd, the * scratch abhorr'd,
 Like wild Macbeth's, the visionary sword,—
 Thus, from what kings, alas! may fancy run,
 His loving subjects may be glad to run:
 Thus, when SAINT SWITHEN from his fountain pours,
 SAINT SWITHEN, tutelary saint of show'rs,
 Beaux skip, belles scamper, fly the cocks and hens,
 With drooping plumage, to the shelt'ring pens;
 While, lo! the waddling ducks *Te Deum* utter,
 Flap their glad wings, and gabble through the gutter.

Sing, MUSE! or, lo! our *Canto* not complete,
 What air he humm'd, and whistled all so sweet.
 HOMER, of ev'ry thing minutely speaks,
 From heaven's ambrosia, to a camp's beef-steaks:
 Then let us, MUSE, adopt a march sublime,
 And try to rival HOMER with our rhyme;

* A small wig, or rather an apology for a wig, so called, and generally worn by our most amiable and august Monarch.

Who,

Who, had a NIT in JUNO's tresses bred,
 Dropp'd on divine MINERVA's wiser head ;
 Or COOK-like FLEA, exploring some new track,
 Hopp'd from the clouds to AGAMEMNON's back ;
 The BARD had sung the fall in verse divine,
 And CRITICS heard the sound along the line.
 JOVE call'd his JUNO only *saucy bitch* ;
 The POET thought it would his song enrich :
 JOVE, too, just threaten'd, with some birchen rods,
 To whip her publicly before the gods ;
 The BARD (though but a flogging bout at most)
 Deem'd it, indeed, too sacred to be lost :
 JOVE call'd his daughter only bitch and fool
 (Poor PALLAS, treated like a girl at school),
 Threaten'd to ham-string her six fav'rite nags,
 And tear her bran-new phaëton to rags ;
 The BARD, who never wrote an idle word,
 Bade his bold verse, the GOD's bold speech record :
 And had the THUND'RER but broke wind, the song
 Had, imitative, born the blast along—
 Then be it known to all the world around,
 To folks above, and people under ground,
 To fish and fowl, and every creeping thing—
Lillibullero, and God save the King,
 Were actually the very airs he chose !
 But wherefore—GOD ALMIGHTY only knows !

BROTHER PETER

TO

BROTHER TOM.

AN

EXPOSTULATORY EPISTLE.

S'LIFE! Thomas, what hath swallow'd all the
praise?

Of royal virtues not the slightest mention!
Strung, like mock pearl, so lately on thy lays!
Tell me, a bankrupt, Tom, is thy invention?

How cou'dst thou so thy PATRON's fame forget,
As not to pay, of praise, the annual debt?

WHITEHEAD and CIBBER, all the laureat throng,
To FAME's fair temple, twice a-year, presented
Some royal virtues, real or invented,
In all the grave sublimity of song.

Heralds so kind for many a chance-born wight,
Creeping from cellars, just like snails from earth;
Or moles, or field-mice, stealing into light,
Forge arms, to prove a loftiness of birth;
Tracing of each ambitious *Sir* and *Madam*
The branches to the very trunk of ADAM.

Then why not thou, the herald, Tom, of rhyme,
Still bid thy royal master soar sublime?
Bards shine in fiction; then how slight a thing
To make a coat of merit for a king!

Know,

Know, General CARPENTER had been a theme
 For furnishing a pretty lyric dream ;
 Once a monopolist of nod and smile :
 Of broken sentences and questions rare,
 Of snipsnap whispers sweet, and grin, and stare,
 For which thy muse would travel many a mile.

But lo ! the General, for a crying sin,
 Lost broken sentences, and nod, and grin,
 And stare and snipsnap of the best of kings :
 The sin, the crying sin of rambling
 Where Osnaburgh's good Bishop, gambling,
 Lost some few golden feathers from his wings ;

Which made th' unlucky general run and drown ;
 Such were the horrors of the royal frown !
 For lo ! his M——y most roundly swore
 He'd nod to General CARPENTER no more.

Oh ! glorious love of all-commanding money !
 Dear to *some* monarchs, as to Bruin, honey !
 Dear as to gamblers, pigeons fit to pluck ;
 Or show'rs to hackney-coachmen, or a duck !

Thomas, thy lyrics might have prais'd the King
 For making sinners mind the sabbath-day,
 Bidding the idle sons of pipe and string,
 Instead of scraping jigs, sing psalms and pray ;
 Thus piously (against their inclination)
 Dragooning souls unto salvation.

The MONARCH gave up Mr. JOAH BATE,
 With that sweet nightingale his lovely mate ;
 Who, with the organ and one fiddle,
 Made up a concert every Sunday night :
 Thus yielding MAJESTIES supreme delight,
 Who relish cheapness e'en in tweedle tweedle.

For NATURE formeth oft a kind
 Of money-loving, scraping, save-all mind,
 That happy glorieth in the nat'ral thought
 Of getting ev'ry thing for nought :

From Delhi's diamonds to a Bristol stone ;
 From royal eagles to a squawling parrot ;
 From bulls of Basan to a marrow-bone ;
 From rich ananas to a mawkish carrot :
 And getting things for nought, I needs must say,
 If not the *noblest*, is the *cheapest* way.

And often nature manufactures stuff
 That thinks it never hath enough ;
 Hoarding up treasure——never once enjoying——
 Such is the composition of *some* souls !
 Like jackdaws, all their cunning art employing,
 In hiding knives, and forks, and spoons, in holes.

Lo! by the pious monarch's proclamation,
 The courtier *amateurs* of this fair nation
 On Sundays con their bibles——make no riot——
 The stubborn UXBRIDGE, music-loving lord,
 Pays dumb obedience to the royal word,
 And bids the instruments lie quiet.

Sweet Mistress WALSINGHAM is forc'd to pray,
 And turn her eyes up, much against her will ;
 SANDWICH sings psalms, too, in his pious way ;
 And Lady YOUNG forbears the tuneful trill :
 And very politic is Lady Young :
 A husband must not suffer for a song.

The gentle EXETER his treat gave up,
 So us'd upon the sweet repast to sup ;
 As eager for his Sunday's quaver dish,
 As cats and rav'nous aldermen for fish.

Lord BRUDENELL, too, a lord with lofty nose,
 Bringing to mind a verse the world well knows,
 Against sublimity that rather wars ;
 Which in an almanac all eyes may see :
 " God gave to man an upright form, that he
 " Might view the stars."

I say, this watchful LORD, who boasts the knack,
 Behind his sacred Majesty's *great* back,

Of placing for his *latter end* a chair
Better than any lord (so says fame's trump)
That ever waited on the royal rump,
So swift his motions, and so sweet his air :

Who, if his Majesty but cough or hiccup,
Trembles for fear the King should *kick up*;
Drops, with concern, his jaw—with horror freezes—
Or smiles, "God bless you, SIRE," where'er he
 freezes ;
This Lord, I say, uprais'd his convert chin,
And curs'd the concert for a crying sin.

King WATKIN, from the land of leeks and cheefe,
With sighs forbore his basfs to feize ;
With huge concern he dropp'd his Sunday airs,
And grumbled out in Welch his thanklefs pray'rs,
The basfs, indeed, *Te Deum* fung,
Glad on the willows to be hung.

And really 'twas a very nat'ral case——
 Poor inoffensive bafs !
 For when King Watkin scrubbeth him—alack !
 The instrument, like one upon the rack,
 Sends forth such horrid Inquisition groans !
 Enough to pierce the hearts of stones !

Thus, though in *concert* politics the knight
Battled with Mistress WALSINGHAM *outright*;
Yet both agreed to lift their palms,
Not in hostilities, but singing psalms.

SAL'SBURY was also order'd to *reform*,
Who, with my Lady, thought it vastly odd,
Thus to be forc'd, like sailors in a storm,
Against their wills, to pray to God.

Thus did the royal mandate through the town,
Knock nearly all the Sunday concerts down!
Great act! e'er long 'twill be a sin and shame,
For cats to warble out an am'rous flame!—
Dogs shall be whipp'd for making love on Sunday,
Who very well may put it off to Monday.

Nay more, the royal piety to prove,
 And aid the purest of all pure religions,
 To Bridewell shall be sent all cooing pigeons,
 And cocks and hens be lash'd for making love :
 Sparrows and wrens be shot from barns and houses,
 For being barely civil to their spouses.

Poor Sir JOHN DICK was, lamb-like, heard to bleat
 At losing such a Sunday's treat——
 Sir JOHN, the happy owner of a *star*——
 Which radiant honour on furtoutes he stitches ;
 Lamenting fashion doth not stretch so far
 As sewing them on waistcoats and on breeches ;
 Which thus would pour a blaze of silver day,
 And make the knight a perfect milky way.

Yet HAMPDEN, CHOLMOND'LY, those sinful shavers,
 Rebellious, riot in their Sabbath quavers ;
 Thus sying in the face of our GREAT KING,
 Prophane God's *resting* day with wind and string :
 Whilst on the Terrace, 'midst his German band,
 On Sunday evenings GEORGE is pleas'd to stand ;
 Contented with a *simple* tune alone,
 " God save great George our King," or Bobbing
 Joan ;

Whilst CHERUBS, leaning from their starry height,
 Wink at each other, and enjoy the sight :
 And SATAN, from a lurking hole,
 Fond of a seeming-godly soul,
 His eyes and ears, scarce able to believe,
 Laughs in his sleeve.

Stay, muse,—the mention of the German band,
 Bringeth a tale oppressive to my hand,
 Relating to a tribe of German boys,
 Whose horrid fortune made some *little* noise,
 Sent for to take of Englishmen the places,
 Who, gall'd by such hard treatment, made wry faces.

Sent for they were, to feed in *fields of clover*,
 To feast upon the Coldstream regiment's fat :

Swift

Swift with their empty stomachs they flew over,
 And wider than a Kevenhuller hat.
 But ah ! their knives no veal nor mutton carv'd !
 To feasts they went, indeed—but went and *starv'd* !
 Their masters, raptur'd with the tuneful treat,
 Forgot musicians, like themselves, could *eat*.
 Thus the poor woodcock leaves his frozen shores,
 When tyrant winter 'midst his tempests roars :
 Invited by our milder sky, he roves,
 Views the pure stream with joy, and shelt'ring groves,
 And in *one* hour, oh ! sad reverse of fate !
 Is shot, and smokes upon a poacher's plate !

Thus ending a sweet episodic strain,
 I turn, dear Thomas, to thy Ode again.

What ! make a dish to balk thy master's gums !
 A pudding, and forget the plums !
 Mercy upon us ! what a cook art thou !
 Dry e'en already !—what a sad milch cow !—
 Who gav'st, at first, of fame such flowing pails !
 Say, Thomas, what thy lyric udder ails ?

Since truth belongs not to the laureat trade,
 'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange, thou didst not
 flatter :

Speak—in light money were thy wages paid ?
 Or was thy pipe of sack half fill'd with water ?
 Or hast thou, Tom, been cheated of thy dues ?
 Or hath a qualm of conscience touch'd thy muse ?

Thou might'st have prais'd for *dignity* of pride,
 Display'd not long ago among the cooks :
 Searching the kitchen with sagacious looks ;
 Wigs, christ'ned *scratches*, on their heads he spied.

To find a wig on a cook's head
 Just like the wig that grac'd his own,
 Was verily a fight too dread !—
 Enough to turn a king to stone !

On which, in language of his *very best*,
 His Majesty his royal ire express.

“ Hew

“ How, how! what! cooks wear *scratches* just like
“ me!—

“ Strange! strange! yes, yes, I see, I see, I see—

“ Fine fellows to wear scratches! yes, no doubt—

“ I’ll have no more—no more when mine’s worn out—

“ Hæ? pretty! pretty! pretty too it looks

“ To see *my* scratches upon *cooks*!

And lo! as he had threaten’d all so big,

As soon as ever he *wore out* the wig,

He with a *pig-tail* deign’d his head to match!—

Nor more profan’d his temples with a SCRATCH!

Thomas, I see my song thy feelings grate—

Thou think’st I’m joking; that the King’s my hate.

The world may call me liar; but sincerely

I love him—for a partner, love him *dearly*:

Whilst his great name is on the *ferme*, I’m sure

My credit with the public is secure.

Yes, beef shall grace my spit, and ale shall flow,

As long as it continues George and Co.;

That is to say, in plainer metre,

George and Peter.

Yet, as some little money I have made,

I’ve thoughts of turning *Squire*, and quitting trade:

This in my mind I’ve frequently revolv’d;

And in six months, or so,

For all I know,

The partnership may be dissolv’d.

Whate’er thou think’st—howe’er the world may carp,

Thomas, I’m far from hating our *good* King;

Yes, yes, or may I thrum no more my harp,

As DAVID swore, who touch’d so well the string—

No, Tom;—the idol of thy sweet devotion

Excites not HATE, *whatever else* th’ emotion.

To write a book on the sublime, I own,

Were I a bookfeller, I would not hire him;

Yet, should I *hate* the man who fills a throne,

Because, forsooth, I can’t admire him!

Hate

*Hate him, because, ambitious of a name,
He thinks to rival e'en the PRINCE in fame ?
A prince of science—in the arts so chaste !—
A giant to him in the world of taste ;
Who from an envious cloud one day shall spring,
And prove that dignity may clothe a king.*

*Who, when by fortune fix'd on Britain's throne,
Wherever merit, humble plant, is shewn,
Will shed around that plant a soft'ring ray ;
Whose hand shall stretch through poverty's pale gloom
For drooping GENIUS, sinking to the tomb,
And lead the blushing stranger into day.*

*Who scorns (like some) to chronicle a shilling,
Once in a twelvemonth to a beggar giv'n ;
By such mean charity (Lord help 'em) willing
To go as cheap as possible to heav'n !*

*Hate him, because, untir'd, the Monarch pores
On HANDEL's manuscript old scores,
And schemes successful daily hatches,
For saving notes o'erwhelm'd with scratches ;
Recovering from the blotted leaves
Huge cart-horse minims, dromedary breves ;
Thus saving damned bars from just damnation,
By way of bright'ning Handel's reputation ?
Who, charm'd with ev'ry crotchet Handel wrote,
Heav'd into TOT'NAM-STREET each heavy note :
And, forcing on the house the tuneless lumber,
Drove half to doors, the other half to slumber ?*

*Hate him, because the works of Mr. WEST,
His eye (in wonder lost) unsated views ?
Because his walls, with tasteless trumpery dress'd,
Robs a poor sign-post of its dues ?*

*Hate him, because he cannot rest
But in the company of West ?
Because of modern works he makes a jest,
Except the works of Mr. West ?*

Who,

Who, by the public, fain would have carest
The works alone of Mr. West !
Who thinks, of painting, truth and taste, the test,
None but the wond'rous works of Mr. West !

Who, as for REYNOLDS, cannot bear him ;
And never suffers WILSON's landscapes near him.

Nor, GAINSB'ROUGH, thy delightful girls and boys,
In rural scenes so sweet, amidst their joys,
With such simplicity as makes us *start*,
Forgetting 'tis the work of art.

Which wonder and which care of Mr. West
May in a simile be well exprest.—

A S I M I L E.

THUS have I seen a child with smiling face,
A little daisy in the garden place,
And strut in triumph round its fav'rite flow'r ;
Gaze on the leaves with infant admiration,
Thinking the flow'r the finest in the nation,
Then pay a visit to it ev'ry hour :
Lugging the wat'ring pot about,
Which JOHN the gard'ner was oblig'd to fill ;
The child, so pleas'd, would pour the water out,
To shew its marvellous gard'ning skill ;
Then staring round, all wild for praises panting,
Tell all the world it was its own sweet planting ;
And boast away, too happy elf,
How that it found the daisy all itself !

ANOTHER

ANOTHER SIMILE.

IN *simile* if I may shine agen——
 Thus have I seen a fond old hen,
 With one poor miserable chick,
 Justling about a farmer's yard;
 Now on the dunghill labouring hard,
 Scraping away through thin and thick;
 Flutt'ring her feathers—making such a noise!
 Cackling aloud such quantities of joys,
 As if this chick, to which her egg gave birth,
 Was born to deal prodigious knocks,
 To shine the *Broughton* of game cocks,
 And kill the fowls of all the earth!

E'en with his painter let the King be *blest*;
 Egad! eat, drink, and sleep, with Mr. WEST:
 Only let *me*, excus'd from such a guest,
 Not eat, and drink, and sleep, with Mr. WEST:
 And as he will not please my taste—no never——
 Let *me* not give him to the world as *clever*——
 A better conscience in my bosom lies,
 Than imitate the fellow and his flies.

The TOPER *and the* FLIES.

A GROUP of topers at a table sat,
 With punch that much regales the thirsty soul:
 Flies soon the party join'd, and join'd the chat,
 Humming, and pitching round the mantling bowl.

At

At length those flies got drunk, and for their sin,
Some hundreds lost their legs, and tumbled in;
And, sprawling 'midst the gulph profound,
Like Pharaoh and his daring host, were drown'd!

Wanting to drink—one of the men
Dipp'd from the bowl the drunken host,
And drank—then taking care that none were lost,
He put in ev'ry mother's son agen.

Up jump'd the bacchanalian crew on this,
Taking it very much amiss—
Swearing, and in the attitude to *smite* :—
“ Lord !” cried the man, with gravely-lifted eyes,
“ Though I don't like to swallow flies,
“ I did not know but *others might*.”

WHO says I hate the King, proclaims a lie !
E'en now a royal virtue strikes my eye !
To prove th' assertion, let me just relate
The King's submission to the will of FATE.

Whene'er in hunts the Monarch is thrown out,
As in his politics—a common thing !
With searching eyes he stares at first about,
Then faces the misfortune like a *king* !

Hearing no news of nimble Mr. STAG,
He sits, like PATIENCE, grinning on his nag !
Now, wisdom-fraught, his curious eye-balls ken
The little hovels that around him rise :
To these he trots—of hogs surveys the styes,
And nicely numbers ev'ry cock and hen.

Then asks the farmer's wife or farmer's maid,
How many eggs the fowls have laid !
What's in the oven—in the pot—the crock—
Whether 'twill rain or no, and what's o'clock,——

Thus

Thus, from poor hovels gleanings information,
To serve as future treasure for the nation!

There, terrier-like, till pages find him out,
He pokes his most sagacious nose about,

And seems in Paradise—like *that* so fam'd;
Looking like ADAM, too, and EVE so fair;
Sweet simpletons! who, though so very *bare*,
“ Were (says the Bible) not *asham'd*.”

No man binds books so well as GEORGE the Third,
By thirst of leather glory spurr'd—
At book-binders he oft is seen to laugh—
And wond'rous is the King in sheep or calf!

But see! the PRINCE upon such labour looks
Fastidious down, and only *readeth* books!—
Here by the fire the son is much surpass'd;
Which fame should publish on her loudest *blast*!

The King beats Monmouth-street in cast-off riches—
That is, in coats and waistcoats, and in breeches—
Which, draughted once a-year for foreign stations,
Make fine recruits to serve some *near* relations.

But lo! the PRINCE, shame on him! never dreams
Of pretty Jewish, æconomic schemes!
So very proud (I'm griev'd, O Tom, to tell it),
He'd rather *give* a coat away than *sell* it!

Fair justice to the Monarch must allow
Prodigious science in a calf or cow,
And wisdom in the article of swine!
What most *unusual* knowledge for a king!
Because pig-wisdom is a *thing*
In which no sov'reigns e'er were known to *shine*.

Yet who will think I am not telling fibs?—
The PRINCE, who Britain's throne in time shall
grace,
Ne'er finger'd, at a fair, a bullock's ribs,
Nor ever ogled a pig's face!

D d

O dire

O dire disgrace! O, let it not be known
That *thus* a father hath excell'd a son!

Truth bids me own, that I can bring
A *dozen* who *admire* the King;
And should he dream of setting off for HANOVER,
As once he said he would, to spite CHARLES FOX;
Draw all his *little* money from the stocks,
Shut shop, and carry ev'ry pot and pan over:

I think——indeed, I'm *sure* I know,
That *dozen* would not let him go;
But in the struggle spend their vital breath,
And hug their idol, probably to death;
As happen'd to a Romish Priest—a tale
That, whilst I tell it, almost turns me pale.

T H E

R O M I S H P R I E S T .

A T A L E .

A PARSON, in the neighbourhood of ROME,
Some years ago——how many I don't say——
Handled so well his heav'nly broom,
He brush'd, like cobwebs, sins away.

Bright'ned the black horizon of his parish,
Gave to the PRINCE OF DARKNESS such hard blows,
That SATAN was afraid to shew his nose
(Except in hell), before this priest so warrish!

To teach folks how to shun the paths of evil,
And prove a match for Mr. DEVIL,
Was constantly this pious man's endeavour,
And, as I've said before, the man was *clever*.

Red-hot was all his zeal—and fame declares,
He gallop'd like a hunter o'er his pray'rs;

For

For ever lifting to the clouds his forehead——
 Petitions on petitions he let fly,
 Which nothing but BARBARIANS could deny——
 In short, the *saints* were to compliance *worried*.

With shoulders, arms, and hands, this priest devout,
 So well his evolutions did perform,
 His pray'rs, those holy small-shot, flew about
 So thick!—it seem'd like taking heav'n by *storm*!

Without one atom of reflection,
 No candidate at an election
 Did ever labour more, and fume, and sweat,
 To make a fellow change his coat,
 And bless him with the casting vote,
 Than this dear man, to get in heav'n a seat
 For souls of children, women, and of men:——
 No matter which the species—cock or hen!

Thus did he not like that vile Jesuit think,
 Who makes us all with horror shrink,
 A knave high meriting hell's hottest coals;
 Who wrote a dreadful book, to prove
 That women, charming women, form'd for love,
 Have got no souls!

Monster! to think that WOMAN had no soul!
 Ha! hast *thou* not a soul, thou peerless MAID,
 Who bidst my rural hours with rapture roll?
 Whose beauties charm the shepherds and the shade!

Yes, CYNTHIA, and for souls like thine,
 Fate into being drew yon starry sphere:
 Then kindly sent thy form divine,
 To shew what wond'rous bliss inhabits there!

In short, no dray-horse ever work'd so hard,
 From vaults, to drag up hoghead, tun, or pipe,
 As this good priest, to drag, for *small* reward,
 The souls of sinners from the devil's gripe.

Pleas'd were the *highest* angels to express
 Their wonder at his fine address;

And pow'r against the FIEND who makes such strife—
Nay, e'en St. PETER said, to whom are giv'n
The keys for letting people into heav'n,
He never got more halfpence in his life.

'Twas added that my *namesake* did declare
(Peter, the porter of heav'n gate, so trusty),
That till this priest appear'd, souls were so rare,
His bunch of keys was absolutely rusty!—

Did GENTLEMEN of fortune die,
And leave the CHURCH a good round sum,
Lo! in the twinkling of an eye,
The parson frank'd their souls to kingdom-come!

A letter to the PORTER, or a word,
Insur'd admittance to the Lord.
Nor stopp'd those souls an instant on the road
To take a *roast* before they enter'd in;
For had they got the *plague*, 'twas said that God
Had let them enter without *quarantine*.

Well then! this parson was so much admir'd,
So fought, so courted, so desir'd,
Thousands with putrid souls, like putrid meat,
Came for this holy pickle, to be sweet:

Just as we see old hags, with jaws of carrion,
Enter the shop of Mr. WARREN;
Who disappoints that highwayman call'd TIME
(Noted for robbing ladies of their prime),
By giving SIXTY-FIVE's pale wither'd mien,
The blooming roses of SIXTEEN.

Such vast impressions did his sermons make,
He always kept his flock awake—
In summer, too—hear, parsons, this strange news,
Ye who so often preach to nodding pews!

A neighbouring town, into whose people's souls
SIN, like a rat, had eat large holes,
Begg'd

Begg'd him to be their tinker—their hole-stopper—

For, gentle reader, sin of such a fortis,

It souls corrodeth, just as *aqua fortis*

Corrodeth iron, brass, or copper.

They told him they would give him better pay,

If he'd agree to change his quarters ;

Protesting, when his soul should leave its clay,

To rank his bones with those of SAINTS and MAR-

TYRS.

This was a handsome bribe, all papists know !

But stop—his parish would not let him go—

Then, surly did the other parish look,

And swore to have the man by *hook* or *crook*.

So seiz'd him, like a graceless throng—

The priest's parishioners, who lov'd him *well*,

Rather than to another church belong,

Swore they would sooner see him lodg'd in hell—

So violent was their objection !

So very strong, too, their affection !

The ladies, too, united in the strife,

Protesting that “ they lov'd him as their life,

“ So sweetly he would *look* when *down* to pray'r !

“ So happy in a sermon *choſe* ;

“ And then he had of nightingales the voice—

“ And holy water gave with *such* an air !

“ Lord ! lose so fine a man !—so great a treasure !

“ Yielding such quantities of heavenly pleasure !

“ Forgiving sins so free, too, at confession,

“ However carnal the transgression,

“ In such a charming love-condemning strain !—

“ He really seem'd to say, ‘ Go sin again ;

“ HELL shall not throw, my angels, on your souls .

“ So sweet, a single shovelful of coals.”

Now in the fire was all the fat :

Just as two bull-dogs pull a cat,

Both parishes with furious zeal contended—
 So heartily the holy man was hugg'd,
 So much from place to place his limbs were lugg'd.
 That very fatally the battle ended!
 In short, by hugging, lugging, and kind squeezes,
 The man of God was pull'd in fifty pieces!

This work perform'd, the bones were fought for
 stoutly ;

And so the fray continued most devoutly—

Lo, with an arm, away one rascal fled ;

This with a leg, and that the head—

Off with the foot another goes—

Another seizes him, and gets the toes.

Nay, some, a relick so intent to crib,

Fought, just like mastiffs, for a rib :

Nay more (for truth, to tell the whole, obliges),

A dozen battled for the *Os Coccygis* * !

Heav'n, that sees all things, saw the dire dispute,

In which each parish acted like a brute :

Then bade the dead man as a *saint* be fought :

Still, to reward him more, his bones enriches.

With pow'r o'er evils, rheumatisms, and itches,

However dreadful, and wherever caught :

Thus, by the grace of *HIM* who governs thunder,

His very toe-nail could perform a *wonder* :

THUS might our Monarch, by this dozen men,
 Be hugg'd !—and then ! and then ! and then ! and
 then !

Then what ? why, then, this direful ill must spring ;
 I a good *subject* lose, and thou a *KING* !

No, Tom ; no more to strike us with amaze,
 Thy courtly tropes of adulation blaze :

* The tip of the rump.

A setting sun art thou, so mild thy beam!
 Thou—(like old OCEAN's heaving wave no more,
 That lifts a ship and fly with equal roar)
 Pour'st from thy lyric pipe a *sober* stream.

No more we hear the gale of fame
 Wild blust'ring with thy MASTER's name:
 No more ideal virtues ride sublime
 (Like feathers) on the surge of rhyme.

But lo the cause! it was the ROYAL WILL
 To bid the tempest of his praise be still:
 No more to let his virtues make a rout,
 Blown by thy blasts like paper kites about—

Indeed, thy sov'reign in thy verse so fine,
 Might justly have exclaim'd at many a line,

“In peacock's feathers, lo, this knave arrays me.”
 And, like a King of France, of whom I've read,
 Our gracious sov'reign also might have said,
 “What have I done that he should *praise* me?”

With pity have I seen thee, SON OF SONG,
 Trundling thy lyric wheelbarrow along,
 Amidst ST. JAMES's gapers to unload
 The motley mass of pompous ode:
 And wish'd the sack, for verse the annual prize,

To poets of a less renown—
 To poor WILL MASON, who in secret sighs
 To strut beneath the LAUREAT's leaden crown.

Warm in the praise thou might'st have been,
 Of thy great King and his great Queen;
 But not so diabolically *hot*—
 A downright dev'l, or a pepper-pot.

By dev'l (without thy being born a wizard),
 Thou ought'st to know I mean a turkey's gizzard;
 So christ'ned for its quality, by man,
 Because so oft 'tis loaded with *kian*—
 This dev'l is such a red-hot bit of meat,
 As nothing but the dev'l himself should eat.

A *spoon* was large enough, the world well knows! —
 Why give the pap of praise then with a *ladle*? —
 Gently thou should'st have rock'd him to repose —
 Not like a drunken nurse o'erturn'd the cradle.

I do not marvel that the King was wrathful
 (Knowing himself no bigger than a lath),
 To find himself a tall, gigantic oak —
 'Twas too much of a magic-lantern stroke.

Ah! where was MODESTY, the charming maid?
 Where was the rural vagrant straying,
 Not to admonish thee, an idle jade,
 When thou thy tuneful compliments wert paying?

Yet why this question put I, Tom, to thee? —
 Lord! how we wits forget! — she was with me.

Dear modesty (by very few carest)
 Oft condescends to be my guest:
 From time to time, the maid my rhyme reviews,
 And dictates sweet instructions to the muse.

Yes, frequent deigns my cottage to adorn,
 Just like that blushing damsel call'd Miss MORN —
 Who smiling from the dreary caves of night,
 Moves from her east with silent pace and slow
 O'er yonder shadowy mount's gigantic brow,
 And to my window steals with dewy light,
 Then peeping through the panes with cherub mien,
 Seems to ask liberty to enter in.

Now vent'ring on the fables of my room,
 She sweeps the darkness with her star-clad broom:
 Now pleas'd a stronger splendour to diffuse,
 Smiles on the plated buckles in my shoes;
 Smiles on my breeches, too, of handsome plush,
 Where George's head *once* made no gingling sound,
 But where amidst the pockets all was hush;
 Such awful silence reign'd around!
 Whose fob, which thieves so often pick,
 Was quite a stranger to a watch's click.

Now

Now casting on my pen and ink a ray,
Seeming with sweet reproof to lay,

“ The lark to Heav’n her grateful mattins sings :

“ Then, Peter, also ope thy tuneful throat,

“ And, happy in a fascinating note,

“ Rise and bewitch the best of kings.”

Howe’er the world t’ abuse we may be giv’n,

I cannot do without CROWN’D HEADS, by heav’n!

Bards must have subjects that their genius suit—

And if I’ve not crown’d heads, I must be mute.

My verse is somewhat like a game at whist ;

Which game, though play’d by people e’er so keen,
Cannot with much success, alas ! exist,

Except their hands possess a king and queen.

I own my muse delights in royal folk :

Lead-mines, producing many pretty pounds !

JOE MILLERS, furnishing a fund of joke !

Lo, with a fund of joke a court abounds !

At royal follies, Lord ! a lucky hit

Saves our poor brain th’ expence of wit :

At princes let but Satire lift his gun,

The more their feathers fly, the more the fun.

E’en the whole world, blockheads and men of letters,

Enjoy a cannonade upon their betters.

And, *vice versa*, kings and queens

Know pretty well what scandal means,

And love it, too—yes, Majesty’s a grinner :

Scandal that really would disgrace a stable,

Hath oft been beckon’d to a royal table,

And pleas’d a princely palate more than dinner.

I know the world exclaimeth in this guise :—

“ Suppose a king not overwise

“ (A vice in kings not very oft suspected),

“ Suppose he does *this* childish thing, and *this*,

“ If folly constitutes a monarch’s bliss,

“ Shall such by faucy poets stand corrected ?

“ Bold

- " Bold is the man," old Parson Calchas * cries,
 " Who tells a monarch where his error lies."
 " Grant that a king in converse cannot shine,
 " And sharp with shrewd remark a world alarm;
 " What business, Peter Pindar, is't of thine?
 " Grant puerilities—pray where's the harm?"—

To this I answer, " I don't think a king
 " Will go to hell for ev'ry childish thing—
 " Yet mind, I think that one in his great station
 " Should shew sublime example to a nation:

- " And when an eagle he should spring
 " To drink the solar blaze on tow'ring wing,
 " With daring and undazzled eyes;
 " Not be a sparrow, upon chimneys hopping,
 " His head in holes and corners popping
 " For flies."

Tom, I'm not griev'd that thou hast chang'd thy note,
 And op'd on Windsor wall thy tuneful throat;
 For verily it is a rare old mas!
 Nor angry that to West thou dost descend;
 The King's great painting oracle and friend,
 Who teacheth JERVAS how to spoil good glass.

But, son of Isis, since, amidst this Ode,
 Thou talk'st of painting like an ardent lover,
 Of panes of glass now daubing over,
 Dimming delightfully the great abode.

Speak—know'st thou ought of RAPHAEL's rare *Cartons*?
 I have not seen them, Tom, for many moons!

Why did'st thou not, amidst thy rhyming fit,
 Of those most heav'nly pictures talk a bit—

For which the NATION paid down ev'ry *souse*?
 Rare pictures, brought long since from HAMPTON
 COURT,

And by a *self-taught* CARPENTER cut short,
 To suit the pannels of the Queen's old house.

So says report—I hope it is not true—
 And yet I verily believe it too ;
 It is so like *some people* I could name,
 Whose *perieraniums* walk a little lame.

Beshrew me, but it brings to mind
 A cutting story, much of the same kind !

It happ'd at PLYMOUTH town so fair and sweet,
 Where wandering gutlers, wandering gutlers meet,
 Making in show'rs of rain a monstrous pother ;
 Bart'ring, like RAB-FAIR JEWS, with one the other,
 With carrots, cabbage leaves, and breathless cats,
 Potatoes, turnip tops, old rags, and hats :

A town that brings to mind SWIFT's City Show'r—
 Where clouds to wash its face for ever pour—
 A town where beaутraps under water grin,
 Inviting gentle strangers to walk in ;
 Where dwell the Lady Naiads of the flood,
 Prepar'd to crown their visitors with mud.

A town where parsons for the *living* fight,
 On every vacancy, with godly might,
 Like wrestlers for lac'd hats and buckskin breeches ;
 Where oft the priest who best his lungs employs
 To make the rarest diabolic noise,

With surest chance of vict'ry preaches :
 Whose empty sounds alone his labours bless,
 Like cannon fir'd by vessels in distress.

A town where, exil'd by the higher pow'rs,
 The ROYAL TAR with indignation lours ;
 Kept by his SIRE from London, and from sin,
 To say his catechism to Mistress WYNN.

THE

PLYMOUTH CARPENTER

AND THE

COFFINS.

IN the last war, French prisoners often died
Of fevers, colds, and more good things beside;

Presents for valour, from damp walls and chinks,
And nakedness, that seldom sees a shirt;
And vermin, and all sorts of dirt,

And multitudes of motley stinks,
That might with smells of any clime compare
That ever sought the nose or fields of air.

As coffins are deem'd necessary things,
Forming a pretty sort of wooden wings,

For wafting men to graves, for t'other world,
Where anchor'd (doom'd to make no voyages more)
The rudders of our souls are put ashore,
And all the sails for ever furl'd.

A carpenter, first cousin to the MAY'R,

High Master SCREW, a man of reputation,
Got leave, through borough int'rest, to prepare

Good wooden lodgings for the Gallic nation:
I mean, for luckless Frenchmen that were dead;
And very well indeed SCREW's contract sped.

His good friend death made wonderful demands,
As if they play'd into each other's hands,
As if the carpenter and death went snacks——

Wishing

Wishing to make as much as e'er they cou'd
 By this same contract coffin-wood,
 For such as death had thrown upon their backs.

This carpenter, like men of other trades,
 Whom conscience very easily persuades
 To take from neighbours useles superfluity,
 Resolv'd upon an economic plan,
 Which shews, that in the character of man,
 Economy is not an incongruity.
 I know some monarchs say the same—whose pulses
 Beat high for iv'ry chairs, and beds, and bulses.

For lo, this man of economic sort
 Made all his coffins much too short,
 Yet snugly he accommodates the dead—
 Cuts off, with much *sang froid*, the head;
 And then to keep it safe, as well as warm,
 He gravely puts it underneath the arm;
 Making his dead man quite a PARIS beau!—
 Holding his jowl *en chapeau bras*.

But, Thomas, now to those Cartons of fame—
 Do ask thy sov'reign in my name,
 What's to be done with those rare pictures next?
 Some months ago, by night, they travell'd down
 To the Queen's house in Windsor town,
 At which the London folks were vastly vex'd.

For if those fine Cartons, as hist'ry says,
 Were (much to this great nation's praise)
 Bought for the nation's sole inspection,
 Unask'd, to suffer any man to feel 'em,
 Or suffer any forward dame to steal 'em,
 Would be a national reflection.

Tom, ask, to STRELITZ if they're doom'd to go ;
Because the walls are naked there, I know—

Strelitz a mouse-hole is, all dark and drear :
And should the pictures be inclin'd to stray,
Not liking Strelitz, they may lose their way,
And ramble to some Hebrew auctioneer :

Where, like poor captur'd negroes in a knot,
The holy wand'ers may be made a lot——
And like the goods at Garraway's we handle,
Christ and the saints be sold by *inch of candle* !

Dearly beloved Thomas, to conclude !
(I see thee ready to bawl out “ *Amen* :”)
Joking apart, don't think me rude,
For wishing to instruct thy lyric pen.

Whether, like trout and eels, in humble pride,
Along the simple stream of prose we glide ;
Or, stirring from below a cloud of mud,
Like whales we flounder through the lyric flood ;

Or if a past'ral image charm thee more ;
Whether the vales of prose our feet explore,
Or rais'd sublime on one's aërial sleep,
We bound from rock to rock like goats and sheep ;

Whether we dine with dukes on fifty dishes,
Or, poet-like, against our wishes,
On beef or pork, an economic crumb
(Perchance not bigger than our thumb,
Turn'd by a bit of packthread at the fire),
To satisfy our hunger's keen desire ;
A good old proverb let us keep in view——
Viz. Thomas, “ Give the dev'l his due.”

Whether a monarch, issuing high command,
Smiles us to court, and shakes us by the hand,
Or rude bumbailiffs touch us on the shoulder,
And bid our tuneful harps in prison moulder ;

Sell not (to meanness sunk) one golden line——
The MUSE's incense for a gill of wine.

This were a poor excuse of thine, my friend——

“ Few are the people that my Ode attend :

“ I'm like a country clock, poor lonely thing,

“ That on the stair-case, or behind the door,

“ Cries ‘ Cuckow, cuckow,’ just at twelve and four,

“ And chimes that vulgar tune, “ God save the
“ King.”

Oh ! if deserting WINDSOR's lofty tow'rs,
To save a sixpence in his barrack bow'rs,
A monarch shuffles from the world away,
And gives to FOLLY's whims the bustling day ;
From *such* low themes thy promis'd praise recal,
And sing more wonders of the old MUD-WALL.

A

Rowland for an Oliver;

O R, A

POETICAL ANSWER

T O

Mr. PETER PINDAR's

BENEVOLENT EPISTLE

T O

JOHN NICHOLS.

Sir, you lie!—I scorn your word,
Or any man's that wears a sword.
For all you huff, who cares a t—d?
Or who cares for you?

CATCH.

O SON of wicked Satan, with a foul
Hot as his hell, and blacker than his coal!
Thou false, thou foul-mouth'd censurer of the times,
I do not care three straws for all thy rhymes,
Thy wit is blunter than old worn-out sheers:—
I'll make a riddle with thee for thy ears;
Write any sort of verse, thou blust'ring blade!
Egad! I'll say, like *Keckfy*, "Who's afraid?"—
Thank God, I've talk'd to greater folks than thee:
In that I will not yield to any HE;

No,

No, not to any HE that wears a head—
 Again I'll say, like *Kecksy*, "Who's afraid?"—
 Thank God, whene'er I wish like kings to fare,
 I go, unask'd, and dine with my Lord May'r.
 But thou, who asks thee, varlet! to their houses?
 Fear'd by the husbands, dreaded by the spouses.
 May God Almighty hear what now I speak!—
 Some aldermen would gladly break thy neck.
 Thou tell'st us, thou hast struck thy lyre to kings—
 Yes, faith, and sounded very pretty things.
 Thou blockhead, thou pretend to think thy rhymes
 Shall live to see the days of after-times!
 Fool, to pretend on subjects great to shine,
 Or e'en to printers dev'ls to tune the line!
 Sir, let me humbly beg you to be civil—
 Thou know'st not that I was a printer's dev'l:
 So, Sir, your satire wants the pow'r to drub,
 In thus comparing NICHOLS to a grub.
 Whate'er thou say'st, I'm not of vengeance full,
 Nor did I ever bellow like a bull:
 And grant I am a bull, I shan't suppose
 A cur like *thee* can nail me by the nose.
 Thou liest, when thou sayest, like a top,
 With anger rais'd, I spinn'd about my shop:
 Nor did I ever, madden'd by thy stripes,
 Thou prince of liars, kick about my types.
 Books have I written; books I still will write,
 And give, I hope, to gentlefolks delight:
 With charming print, and copper-plates so fine,
 Whose magazine goes off so well as mine?
 Who, pray, like *me*, the page so fond of filling,
 Who gives more curious matter for a shilling?
 England's first geniuses I keep in pay;
 Much prose I buy, and many a poet's lay:
 The silk-worm HAYLEY spins me heaps of verse,
 And GOUGH, antiquities exceeding scarce:
 Great HORACE WALPOLE, too, with sweet good-will,
 Sends me choice anecdotes from Strawb'rry-hill:
 Miss SEWARD, Mistress YEARSLEY, and Miss MORRIS,
 Of lines (dear women!) send me many a score.
 These are the nymphs at whom thine envy rails—
 Fool! of their gowns not fit to hold the tails—

These are the men, of prose and verse the knights,
 With genius flashing, like the northern lights ;
 These are the men, whose works immortal shew
 The men of literature from top to toe.—
 But thou'rt a wen,—a blue, black, bloated tumour,
 Without one single grain of wit or humour :
 Thy muse, too, all so consequential struts,
 As if all Helicon were in her guts ;—
 A fish-drab, a poor, nasty, ragged thing,
 Who never dipp'd her muzzle in the spring.
 Thou think'st thyself on Pegasus so steady ;
 But, PETER, thou art mounted on a *Neddy* :
 Or, in the London phrase,—thou Dev'nshire monkey,
 Thy Pegasus is nothing but a donkey.
 I own, my vanity it well may raise,
 To find so many gaping for my praise ;
 Who send such flatt'ring things as ne'er were seen,
 To get well varnish'd in my magazine :
 Indeed, I often do indulge the elves,
 And suffer authors to commend themselves ;
 Wits of *themselves* can write with happiest spirit,
 And men are judges of their proper merit.
 Lumps have I giv'n them, too, of beef and pud-
 ding,
 That helps a hungry genius in its studying ;
 And humming porter, when their muse was dry—
 For this be glory unto God on high !
 And not to *me*, who did not make the pudding,
 Nor beef-assisting genius in its studying.
 To authors, yes, I've giv'n both boil'd and roast,
 And many a time a tankard with a toast—
 But God forbid, indeed, that I should boast !
 And halfpence, too, and fixpences, ecod !
 But, boast, avaunt !—the glory be to God !
 To bards, good shoes and stockings I have giv'n—
 But not to *me* the glory, but to Heav'n !
 Yes, yes, I see how much it swells thy spleen,
 That I'm head master of the magazine ;
 Who let no author see the house of fame,
 Before he gets a passport in my name.
 Art thou a Doctor ? Yes, of thinning skill ;
 For thousands have been poison'd by thy pill.

But

But let my soul be calm :—it shan't be said
 I fear thee, O thou monster !—" Whose afraid ?"
 What though I know small Latin, and less Greek,
 Good sterling English I can write and speak :
 Yet thousands, who presume to be my betters,
 Can't spell their names, and scarcely know their letters.
 Belike, the curious world would hear with joy,
 What trade I was design'd for, when a boy :
 " A barber, or a taylor," said my mother—
 " No," cried my father, " neither one nor t' other ;
 " A foldier, a rough foldier, JOHN shall wander,
 " Pull down the French, and fight like Alexander."
 But unto *letters* was I always squinting,
 So ask'd my daddy's leave to study printing ;
 And got myself to uncle Bowyer's shop,
 Where, when it pleas'd the Lord that he should drop,
 The trade and good-will of the shop was mine ;
 Where, without vanity, I think I shine ;
 And where, thank God, in spite of dull abuse,
 I'm warm, and married, and can boil my goose.
 And had I been to swords and musquets bred,
 P'rhaps I had shin'd a *Cæsar*, or the *Swede* :
 Had'st thou a soldier been, thou sorry mummer,
 Thy rank had never rose above a drummer.
 How dar'st thou say, that should his ROYAL HIGHNESS
 (A prince renown'd for modesty and shyness)
 Be Generalissimo of all our forces,
 A jack-ass's old back, and not a horse's,
 Should carry the good prince into the field,
 Whose arm a broomstick, for a staff, should wield,
 That very, very broomstick which his wife
 Oft us'd to finish matrimonial strife ?
 Why do'st not praise the virtues of the *****,
 As great in soul, as noble in her mien,
 Whose virtues make the soul of envy sick,
 Strong as her snuff, and as her diamonds thick ?—
 But wherefore this to PETER do I say ?
 Owls love the dark, and therefore loath the day.—
 The *****, as wise a man as man can be ;
 The *****, so mild, who cannot kill a flea ;
 Brave GLO'STER'S Highness, and his sober wife,
 Who lead the softest, sweetest, calmest life ;

RICHMOND

RICHMOND and LEEDS, each duke a first-rate star,
 One fam'd for politics, and one for war;
 The open HAWKSB'RY, stranger to all guile,
 Who never of a sixpence robb'd our isle;
 The modest PITT, the Joseph of the day,
 Who never with lewd women went astray;
 And many others, that I soon could mention;
 Are much oblig'd, indeed, to thy invention!
 But where's the oak that never feels a blast?
 Or sun, at times that is not overcast?
 Alas! e'en people dress'd in gold and ermine
 May feel at times the bites of nasty vermin:
 And when thou dar'st great quality attack,
 What art thou but a bug upon its back?
 What harm, pray, hath my friend Sir JOSEPH done,
 So good, and yet the subject of thy fun?
 Just in his ways to women and to men—
 Indeed, he swears a little now and then.
 Behold, his breakfasts shine with reputation!
 His dinners are the wonder of the nation!
 With these he treats both commoners and quality,
 Who praise, where'er they go, his hospitality:
 Ev'n from the north and south, and west and east,
 Men send him shell, and butterfly, and beast.
 Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON sends gods and mugs;
 And, for his feast, a sow's most dainty dugs.
 And shall such mob as thou, not worth a groat,
 Dare pick a hole in such a great man's coat?
 Whenever at St. James's he is seen,
 Is not he spoke to by the KING and QUEEN?
 And don't the lords at once about him press,
 And, like his sov'reigns, much regard profess?
 Tell him they'll come one day to him, and dine,
 Behold his rarities, and taste his wine?
 Such are the honours, to delight the soul,
 On which thy longing eye-balls vainly roll:
 Such are the honours that his heart must flatter,
 On which thy old dog's mouth in vain may water.
 Whether in Dev'nshire thou hast got a house,
 I value not three capers of a louse;
 Whether in Cornwall thou a house hast got,
 And at elections only boil'st thy pot;

Whether

Whether a doctor, dev'l, or a friar,
 I know not—but I know thou art a liar.
 Whene'er I die, I hope that I shall read
 This honest epitaph upon my head :—
 “ Here lies JOHN's body ; but his soul is seen
 “ In that fam'd work, the Ge'mman's Magazine :
 “ Brave, yet possess'd of all the softer feelings ;
 “ Successful with the muses in his dealings ;
 “ Mild, yet in virtue's cause as quick as tinder—
 “ Who never car'd one f—ig for PETER PINDAR.”

MR. PETER PINDAR's apology for the variety of
 entertainment in his pretty Poetical Olio, is the first
 thing I shall present to the Public.

PETER's APOLOGY.

LADIES, I keep a rhyme-shop—mine's a trade ;
 I sell to old and young, to man and maid :
 All customers must be oblig'd ; and no man
 Wishes more universally to please :
 I'd really crawl upon my hands and knees,
 T'oblige—particularly lovely woman.

Yet some (the dev'l take such virtuous times),
 Fastidious, pick a quarrel with my rhymes,
 And beg I'd only deal in love-sick sonnet—
 How easy to bid others cease to feed !
 On beauty I can quickly *die*, indeed,
 But, trust me, can't *live long* upon it.

If there is not a deal of impudent *double entendre* in
 this Sonnet, I do not know what purity meaneth—
 sweet wrapped up, indeed, 'SQUIRE PINDAR !

Instead

Instead of a formal commentary on *every* composition, I shall make short work with them, by giving them their true character in a few words, as for example :

Impudence, Egotism, and Conceit.

THE expulsion of a most excellent set of players from Kingsbridge, in Devonshire, with the asylum offered them by the Author's Barn, in an adjoining parish, is the foundation of the following Ode.

ODE TO MY BARN.

SWEET haunt of solitude and rats,
Mice, tuneful owls, and purring cats;
Who, whilst we mortals sleep, the gloom pervade,
And wish not for the sun's all-seeing eye,
Your mousing mysteries to spy;
Blest, like philosophers, amidst the shade :

When persecution, with an iron hand,
Dar'd drive the moral-menders from the land,
Call'd players,—friendly to the wand'ring crew,
Thine eye with tears survey'd the mighty wrong,
Thine open arms receiv'd the mournful throng—
Kings without shirts, and queens with half a shoe.

Alas! what dangers gloom'd of late around—
Monarchs and queens with halters nearly bound—
Duke, dukeling, princess, prince, consign'd to jail!
And, what the very soul of pity shocks,
The poor old Lear was threat'ned with the stocks,
Cordelia with the cart's unfeeling tail.

Still

Still cherish such rare royalty forlorn—
 A Garrick in thy bosom may be born,
 A Siddons, too, of future fair renown :
 For Love is not a squeamish god, they say ;
 As pleas'd to see his rights perform'd on hay,
 As on the goose's soft and yielding down.

THE same impudence, egotism, and conceit, as in
 the first Ode.

TO MY BARN.

BY Lacedæmon men attack'd,
 When Thebes, in days of yore, was sack'd,
 And nought the fury of the troops could hinder ;
 What's true, yet marv'lous to rehearse,
 So well the common soldiers relish'd verse,
 They scorn'd to burn the dwelling-house of Pindar..

With awe did Alexander view
 The house of my great cousin, too,
 And, gazing on the building, thus he sigh'd—
 “ General Parmenio, mark that house before ye !”
 “ That lodging tells a melancholy story :
 “ There Pindar liv'd, (great bard !) and there he
 “ died.

“ The King of Syracuse, all nations know it,
 “ Was celebrated by this lofty poet,
 “ And made immortal by his strains :
 “ Ah ! could I find like *him* a bard, to sing me ;
 “ Would any man, like *him* a poet bring me,
 “ I'd give him a good pension for his pains.

“ But, ah ! Parmenio, 'mongst the sons of men,
 “ This world will never see his like agen ;

“ The

" The greatest bard that ever breath'd is dead !
 " General Parmenio, what think *you* ?"—
 " Indeed 'tis true, my Liege, 'tis very true,"
 Parmenio cried, and, sighing, shook his head.

Then from his pocket took a knife so nice,
 With which he chipp'd his cheese and onions,
 And from a rafter cut a handsome slice,
 To make rare tooth-picks for the Macedonians ;
 Just like the tooth-picks which we see,
 At Stratford made, from Shakespeare's mulb'ry tree.

What pity that the 'Squire and Knight
 Knew not to prophecy, as well as fight ;
 Then had they known the future men of metre ;
 Then had the General and the Monarch spied,
 In fate's fair book, our nation's equal pride,
 That very Pindar's Cousin PETER !

Daughter of thatch, and stone, and mud,
 When I, no longer flesh and blood,
 Shall join of lyric bards some half a dozen ;
 Meed of high worth, and, 'midst th' Elysian plains,
 To Horace and Alcæus read my strains,
 Anacreon, Sappho, and my great old Cousin ;

On *thee* shall rising generations stare,
 That come to Kingsbridge and to Dodbrook fair * :
 For such thy history, and mine shall learn ;
 Like Alexander, shall they ev'ry one
 Heave the deep sigh, and say, " Since PETER's
 " gone,
 " With rev'rence let us look upon his Barn."

* Held annually at those places.

TO THE PUBLIC.

LITTLE did I think, that a man of my mild and peaceable disposition, that would not hurt a cat, should be forced out to battle:—but such is the audacity of the times—(*O tempora ; ô mores !*) I have ventured forth to attack this Goliath of ode and impudence ; and I hope, with God's assistance, like little David, to cut off his head. I communicated with my good friend Mr. *William Hayley*, who is a constant communicant to my *Gentleman's Magazine*, both in verse and prose, that is to say, in rhyme and criticism ;—whom I may rightly term one of the great pillars of my *Gentleman's Magazine*, which every gentleman in the kingdom, I hope, reads,—which, if he doth not, I hope he will read, as it is not only the greatest favourite with our most Gracious Sovereign, who is the greatest monarch upon earth,—but also with his nobles, who are men of judgment and learning ; also with foreign parts, who translate it constantly into their language:—so that, if I may be permitted to versify the praise of my monthly publication (for, indeed, I must own I have a great itch for poetry), I will do it in this poetical distich :

My Magazine all magazines excels ;
And, what's still better, too, for JOHN, it sells.

I asked Mr. *Hayley*, paying him the compliment first, if he would be the champion to encounter this great Mr. PETER PINDAR. To this, Mr. *Hayley* replied, after some hesitation, and pondering, and blowing his nose in his handkerchief, that he did not much admire a public exhibition ; that it would wear the aspect of a bruising-match, too much like a set-to of *Johnson* and

Big Ben ; but added, that *I* might do it, if *I* thought proper. “ But,” says my good friend, “ *I* will privately attack him, under a fictitious signature ;”—which he did, indeed, and gave the audacious fellow many a good thump, in verse and prose :—but this was only small shot, with deference to *Mr. Hayley* ; the grand artillery was reserved for me.

Kind Reader, wilt thou permit me to say something of myself, in simplicity and candour, before *I* go to work with this Caliban ? When *I* first took the chair of criticism, *I* own that *I* trembled ; for *I* am not ashamed to confess, that so great was my ignorance, that when a correspondent sent me an account of an ancient coin, *I* did not know a syllable about it—neither the meaning of *reverse*, *exergue*, or *legend* : but now, thank God, *I* know every thing appertaining to *numismata*, if *I* may be indulged with a Latin expression. Indeed, the legends used to perplex me much, in as much as *I* exposed myself greatly ; for *I* am not ashamed to confess my ignorance. *I* thought that *AUG.* upon a Roman medal, meant the month in which it was struck off ; and therefore *I* deemed it August : and *G. P. R.* which *I* now know to be *Genio Populi Romani*, *I* verily thought to be a coin struck by one George Peter Richardson. The figures of *Romulus* and *Remus* sucking a she-wolf, *I* took to be two children milking a cow. *D. M.* for *Diis Manibus*, *I* took to be David Martin, or Daniel Musgrove. The half-word *HEL.* signifying *Heliopolis*, *I* imagined to be no other than the house of Satan. *JAN. CLU.* that is to say, *Janum clusit*, *I* took to be the name of a man. *LUD. SÆC. F.* *I* verily thought to be downright filthy, and blushed for the Romans : but, lo, *I* afterwards discovered it to be *Ludos sæculares fecit*. *COS.* *I* thought to be *Cos Lettuces*, which only meaneth *Consul* ; *M. F.* *Mr. Ford*, which meaneth *Marci Filius*. *N. C.* (would’st thou think it, Reader,) *I* translated *Nincompoop* ; when, lo, it meaneth *Nobilissimus Cæsar*. *P. P.* which signifieth *Pater Patriæ*, *I* thought might mean Peter Pounce, or Philip Pumpkin. *R. P.* *I* also thought might mean Robert Penruddock, or Ralph Pigwiggin, or any other name beginning with those

those initials: but, lo, its true meaning I find to be *Republica*, signifying, in English, the Republic:—Thus it will appear, that I am not ashamed to confess my error, which this enemy of mine dareth not.

TRIB. POT. which only meaneth *Tribunitia Potestate*, I actually imagined meant a Tribe of Potatoës, and that the coin was struck on account of a plentiful year of that fruit. S. P. Q. R. which meaneth only *Senatus Populusque Romanus*, unwisely, yet funnily, did I make out to be Sam Paddon, a Queer Rogue: for as much as I was informed that the Romans struck coins on every trifling occasion. SCIP. AS. which signifieth no more than *Scipio Africanus*, I read literally Skip Afs; but for why, I could not say:—such was my ignorance.

Many were the impositions upon me:—rings for pigs noses were sent me for nose-jewels worn by the Roman Ladies; a piece of oxycroceum, just made in a druggist's shop, for the pitch that surrounded the body of Julius Cæsar; a large brown jordan, for a lacrymatory; a broken old black sugar-bason, for a druid urn; a piece of a watchman's old lantern, for a Roman lamp. The wig of the famous *Boerhaave* was also sent me as a curiosity; the roguery of which I did not discover till an engraving of the wig was nearly finished, costing me upwards of thirty shillings:—for, lo! Reader, this great man never wore a wig in his life.—In my Obituary, too, I made great mistakes, from imposition; as I gave the deaths of many that were not dead, and others that never existed. Sometimes the wickedness of correspondents was such, that I have perpetuated the deaths of bull-dogs, grey-hounds, mastiffs, horses, hogs, &c. in my Obituary, under an idea that they were people of consequence. Indeed, I have not stuck to the letter of my assertion at the head of my Obituary, that declares it to be a record of considerable persons; for as much as I have sometimes put a scavenger over a Member of Parliament, a pig-driver over a Bishop, a lamp-lighter over an Alderman, and a chimney-sweeper over a Duke: but as it was desired by the friends of the deceased to do it

(for who is not ambitious ?) and as I was paid for it too, (and who can withstand a fee ?) I have in some little measure disgraced my journal, and forfeited my word.—My present antiquarian knowledge, gratitude maketh me confess, that I owe it all to Mr. *R. Gough*, of Enfield, who some years ago was also an ignorant and illiterate gentleman, like myself;—but, by hard study, hath attained to his present perfection, as may be seen in our *Topographia Britannica*, which is not, as that arch-enemy PETER PINDAR hath asserted it to be, the idle production of a couple of fellows that want to make a fortune by a history of cob-walls, old chamber-pots, and rusty nails. My friend Mr. *Gough's* zeal for the promotion of antiquarian knowledge, cannot be better proved than by his running the risk of being well trounced, for borrowing one of KING EDWARD'S fingers, as he lay exposed, a few years since, in Westminster-Abbey; which finger, my friend, after having gently put it in his pocket, was, by order of the Bishop of Rochester, who, unluckily seeing the deed, did, to the disgrace of the science, order him to be searched, and forced him to refund. Had it not been for this impertinent and hawk-eyed attention of the Bishop, Sir *Joseph Ayliffe*, and other antiquarians present at the opening of the Monarch's coffin,—such was the intrepidity of my antiquarian friend *Gough*, that he would have attempted the head, instead of a pitiful finger, as he had on a large watchman's coat for the purpose. Nor must I omit the zeal of my friend Sir *Joseph Banks* on the occasion; who, on hearing what was going on, and suspecting that King Edward might have been lodged in pickle, galloped off with a gallon jug, in a hackney-coach, in order to fill it with the precious liquor, as a sauce for his future Attic entertainments in Soho-square: but unfortunately no pickle was found.

I confess that an impudent fellow sent me for my Obituary the following, which was really printed off (but cancelled) before I was informed, by a friend, of the fallacy—to wit: “ On Sunday night last died
“ Mrs. *Margery Moufer*, a widow Lady, beloved in
“ life, and lamented in death; she was the only
“ daughter

“ daughter of *Roger Grimalkin*, Esquire, of *Ratley*.”—Ignorant, indeed, was I that it was an imposition; for, gentle Reader, it was a dead cat!—Many a good customer have I gained by my Obituary, who liked to see themselves dead in my Magazine—I mean their relations liked to see their deaths displayed in a work of so much respectability as mine.—But enough of myself; and now for Master PETER.

In the fullness of my passion, I at first sat me down, and said to myself, *Facit indignatio versus*—when, behold! in less than two hours I knocked off the following Poem. Some time after, however, after a deal of deep thought on the subject, it struck me that I might fight this poet PETER against himself; make him, like some game-cocks, cut his own throat with his own spurs. Accordingly I set about it, and collected from every quarter his manuscript verses of every denomination; some written in Cornwall, others in Devon, others in the West Indies, others in Bath, others in London; as also some of his Letters, particularly those to the KING of the MOSQUITOES, who was sent for by the Governor of Jamaica, soon after that gentleman arrived at his government. I have also collected some of his observations, and sayings, and speeches:—I may verily say, observations on men and manners, without any manners at all, or, in plainer phrase, much ill manners. PETER must not complain of my shewing him no mercy by this publication, as he is the most merciless Mohawk that ever scalped.

—*Nec lex est justior ulla
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.*

ODES, SONGS, LETTERS, &c.

OF THE ABOVE

Mr. PETER PINDAR,

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED BY

SYLVANUS URBAN.

ODE TO AFFECTATION.

NYMPH of the mincing mouth, and languid eye,
And lisping tongue so soft, and head awry,
And flutt'ring heart, of leaves of aspin made;
Who were thy parents, blushful virgin? say—
Perchance DAME FOLLY gave thee to the day,
With GAFFER IGNORANCE's aid.

Say, virgin, where dost thou delight to dwell?
With maids of honour, startful virgin? tell—
For I have heard a deal of each fair Miss;
How wicked LORDS have whisper'd wicked things
Beneath the noses of good queens and kings,
And sigh'd for pleasures far beyond a kiss!

Great is thy delicacy, dainty maid;
At slightest things thy cheek with crimson glows.
Say, art thou not ashamed, abash'd, afraid,
Whene'er thou stealest forth to pluck a rose?
Or hast thou lost, O nymph, thy pretty gall;
So never pluckest any rose at all?

I'm told, thou keepest not a single male ;
 Nothing but females, at thy board to cram ;
 That no he-lap-dog near thee wags his tail,
 Nor cat by vulgar people call'd a *ram*.

I've heard, too, that if e'er, by dire mishap,
 Some ravishers should make thy fav'rites wh——s,
 Staring, as stricken by a thunder-clap,
 Thy modesty hath kick'd them out of doors.

'Tis said, when wag-tails thou behold'st, and doves,
 And sparrows, busy with their feather'd loves ;
 Lord ! thou hast trembled at their wicked tricks ;
 And, snatching up thy blush-concealing fan,
 As if it were a lady and a man,
 Hast only peep'd upon them through the sticks.

And yet so variously thou'rt said to act,
 That I have heard it utter'd for a fact,

That often on old Thames's sunny banks,
 Where striplings swim, with wanton pranks,
 On bladders some out-stretch'd, and some on corks,
 Thou squinting, most *indiff'rent* girl art seen,
 In contemplation of each youthful skin,
 Admiring God Almighty's handy-works.

Prim nymph, thou art no fav'rite with the world :
 I hear the direst curses on thee hurl'd !

Sorry am I, so ill thy manners suit :
 'Tis said, that if a mouse appear to view,
 We hear a formidable screech ensue,
 As if some huge devouring brute :

And if beneath thy petticoat he run,
 Thou bellow'st as if thou wert undone,
 And kickest at a cow-like rate, poor soul !
 When, if thou wert to be a little quiet,
 And not disturb the nibbler by a riot,
 The mouse would go into his proper hole.

I've

I've heard it sworn to, nymph, that in the streets,
 When running, dancing, capering at thy side,
 Thy Cloe other dogs so brazen meets,
 That, wriggling, ask thy bitch to be their bride ;
 Quick hast thou caught up Cloe in thy arms,
 From violation to preserve her charms ;

And, bouncing wildly from the view
 Of those same saucy canine crew,
 Hast op'd so loud and tunefully thy throat
 (Seeming as thou had'st learnt to scream by note),
 Loud as the Sabine girls that tried to 'scape
 The speechless horrors of a Roman rape.

No novels readest thou, O nymph, in sight ;
 And yet again I'm told, that ev'ry night,
 In secret, thou art much inclin'd to doat
 On rhymes that Rochester so warmly wrote.

Oft dost thou wonder how thy sex, so sweet,
 Can fellows, those great two-legg'd monsters, meet,
 And swoon not at each Caliban ;
 And wonder how thy sex can fancy blisses
 Contain'd within the black rough-bearded kisses
 Of such a bear-like thing as man.

'Tis also said, that if a flea at night,
 Pert rogue, hath dar'd thy luscious lip to bite,
 Or point his snout into thy snowy breast,
 At once the house hath been alarm'd—the maids
 Call'd idle, nasty, good-for-nothing jades ;
 Who, Eve-like, rushing to thy room undrest,

Have thought some wicked ravisher, so dread,
 On love's delicious viands to be fed,
 Had seiz'd thee, to obtain forbidden joys ;
 Which had he done, a most audacious thief,
 Of ev'ry maid it was the firm belief,
 Thou would'st not, nymph, have made a greater
 noise.

And

And yet 'tis said again, O nymph so bright,
Thou sleep'st with John the coachman ev'ry night—

Vile tales! invented to destroy thy fame;
For wert thou, fearful lass, this instant married,
At night thy modest cheek would burn with shame,
Nor would'st thou go, but to the bed be *carried*:

There, when thy Strephon rush'd, in white array'd,
To clasp, with kisses sweet, his white-stol'd maid,

And riot in the luxury of charms;
Flat as a flounder, seeing, hearing gone—
Mute as a fish, and fairly turn'd to stone—

O damsel! thou would'st die within his arms.

MORE impudence, with a lick at one of the Ten
Commandments.

TO FORTUNE.

AH! loit'ring Fortune, thou art come too late:
Ah! wherefore give me not thy smiles before,
When all my youthful passions in a roar,
Rare hunters, fearless leap'd each five-bar gate?

Unknown by thee, how often did I meet
The loveliest forms of nature in the street,
The fair, the black, and lasting brown!
And, whilst their charms enraptur'd I survey'd,
This pretty legend on their lips I read—
“ Kisses, O gentle shepherd, for a crown.”

How oft I look'd, and sigh'd, and look'd agen,
Upon the charms of ev'ry Phillis!
How wish'd myself a cock, and her a hen,
To crop at once her roses and her lilies!
Indeed, not only without paying—
But for her liberty without once staying,

“ At Otaheité,” I have said with tears,
“ No gentleman a jail so horrid fears

" For taking liberties with lasses :
 " Soon as they heard how love in England far'd,
 " The glorious Otaheitans all were scar'd,
 " And call'd us Englishmen a pack of asses.—

" But they, indeed, are heathens—have no souls
 " But such as must be fried on burning coals.

" But I'm a Christian, and abhor a rape :

" Yet if a lass would *sell* her lean and fat,

" I'm not so great an enemy to *that*—

" Though *that* might whelp a little kind of scrape ;

" Since 'tis believ'd that simple fornication

" May step between a man and his salvation."

" Damn'd fortune! thus to make me groan !

To offer *now* thy shining pieces—

For *now* my passions all are flown,

Gone to my nephews and my nieces.

O D E

T O

Madam SCHW—G and Co.

On their intended VOYAGE to GERMANY.

Written in the Year 1789.

WE wish you a good voyage to that shore
 Where all your friends are impudent and poor.

Oblige us, Madam—don't again come over—

To use a cant phrase, we've been finely fobb'd,

Indeed, have very dext'rously been robb'd—

You've liv'd just eight and twenty years in clover.

Pray let us breathe a little—be so good—

We cannot spare such quantities of blood :

At

At least for some ten years, pray cross the main ;
Then, cruel, should you think upon returning,
To put us Britons all in second mourning,
We may support phlebotomy again.

To you, and your lean gang, we owe th' excise :
PITT cannot any other scheme devise,
To pay the nation's debt, and fill your purses.
With great respect I here assure you, Ma'am,
Your name our common people loudly damn ;
Genteeler folks attack with silent curses.

Madam, can *you* speak Latin ?—No, not much—
I think you principally spew * High Dutch ;
But did you Latin understand (God bless it)
I'd offer up the pithiest, prettiest line,
Unto your avarice's sacred shrine—
“ *Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.*”

The which translation of this Latin line
Is this—‘ Alas ! that maw profound of thine
‘ May like the stomach of a whale be reckon'd :
‘ Throw into it the nation's treasury,
‘ But for a minute it will pleasure ye ;
‘ That gullet would be gaping for a second.’

Madam, we wish you a long, long adieu—
Good riddance of the snuff and diamond crew !
Your absence, all, alone the state relieves ;
For, hungry ladies, as I'm here alive,
A house can never hope to thrive,
That harboureth a nest of thieves.

* The Author thinks this expression, though a dirty one, more descriptive than any other of the guttural German ; and therefore chooses not to sacrifice truth to a little *bienfiance*.

AN insupportable APOLOGY for keeping MIS-
TRESSES, and a LAUGH at that most respectable
State MATRIMONY.

O D E.

THAT I have often been in love, deep love,
A hundred doleful ditties plainly prove.
By marriage never have I been disjointed ;
For matrimony deals prodigious blows :
And yet for this same stormy state, God knows,
I've groan'd—and, thank my stars, been disappointed.

With love's dear passion will I never war :
Let ev'ry man for ever be in love,
E'en if he beats, in age, old *Par* :
'Tis for his chilly veins a good warm glove ;
It bids the blood with brisker motion start,
Thawing time's icicles around his heart.

Wedlock's a faucy, sad, familiar state,
Where folks are very apt to scold and hate :
Love keeps a *modest* distance, is divine,
Obliging, and says ev'ry thing that's fine.

Love writes sweet sonnets, deals in tender matter :
Marriage, in epigram so keen, and satire,
Love seeketh always to oblige the fair ;
Full of kind wishes, and exalted hope :
Marriage desires to see her in the air,
Suspended, at the bottom of a rope.

Love wishes, in the vale, or on the down,
To give his dear, dear idol a green gown :
Marriage, the brute, so snappish and ill bred,
Can kick his fighting turtle out or sea ;
Turns bluffly from the charms that taste adores,
Then pulls his night-cap o'er his eyes, and snores.

Wedlock

Wedlock, at first, indeed, is vastly pleasant;
 A very shewy bird, a fine cock-pheasant:
 By time it changeth to a diff'rent fowl:
 Sometimes a cuckow, oft'ner a horn owl.

Wedlock's a lock, however large and thick,
 Which ev'ry rascal has a key to pick.

O love! for Heav'n's sake, never leave my heart;
 No! thou and I will never, never part—
 Go, wedlock, to the men of leaden brains,
 Who hate variety, and sigh for chains.

A bare-faced Apology for leaving a loving Wife.

TO CHLOE.

An Apology for going into the Country.

CHLOE, we must not always be in heav'n,
 For ever toying, ogling, kissing, billing,
 The joys for which I thousands would have giv'n,
 Will presently be scarcely worth a shilling.

Thy neck is fairer than the Alpine snows,
 And, sweetly swelling, beats the down of doves;
 Thy cheek of health, a rival to the rose;
 Thy pouting lips, the throne of all the Loves;
 Yet, though thus beautiful beyond expression,
 That beauty fadeth by too much possession.

Economy in love is peace to nature,
 Much like economy in worldly matter:
 We should be prudent, never live too fast:
 Profusion will not, cannot always last.

Lovers are really spendthrifts—'tis a shame—
 Nothing their thoughtless, wild career can tame,

Till pen'ry stares them in the face ;
 And when they find an empty purse,
 Grown calmer, wiser, how the fault they curse,
 And, limping, look with such a sneaking grace !
 Job's war-horse fierce, his neck with thunder hung,
 Sunk to a humble hack that carries dung.

Smell to the queen of flowers, the fragrant rose—
 Smell twenty times—and then, my dear, thy nose
 Will tell thee (not so much for scent athirst)
 The twentieth drank less flavour than the *first*.

Love, doubtless, is the sweetest of all fellows ;
 Yet often should the little god retire—
 Absence, dear Chloe, is a pair of bellows,
 That keeps alive the sacred fire.

In the same impudently ironical style.

ODE TO LAIS.

O NYMPH with all the luxury of skin,
 Pea-bloom breath, and dimpled chin,
 Rose cheek, and eyes that beat the blackest floe ;
 With flaxen ringlets thy soft bosom shading,
 So white, so plump, so lusciously-persuading ;
 And lips that none but mouths of cherubs know !

Oh, leering, lure me not to Charlotte-street,
 That too, too fair, seducing form to meet :
 Warm, unattir'd, and breathing rich delight ;
 Where thou wilt practise ev'ry roguish art,
 To bid my spirits all unbridled start,
 Run off with me full tilt, and steal my sight,
 Then shall I trembling fall, for want of grace,
 And die perhaps upon my face !

Ah ! cease to turn, and leer, and smile,
 My too imprudent senses to beguile !

Ah !

Ah! keep that leg so taper from me,
Ah! form'd to foil a Phidias's art;
So much unlike that leg in ev'ry part
By me abhorr'd—and christ'ned *gummy*.

In vain I turn around to run away:
'Thine eyes, those basilisks, command my stay;
Whilst through its gauze thy snowy bosom peeping,
Seems to that rogue interpreter, my eye,
To heave a soft, desponding, tender sigh—
Like gossamer, my thoughts of goodness sweeping.

Pity my dear religion's dread debility,
And hide those orbs of sweet inflammability!—
Abound, I say, abound in grace, my feet,
And do not follow her to Charlotte-street.

Alas! alas! you have no grace, I see,
But wish to carry off poor struggling me;
Yes, the wild bed of beauty wish to seek!—
Yet, if you do—to make your two hearts ake,
A sweet, a sweet revenge I mean to take;
For, curse me, if you shall not stay a week.

But let me not thus pond'ring, gaping, stand—
But, lo, I am not at my own command:
Bed, bosom, kisses, embraces, storm my brains,
And, lawless tyrants, bind my will in chains.
O lovely lass! too pow'rful are thy charms,
And fascination dwells within thy arms.

The passions join the fierce invading host,
And I and virtue are o'erwhelm'd and lost—
Passions that in a martingal should move;
Wild horses, loosen'd by the hands of LOVE.

I'm off—alas! unworthy to be seen—
The bard, and VIRTUE a poor captive queen!
O LAIS, should our deeds to *sins* amount,
Just Heav'n will place them all to *thy* account.

The following Stanza, on the Death of Lady Mount E——'s favourite Pig *Cupid*, is verily exceeded by nothing in the annals of impertinence.

A
CONSOLATORY STANZA

T O

Lady MOUNT E——,

ON THE

DEATH of her Pig CUPID.

O DRY that tear, so round and big,
Nor waste in sighs your precious wind !
Death only takes a single Pig—
Your lord and son are still behind.

Superlatively impudent, and, I hope, untrue ; sent to me two days after my publication of my *Queen Elizabeth's Progresses*, one of which is now actually in His Majesty's glorious library at Buckingham-house.

T O

Mr. J. NICHOLS,

ON HIS

History of the Progresses of Queen Elizabeth.

JOHN, though it asks no subtilty of brain
To write QUEEN BESS's Progress through the
land,

Excuse the freedom, if I dare maintain
The theme too high for *thee* to take in hand.

On

On vanity's damn'd rock what thousands split !
Thou should'st have labour'd on some humbler mat-
ter —

On somewhat on a level with thy wit—
For instance—when Her Majesty made w —.

TO DELIA.

WHILST poets pour their happiest lays,
And call thee ev'ry thing divine ;
Not quite so lavish in thy praise,
To censure be the province mine.

Though born with talents to surprise,
Thou seldom dost those pow'rs display :
Thus seem they trifling in thy eyes ;
Thus Heav'n's best gifts are thrown away.

Though rich in charms, thou know'st it not ;
Such is thine ignorance profound :
And then such cruelty thy lot,
Thy sweetest smile inflicts a wound.

TO FORTUNE.

YES, Fortune, I have fought thee long,
Invok'd thee oft, in prose and song ;
Through half Old England woo'd thee :
Through seas of danger, Indian lands,
Through Afric's howling, burning sands :
But, ah ! in vain pursued thee !

Now, Fortune, thou would'st fain be kind ;
And now I'll plainly speak my mind—
I care not straws about thee :
For Delia's hand alone I toil'd ;
Unbrib'd by wealth, the nymph has smil'd ;
And bliss is ours without thee.

—To CHLOE.

CHLOE, a thousand charms are thine,
 That give ~~my heart~~ the constant sigh !
 Ah ! wherefore let thy poet pine,
 Who can't with ease his wants supply ?

Oh, haste, thy charity display ;
 With little I'll contented be :
 The kisses which thou throw'st away
 Upon thy dog, will do for *me*.

I CANNOT, however, conclude this First Part of Mr. PETER's lucubrations, without a severe reprehension of his want of loyalty, as well as want of respect, for that first of courts ST. JAMES's; and, moreover, to prove that disloyalty and disrespect, I give the following Ode, which he, with all his impudence, dares not deny that he wrote. I suppose it was written in the last reign, since it is impossible that it should be in the present.

TO A

FRIEND IN DISGRACE.

SO then, thy sov'REIGN turns away his face !
 Thank God, with all thy soul, for the disgrace.

This instant down upon thy knee,
 And idolize the man who makes thee free ;
 No more endeavour FOLLY's hand to kiss :
 At first I look'd with pity on thy state ;
 But now I humbly thank the foot of fate,
 That kindly kicks thee into bliss.

I've been disgrac'd, too—felt a monarch's frown,
 And consequently quitted town :—
 But have my fields refus'd their smiles so sweet ?
 Say, have my birds grown fulky, with the KING ?
 My thrushes, linnets, larks, refus'd to sing ?
 My winding brooks to prattle at my feet ?

No ! no such matter !—Each unclouded day
 On dove-like pinions gaily glides away :
 In short, all nature seems dispos'd to please—
 Then prithee quit thy qualms, look up and laugh,
 The rural pleasures let us largely quaff,
 And make our *congé* to the gods of ease.

By day, shall NATURE's simple voice
 Our walks and rides of health rejoice,
 Far from an empty court where tumult howls ;
 And should at night, by chance, an hour
 Be with *ennui* inclin'd to low'r,
 We'll go and listen to the owls ;
 Birds from whose throats 'tis said that *wisdom* springs—
 How very diff'rent from the throats of kings !

SIR

SIR JOSEPH BANKS
AND THE
EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.
A TALE.

Non omnia possumus omnes.

One intellect not all things comprehends :

The genius form'd for weeds, and grubs, and flies,
Can't have for ever at its finger ends

What's doing ev'ry moment in the skies.

PROEMIUM.

PETRUS LOQUITUR.

SINCE members lost to manners, growl ;
Call poor Sir Joseph afs, and owl ;
Nay, oft with coarser epithets revile ;
Though pitying much his pigmy merit,
Let me display a Christian spirit,
And try to lift a lame dog o'er a stile.

Though not, like Erskine, in the law a giant,
I must take up the cudgels for my client.

Know by these presents, then, ye noisy crew,
Who at his blushing honours * look so blue,

* *Blushing honours*—the Author undoubtedly means the epithet *blushing* to be understood as synonymous with *blooming*, and not in a satyrical sense : God forbid that the friend of Sir Joseph should mean otherwise !

That

That though Sir Joseph is not deep discerning,
 And though, as all the world well knows,
 A nutshell might with perfect ease enclose
 Three quarters of his sense, and all his learning,
 Whole modest wisdom, therefore, never aims
 To find the longitude, or burn the Thames;

Yet, as to things he sets himself about,
 With tooth and nail, like *Hercules*, so stout,

He labours for his wish, no matter what;—
 I can't say that Sir Joseph lions kills,
 Hugs giants, or the blood of hydras spills;

But then most manfully he eats a bat,
 Eats toads, or tough, or tender, old, or young,
 As in the sweetest strains the muse hath sung*:
 Fit with the hugest Hottentot to cope,
 Who dines on raw flesh at the Cape of Hope.

Blest with a phiz, he bids the members tremble!

To death-like silence turns the direst din;
 And where so many savages assemble,
 Like hounds, they want a proper whipper-in.

Dare members sleep†, a set of snoring Goths,
 Whilst Blagden reads a chapter upon moths?

Down goes the hammer, cloath'd with thunder!
 Up spring the snorers, half without their wigs,
 Old greybeards grave, and smock-fac'd prigs,
 With ell-wide jaws displaying signs of wonder.

Lo! perseverance is the soul of action!
 And courage proper to oppose a faction;
 Therefore he sits with wonderful propriety,
 The MONRO of a mad society:
 And that he is both brave and persevering,
 Witness the following story, well worth hearing.

* See Peter's Prophecy.

† Frequently, indeed, are the members sent to the land of shadows, by the Society's somniferous papers; assisted, in a great measure, in their voyage, by the Doctor's drowsy manner of communicating the contents.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS

AND THE

EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

A PRESIDENT, in butterflies profound,
 Of whom all insect-mongers sing the praises,
 Went on a day to catch this game renown'd,
 On vi'lets, dung-hills, nettle-tops, and daisies !
 But first (so pious is Sir Joseph's nature)
 He thus address'd the butterfly's Creator,

THE VIRTUOSO'S PRAYER.

O THOU, whose wisdom plann'd the skies,
 And form'd the wings of butterflies,
 Attend my humble pray'r !
 Like Egypt, as in days of yore,
 Let earth with flies be cover'd o'er,
 And darken'd all the air.

This, Lord, would be the best of news—
 Then might thy servant pick and chuse
 From such a glorious heap :
 Forth to the world I'd boldly rush,
 Put all musæums to the blush,
 And hold them all dog-cheap.

Pharaoh had not one grain of taste—
 The flies on *him* were thrown to waste,
 Nay, met with strong objection ;
 But had thy servant, Lord, been there,
 I should have made, or much I err,
 A wonderful collection !

O Lord ! if not my mem'ry fails,
 Thou once did'st rain on people quails—

Agaia

Again the world surprize ;
And 'stead of such a trifling bird,
Rain on thy servant Joseph, Lord,
Show'rs of rare butterflies !

Since monsters are my great delight,
With monsters charm thy servant's sight,
Turn feathers into hair :
Make legs where legs were never seen,
And eyes, no bigger than a pin,
As broad as saucers stare.

The reptiles that are born with claws,
O ! let thy pow'r supply with paws,
Adorn'd with human nails ;
In value more to make them rise,
Transplant from all their heads, their eyes,
And place them in their tails.

And if thou wisely would'st contrive
To make me butterflies alive,
To fly without a head ;
To skim the hedges and the fields,
Nay, eat the meat thy bounty yields ;
Such wonders were indeed !

Blagden should puff them at our meeting ;
Members would press around me greeting ;
The journals swell with thanks ;
And more to magnify their fame,
Those headless flies should have a name——
My name——Sir Joseph Banks !

THUS having finish'd, forth Sir Joseph hies,
Hope in his heart, and eagles in his eyes !
Just like a pointer, quart'ring well his ground,
He nimbly trots the field around !
At length, to bless his hunting ambulation,
Up rose a native of the flutt'ring nation.

Broad

Broad star'd Sir Joseph as if struck by thunder
 (For much, indeed, are eyes enlarg'd by wonder);
 When from a dab of dung, or *some such thing*,
 An Emp'ror of Morocco rear'd his wing!

Not Archimedes, 'tis my firm belief,
 More blest, cried "*Eureka*, I've nabb'd the thief;"
 Nor hunters, when a hare, to shun foul play,
 Steals from his seat so fly, cry "Stole away;"
 Nor stale old nymphs, by raging virtue sway'd,
 Roar on a frail one, "Kill the wicked jade;"
 Than roar'd Sir Joseph on the verdant sod,
 "Morocco's Emp'ror, by the living God!"

Not with more joy, nor rapture-speaking look,
 The little gamesome PICCADILLY DUKE
 Eyes a nice TIT, fresh launch'd upon the town;
 Nor with more pleasure Cupid's trusty crimp,
 By mouths of vulgar people nam'd a pimp,
 Stares on his virtuous fee, a crown:

Nor king's-place nymphs, on greenhorns in their pow'r,
 Who (shameless rascals, wanting not a wife)
 Hire love, like hackney-coaches, by the hour,
 Damning the love so true that lasts for life;
 Nor wither'd WINDSOR on the simple maid,
 From scenes of rural innocence betray'd;
 Forc'd to dispose of nature's sweetest charms;
 Doom'd for a meal to sink a beauteous wreck:
 To lend to man she loathes, her lip, her neck,
 And, weeping, act the wanton in his arms;
 Than did the hero of my song,
 Survey the Emp'ror as he mov'd along.

Not with more glee a hen-peck'd husband spies
 Death shutting up his wife's two cat-like eyes,
 Accustom'd on him oft and fierce to roll;
 Just like a galley-slave, poor fellow, treated,
 Or those poor English at Calcutta sweated,
 Stuff'd in the old black hole:

And yet, a neater simile to use,
 Not with more true delight a lover views

The blushing orient leading on the day
That gives a blooming partner to his arms,
In virtues rich, and rich in youthful charms,
To bid the hours with rapture glide away :

Sad anxious swain, who now in bed, now out,
Toss'd, like the sea, with thundering thoughts about ;
Curfing with hearty pray'rs the lingering night :
Now trying hard to sleep away the time ;
Now staring on the dark, like bards for rhyme,
To catch the smallest glimpse of light.
Afraid that Phœbus means foul play,
And, bent to spite him, lie a-bed all day :

And, *boni fidé*, not of rapture fuller,
ThurLOW, the seal and royal conscience keeper,
Sees his prime fav'rite, Mr. Justice Buller,
High thron'd in chancery, grieve the poor Sir Pepper,
Than did the president so keen espy
The butterfly !

Lightly with winnowing wing, amid the land,
His Moorish Majesty in circles flew !
With sturdy striding legs, and out-stretch'd hand,
The virtuoso did his prey pursue.

He strikes—he misses—strikes again—he grins,
And sees in thought the monarch fix'd with pins ;
Sees him on paper giving up the ghost,
Nail'd, like a hawk or martyr, to a post.

Oft fell Sir Joseph on the slipp'ry plain,
Like *patriot* EDEN—fell to rise again ;
The Emp'ror smiling, sported on before :
Like Phœbus, courfing Daphne, was the chace,
But not so was the meaning of the race,
Sir Joseph ran to kill, not kiss the Moor ;

To hold him pris'ner in a glass for show,
Like Tamerlane (redoubtable his rage),
Who kept poor Bajazet, his vanquish'd foe,
Just like an owl or magpye in a cage.

H h

Again

Again to earth Sir Joseph fell so flat,
 Flat as the flattest of the flounder race!
 Down with Sir Joseph dropp'd his three-cock hat,
 Most nobly sharing in his friend's disgrace.
 Again he springs, with hope and ardour pale,
 And blowing like the fish baptiz'd a whale;

Darting his arms now here, now there, so wild,
 With all the eager raptures of a child,
 Who with broad anxious eye a bauble views,
 And, capering legs and hands, the toy pursues.

A countryman, who, from a lane,
 Had mark'd Sir Joseph running, tumbling, sweating,
 Stretching his hands and arms, like one insane,
 And with those arms the air around him beating,
 To no particular opinion leaning,
 Of such manœuvring could not guess the meaning.

At length, the President, all foam and muck,
 Quite out of breath, and out of luck,
 Pursued the flying monarch to the place
 Where stood this countryman, with marv'ling face.

Now through the hedge, exactly like a horse,
 Wild plung'd the president with all his force,
 His brow in sweat, his soul in perturbation,
 Mindless of trees, and bushes, and the brambles,
 Head over heels into the lane he scrambles,
 Where Hob stood lost in wide-mouth'd speculation!

"Speak," roar'd the president, "this instant—say,
 "Hast seen, hast seen, my lad, this way

"The Emp'ror of Morocco pass?"——

Hob to the insect-hunter nought replied,
 But shook his head, and sympathizing sigh'd,

"Alas!

"Poor gentleman, I'm sorry for ye,

"And pity much your *upper story*!"

Lo! down the lane alert the Emp'ror flew,
 And struck once more Sir Joseph's hawk-like view:

And now he mounted o'er a garden-wall !
 In rush'd Sir Joseph at the garden-door,
 Knock'd down the gard'ner—what could man do more,
 And left him as he chose to rise, or sprawl.

O'er peerless hyacinths our hero rush'd,
 Through tulips and anemonies he push'd,
 Breaking a hundred necks at ev'ry spring :
 On bright carnations, blushing on their banks,
 With desp'rate hoof he trod, and mow'd down ranks,
 Such vast ambition urg'd to seize the king !

Bell glasses, all so thick, were tumbled o'er,
 And lo ! the cries, so shrill, of many a score,
 A sad and fatal stroke proclaim'd :
 The scarecrow, all so red, was overturn'd,
 His vanish'd hat, and wig, and head, he mourn'd,
 And much, indeed, the man of straw was main'd !

Just guardian of the sacred spot,
 With face so fierce, and pointed gun,
 Who threat'ned all the birds with shot,
 To kill of sparrows ev'ry mother's son :
 Fierce as those scarlet ministers of fate,
 The warlike guardians of St. James's gate !

Yet not content with feats like these,
 He tumbled o'er a hive of bees :
 Out rush'd the host, and wonder'd from their souls,
 What dev'l dar'd dash their house about their polls.

Like Louis *, whose fierce heart was such,
 As made him, like a football, kick the Dutch !

But soon the small, heroic, injur'd nation
 Descried the author of their obligation ;

And, to repay it, round him rush'd the swarm ;
 Prodigious was the buz about his ears !

With all their venom did they push their spears,

But lo ! they work'd him not one grain of harm !

Yet did no god nor godling intervene,

By way of screen !

* Louis XIV.

The happy head their pointed spears defied,
 Strong, like old Homer's shields, in tough bull hide,
 And brags well temper'd, to support the shock!—
 The bees their disappointed vengeance mourn'd,
 And from their fierce attack, fatigu'd, return'd,
 Believing they had storm'd a barber's block.

What was thought death and tortures by the clan,
 Was only tickling the great man!
 Thus round big Ajax rag'd the Trojan host,
 Who might as well, indeed, have drubb'd a post.

The gard'ner now for just revenge up sprung,
 O'erwhelm'd with wonderment and dung,
 And fierce in his turn pursu'd the knight!
 From bed to bed, full tilt the champions rac'd,
 This chac'd the knight, the knight the emp'ror
 chac'd,

Who scal'd the walls, alas! and vanish'd out of
 fight;

To find the Empress, p'rhaps, and tell her GRACE
 The merry hift'ry of the chace.

At length, the gard'ner, swell'd with rage and dolour,
 O'ertaking, grasps Sir Joseph by the collar,
 And blest with fav'rite oaths, abundance flow'rs;—
 "Villain," he cried, "beyond example!
 "Just like a cart-horse on my beds to trample,
 "More than your soul is worth, to kill my flow'rs!
 "See how your two vile hoofs have made a wreck—
 "Look, rascal, at each beauty's broken neck!"—

Mindless of humbled flow'rs, so freely kill'd,
 Although superior to his foul declar'd,
 And vegetable blood profusely spill'd,
 Superior, too, to all reward:
 Mindless of all the gard'ner's plaintive strains,
 The Emp'ror's form monopoliz'd his brains.

At length he spoke, in sad despairing tones,
 "Gone! by the God that made me!—D-mn his
 "bones!

"O Lord!

“ O Lord! no disappointment mine surpasses ;—
 “ Poh! what are paltry flowers and broken glasses,
 “ A tumbled scarecrow, bees, the idle whim?—
 “ Zounds! what a set of miscreants to *him*!—

“ Gone is my foul’s desire, for ever gone!”—
 “ Who’s gone,” the gard’ner straight replied—
 “ The Emp’ror, Sir,” with tears, Sir Joseph cried—
 “ The Emp’ror of Morocco—thought my own!
 “ To unknown fields behold the monarch fly!—
 “ Zounds! not to catch him, what an afs was I!”

His eyes the gard’ner, full of horror, stretch’d;
 And then a groan, a monstrous groan he fetch’d.

Contemplating around his ruin’d wares;
 And now he let Sir Joseph’s collar go;
 And now he bray’d aloud with bitterest woe,
 “ Mad, madder than the maddest of March hares!

“ A p-x confound the fellow’s Bedlam rigs!
 “ Oh! he hath done the work of fifty pigs!
 “ The dev’l take his keeper, a damn’d goose,
 “ For letting his wild beast get loose!”

But now the gard’ner, terrified, began
 To think himself too near a man

In so Peg-Nicholson a situation;
 And, happy from a madman to escape,
 He left him without bow, or nod, or scrape,
 Like JEREMIAH ’midst his Lamentation.

Such is the tale—if readers sigh for more,
 Sir Joseph’s wallet holdeth many a score.

A D V I C E

T O A

FUTURE LAUREAT.

A N

O D E.

So little, Cæsar's humour claims my care,
I know not if the Man be black or fair.

WHO shall resume St. James's life,
And call ideal virtues into life ?
On tiptoe gaping, lo, I stand,
To see the future Laureat of the land !

Dread rivals, splashing through the dirty road,
With thund'ring specimens of ode,
The lyric bundles on each poet's back,
Intent to gain the stipend and the sack,
See MASON, HAYLEY, to the palace scamper,
Like porters sweating underneath a hamper !

And see the hacks of NICHOLS' magazine
Rush, loyal, to berhyme a King and Queen ;
And see, full speed, to get the tuneful job,
The bellman's heart, with hopes of vict'ry, throb.

O thou, whate'er thy name, thy trade, thy art,
Who from obscurity art doom'd to start,
Call'd, by the royal mandate, to proclaim
To distant realms a monarch's feeble fame—

For

For fame of kings, like cripples in the gout,
Demands a crutch to move about——

Whoe'er thou art, that winn'st the envied prize,
O, if for royal smile thy bosom sighs,
Of pig-economy exalt the praise;—
O, flatter sheep and bullocks in thy lays!
To saving wisdom boldly strike the strings,
And justify the grazier-trade in kings.

Descant on ducks, and geese, and cocks, and hens,
Hay-stacks, and dairies, cow-houses, and pens;
Descant on dung-hills, every sort of kine,
And in the pretty article of swine;

Inform us, without loss, to twig,
The stomach of a feeding calf, or cow;
And tell us, economic, how
To steal a dinner from a fatt'ning pig:
And, bard, to make us still more blest, declare
How hogs and bullocks may grow fat on air.

Sing how the King of Naples sells his fish,
And from his stomach cribs the daintiest dish;
Sing, to his subjects, how he sells his game,
So fierce, for dying rich, the monarch's flame:

Sing of th'economy of German quality,
Emp'rors, electors, dead to hospitality;
Margraves, and miserable dukes,
Who squeeze their subjects, and who starve their
cooks:—

Such be the burthen of thy birth-day song,
And, lo, our court will listen all day long.

Tom prov'd unequal to the laureat's place;
He warbled with an Attic grace:
The language was not understood at court,
Where bow and curt'sey, grin and shrug, resort;
Sorrow for sickness, joy for health, so civil;
And love, that wish'd each other to the dev'l!

Tom

TOM was a scholar—luckless wight!
 Lodg'd with old manners in a musty college;
 He knew not that a palace hated knowledge,
 And deem'd it pedantry to spell and write.
 Tom heard of royal libraries, indeed,
 And weakly fancied that the books were read.

He knew not that an author's sense
 Was, at a palace, not worth finding;
 That what to notice gave a book pretence,
 Was solely paper, print, and binding!

Some folks had never known, with all their wit,
 Old PINDAR'S name, nor occupation,
 Had not *I* started forth—a lucky hit,
 And prov'd myself the Theban bard's relation.

The names of DRUMMOND, BOLDERO, and HOARE,
 Though strangers to Apollo's tuneful ear,
 Are discords that the palace-folks adore,
 Sweet as sincerity, as honour dear!

The name of Homer, none are found to know it,
 So much the banker soars beyond the poet;
 For courts prefer, so classically weak,
 A guinea's music to the noise of Greek.
Menin acide Thea, empty sounds,
 How mean to—"Pay the bearer fifty pounds!"

Angels, and ministers of grace, what's here!
 See suppliant SAL'SB'RY to the bard appear!
 He sighs—upon his knuckles he is down!—
 His Lordship begs I'll take the poet's crown.

Avaunt, my Lord!—Solicitation, fly!
 I'll not be Zany to a king, not I:
 I'll be no monarch's humble thrush,
 To whistle from the laurel bush;
 Or, rather, a tame owl, to hoot
 Whene'er it shall my masters suit.

I have no flatt'ries cut and dried—no varnish
 For royal qualities, so apt to tarnish,

Expos'd

Expos'd a little to the biting air :
 I've got a soul, and so no lies to spare ;—
 Besides, too proud to sing for hire,
 I scorn to touch a venal lyre.

Avaunt, ye sceptred vulgar—purpled, ermin'd,
 The muse shall make no mummies, I'm determin'd.
 World, call her prostitute, bawd, dirty b——,
 If meanly *once* she deals in spice and pitch ;
 And saves a carcase, by its lyric balm,
 So putrid, which the very worms must damn.

Again to thee I turn, from dear digression ;
 To thee, ambitious of the sack-possession !
 O thou, the future laureat, yet unknown,
 The nightingale or magpie of a throne !

Reveal the situation of thy brain.
 Or clear, or muddy is its fountain ?
 Of molehills can it make a mountain,
 So strong the magic of its wizard strain ?

Laureats should boast a bushel of invention,
 Or yield up all poetical pretension—

Lo, flatt'ries form a monarch's first delights !
 A solar microscope the bard should be,
 That to a camel's size can swell a flea,
 And give the guts of aldermen to mites.

PART II.

MY soul assumes a loftier wing ;
 I'm chang'd, I feel myself a king !
 I'm sceptred—on my head the crown descends !
 To purple turn'd my coat of parson's grey,
 Now let my majesty itself display,
 And shew that kings and glory may be friends.

Yet,

Yet, though I feel myself a king,
 I hope, untainting, that the crown descends—
 Not on my people's shoulders bids me spring;
 And cry, forgetful of myself and friends,
 "Blood of the gods within my veins I find—
 "Not the mean puddle of that mob, mankind."

Low at my feet the spaniel-courtiers cower;
 Curl, wheedle, whine, paw, lick my shoe, for pow'r;
 Prepar'd for ev'ry insult, servile train,
 To take a kicking, and to fawn again!

Off, PITT and GRENVILLE!—you are not yet men—
 Go, children, to your leading-strings agen,
 Make not a hobby-horse of this fair isle:—
 Yet, were no danger in the childish sway,
 A kingdom might permit a baby's play,
 And at its weaknesses indulge a smile.
 Off, then!—once more upon your letters look—
 Go, find of politics the lost horn-book.

Off with EXCISE your imp, with lengthened claws,
 And fangs deep-rooted in his hydra-jaws;
 That monster, damping freedom's sacred joys,
 Fed by *your* hands, ye pair of foolish boys!
 My soul, to FREEDOM wedded, freedom loves;
 Then blast me, fight'nings, when, so coldly cruel,
 I to pomatum sacrifice the jewel,
 Rouge, pigtail, and a pair of gloves.

Off, J——! some dæmon did create thee:
 Oh, form'd to fawn, to kneel, to lie, to flatter!
 "Perdition catch my soul, but I do hate thee!"
 "And when I hate thee not," I war with nature.
 Such reptiles dare not 'midst my radiance sport—
 Curs'd be such snakes, that crawl about a court.

Disgrace not, simp'ring sycophants, my throne!—
 E——, and pigmy V——r, be gone!
 BR——, thou stinkest!—weazel, polecat, fly!
 Thy manners shock, thy form offends my eye.
 As for thy principles—they're gone long since—
 Lost, when a poor deserter from thy PRINCE.

——, avant!

——, avaunt!—thou'rt cowardly and mean;
Thy soul is fable, and thy hands unclean.—
Yet, to minutia to descend, what need?
Enough, that thou art one of Charles's breed.

Out with that SAL'SBURY!—DUNDAS, avaunt!
Off, water-gruel WESTMORLAND, and LEEDS!
You, verily, are not the men I want—
My bounty no such folly feeds.

Off, HARCOURT! who would'st starve my kine,
Or make them, poor lean devils, dine.
On vile horse-chestnuts—'tis a cursed meal—
Instead of turnips, corn, and hay:
Thou shalt not, by this avaricious way,
Into my royal favour steal.

Off, UXBRIDGE!—LEEDS, too, once more get along!
You shall not be lord-presidents of song;
You throw poor St. Cecilia into fits:
You've ears, but verily they do not hear,
Just as you've tongues that cannot speak, I fear;
And brains that want their complement of wits.

Off, WALSINGHAM!—thou putt'st me in a sweat:
I hate a jack-in-office martinet—
For ever something *most important* brewing;
For ever busy, busy, nothing doing.

Thou plague of post-office, the teazer, fretter;
Informing clerks the way to seal a letter;
Who, full of wisdom, hold'st thyself the broom,
Instructing Susan how to sweep the room;
The letter-man, to hold his bag!
The mail-guard, (funk in ignorance forlorn!)
To load his blunderbuss, and blow his horn;
Off, off!—of consequence thou rag!
Go to the fields, and gain a nation's thanks—
Catch grasshoppers and butterflies for BANKS.

I want not fellows that can only prate;
I want no whirligigs of state—

Yet, though I feel myself a king,
 I hope, untainting, that the crown descends—
 Not on my people's shoulders bids me spring;
 And cry, forgetful of myself and friends,
 "Blood of the gods within my veins I find—
 "Not the mean puddle of that mob, mankind."

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To load his blunderbuss, and blow his horn;
Off, off!—of consequence thou rag!
Go to the fields, and gain a nation's thanks—
Catch grasshoppers and butterflies for BANKS.

I want not fellows that can only prate;
I want no whirligigs of state—

No jack-a-lanterns, imitating fire,
 Skipping, and leading men into the mire.

Thou servile copieſt, **WEST**, begone!
 With nought worth ſaving of thy own;
Phillis and **Chloe**, dancing dogs,
PINETTI, and the fortune-telling hogs,
 Toymen and conj'rors, from my preſence fly!
 I have no children to amuſe, not I.

Off, **Sw**——**G**! thou lean, old, wicked cat;
 Reſtleſs and ſpitting, biting, mewling, mean,
 Thou ſhalt not in my chimney-corner ſquat,
 Thou ſhalt not, harridan, be queen:
 Off, to thy-country, by the map forgot,
 Where tyranny and famine curſe the ſpot.

Yet empty fiſt thy bags of plunder'd gain,
 Wages of vile political pollution;
 Then vaniſh, thou **OLD FISTULA**! a drain
 Enervating our glorious conſtitution!

Off, **H**——**G**'s wife!—thy diamonds bode no good;
 They ſhall not taint us—lo, they ſmell of blood!

Off, off, old **G**——'s ſpawn!—now **E**——'s fury,
 In manners coarſer than the dames of **Drury**!
 O, form'd for ugleneſs itſelf a foil!
 Sprung from the church, the world might well ſuppoſe,
 Thy blood with ſome few drops of meekneſs flows—
 No, vitriol!—not one particle of oil!

I'll have no laureat—ſacred be the ode;
 Unſullied let its torrent roll!
 Few merits mine, the muſe's wing to load;
 Small grace of form, and no ſublime of ſoul:
 And yet, whate'er the merits that are mine,
 By verſe unvarniſh'd ſhall they ſhine.

The real virtues dare themſelves diſplay,
 And need no pedeſtal to ſhew away:
 Each from herſelf her own importance draws,
 And ſcorns a chatt'ring poet's mock applauſe.

Have

Have niggard nature, and my stars, unkind,
Of sense and virtues stript my desert mind ;
My name let Silence, with her veil, invade,
And cold oblivion pour th' eternal shade.

Oblig'd not to an author's rhyme,
Important, down the stream of time,
O let me fail, or not at all ;
Too proud for bards to take in tow my name,
Just like the Victory *, or Fame *,
That drag along the jolly-boat or yawl.

Away, the little sniv'ling spirit—
Away the hate of rising merit—
Thy heav'n-ward wing, aspiring Genius, wave ;
I will not, lev'ling with a jaundic'd eye,
The secret blunderbuss let fly,
To give thee, O thou royal bird ! a grave.

I'll have no poet-persecution—no !
Proud of its liberty, the verse shall flow ;
The mouth of Pegasus shall feel no curb :
If, idly wanton, poets tax me wrong,
Their's is the infamy, for their's the song—
Such blasts shall ne'er my soul's deep calm disturb.

But, should fair truth to satire lend an edge,
Bid with more force descend her thund'ring sledge,
My justice dares not break that poet's pipe ;
And, like a school-boy, to the tyger's den,
Who, wanton, flings a cat, a cock, or hen,
I will not give him to † MACDONALD's gripe.

Wise let me hush of prejudice the storm,
Disarm him for the future, and reform :—
Yes ; 'stead of giving him a *law-jobation*,
Revenge the blow by reformation.

To TEOS, which of yore was reckon'd far,
HIPPARCHUS really sent a man of war,
To bring ANACREON, honied bard, to court ;
So PLATO says, a man of good report.

* Ships of the line.

† The Attorney-General.

How diff'rent monarchs of the present day !
 From modern kings each bee-like minstrel sculks,
 Whose love would clap the bards on board the hulks,
 Or send them out to warble at * THIEVES BAY.

Come, science, and the arts, around me bloom—
 Thrice-welcome, half my empire claim—
 The eye of genius shall not wear a gloom,
 Nor BOYDELL dash my cheek with shame.

Historians, poets, painters, ev'ry merit,
 Shall feel King PETER's fost'ring spirit.

Yes, men of genius, be my equals, free—
 Imperious consequence you shall not feel ;
 For show collected, just to bend the knee,
 And grace, like slaves of yore, a chariot-wheel.

Avaunt, the parasitic dedication,
 A trap to catch my smile, deceive the nation,
 And make the wide-mouth'd million blebs my name :
 Ah ! let my *deeds* alone, instead of *lies*,
 Proclaim me open, gen'rous, good, and wise—
 Those manly heralds of a virtuous fame.

Here, from your hovels, sons of science, come :
 Oh, haste ! and call King PETER's house your home :
 Your huts, your solitary mountains, quit,
 And make my court a galaxy of wit.

Come, VIRTUE, though a dungeon hide thy face
 (For to thy lot too oft misfortune falls),
 Whose angel-form from jails can blot disgrace,
 And cast a sacred splendour o'er the walls.

Thus shall our moments glide on golden wings ;
 Thus will we triumph with expanded hearts ;
 At times be merry upon thrifty kings,
 And smile at majesty that starves the arts.
 Ambitious, if with wisdom thus we wed,
 A farthing shall not blush to bear OUR head !

* Commonly called Botany-Bay.

A
COMPLIMENTARY EPISTLE

TO

JAMES BRUCE, Esq.

THE

ABYSSINIAN TRAVELLER.

Non Fabula mendax.

WONDERS!—WONDERS!!—WONDERS!!!

SWEET is the tale, however strange its air,
That bids the public eye *astonied* stare!
Sweet is the tale, howe'er uncouth its shape,
That makes the world's wide mouth with wonder gape:
Behold our infancies in tales delight,
That bolt, like hedge-hog quills, the hair upright.
Of ghosts how pleas'd is ev'ry child to hear!
To such is Jack the Giant-killer dear!
Dread monsters issuing from the flame or flood,
Charm, though with horror cloath'd, they chill the
 blood!
What makes a tale so sleepy, languid, dull?
Things as they happened—not of marvel full.
What gives a zest, and keeps alive attention?
A tale that wears the visage of invention:
A tale of lions, spectres, shipwreck, thunder;
A wonder, or first cousin to a wonder.
Mysterious conduct! yet 'tis nature's plan
To sow with wonder's seeds the soul of man,

That ev'ry where in sweet profusion rise,
And sprout luxuriant through the mouth and eyes !

What to the *vasty* deep * SIR JOSEPH gave,
As of the world, the sport of wind and wave ?
What bade the knight, amid those scenes remote,
Sleep with Queen Oborea in the boat ?
What unconfounded leap to Newton's chair ?
What, but to make a world with wonder stare ?
What bids a ----- on Wimbledon, Blackheath,
So oft rejoice the regiments of death ;
While Britain's mightier bulwark slighted lies,
And, vainly groaning, for its Cæsar sighs ?
What with the vulgar pigs of Ascot taken,
Devour on Ascot-heath his annual bacon ?
What bade that great, great man, a goodly sight,
Watch his wife's diamond petticoat all night ;
And what that wife of great, great, great renown,
Make her own caps, and darn a thread-bare gown ?
What bade the charming † LADY MARY fly
MARCHESE's squeeze for PACCHIEROTTI's sigh ?
What MASTER EDGECUMBE deal in rhyming ware ?
What, but to put all ‡ Cawfand in a stare ?
Sweet child of verse, who, with importance big,
Pleas'd its own self, and eterniz'd a pig § ;
Whilst mad, an equal weight of praise to share,
OLD MOUNT plays Punchenello to a hair.
What makes a girl the shops for novels rove ?
The sweet impossibilities of love ;
Quixotic deeds to catch the flying fair ;
To pant at dangers, and at marvels stare.

* Sir Joseph Banks.

† Lady Mary Duncan.

‡ A small fishing town near Mount Edgecumbe.

§ This pig, Cupid, who many years ago fell in love with the Earl, has a monument erected to his memory, with an inscription on it by Lord Valletort, the Earl's son.—It is said, that his Majesty, when at Mount Edgecumbe, happening to be gravely pondering near his grave, the Queen, who was at some distance, asked him, what he was looking at so seriously. His Majesty, with a great deal of humour, immediately replied, “ The family vault, Charly ; family vault, family vault.”

What

What prompteth Chloe, conscious of the charms
 That croud the souls of swains with wild alarms,
 To give the swelling bosom's milk-white skin
 A veil of gauze so marvellously thin ?
 What, but a kind intention of the fair
 To treat the eyes of shepherds with a stare ?
 Behold ! religion's self, celestial dame,
 Founds on the rock of miracle her fame :
 A sacred building, that defies decay,
 That sin's wild waves can never wash away !
 What made * JOHN ROLLE (except for EXON's stare)
 Drill-serjeant to the aldermen and may'r ;
 E'er from the hall he led his chosen bands,
 To view the KING OF NATIONS, and kiss hands ?
 How rarely man the haunts of wisdom seeks,
 Pleas'd with the life of cabbages and leeks !
 Though form'd to plough the soil, divinely strong,
 'Tis famine goads him, like an ox, along :
 But BRUCE, on *curiosity's* wild wings,
 Darts, hawk-like, where the game of marvel springs.
 Let envy kindle with the blush of shame,
 That dares to call thee, BRUCE, a thief of fame.
 Pleas'd to thy wonder's vortex to be drawn,
 A thousand volumes could not make me yawn :
 And (O, accept a salutary hint) —
 The world will read as fast as thou canst print.

Curs'd by the goose's, and the critic's quill,
 What tortures tear us, and what horrors thrill !
 Thus, that small imp, a tooth, a simple bone,
 Can make fair ladies and great heroes groan ;

* Mr. JOHN ROLLE's dread of a failure in the *etiquette* of presentation to his Majesty, when at Exeter, prevailed on him to take a deal of trouble with gentlemen who were to be introduced at the *levee*. But, in spite of all his intellectual powers, which, like his corporeal, are of more than ordinary texture, much disorder happened : indeed, the best of kings was three or four times nearly overturned. Many were the gentlemen that Mr. ROLLE was forced to place himself behind, to pull down properly on their knees ; and many were the gentlemen he was obliged to run after, and make them face to the right about, who uncourteously, though unwittingly, in quitting the presence, had turned their unpolished tails on majesty.

Tear hopeless virgins from their happy dream,
 And bid for doctors, 'stead of sweethearts, scream ;
 In tears the tender tossing infant sleep,
 And from its eye-lids brush the dews of sleep ;
 Where, with a cheek in cherub blushes drest,
 It seeks, with fruitless cries, its vanish'd nest.
 Far diff'rent, THOU, erect in conscious pride,
 Colossal dar'st the critic host bestride ;
 Like yelping coward curs canst make them skip,
 And tremble at the thunder of thy whip.

How hard that thou, a busy working bee,
 Should'st range from flow'r to flow'r, from tree to tree :
 Fly loaded home from shrubs of richest prime,
 Egyptian, Nubian, Abyssinian thyme,
 And plund'ring * drones upon thine honey thrive,
 Who never gave an atom to the hive !
 Huge WHALE of marvel-hunters, further say,
 And glad the present and the future day ;
 Speak ! did no angel, proud to intervene,
 Bear thee, like Habbakuk, from scene to scene ?

Lo ! moon-ey'd wonder opes her lap to thee :
 How niggardly, alas ! to luckless me !
 Where'er through trackless woods thy luckier way,
 Marvels, like dew-drops, beam on ev'ry spray,
 Blest man ! whate'er thou wishest to behold,
 Nature as strongly wishes to unfold ;
 Of all her wardrobe offers every rag,
 Of which thy skill hath form'd a conj'ror's bag.
 Thy deeds are giants, covering ours with shame !
 Poor wasted pigmies ! skeletons of fame !
 To thee how kindly hath thy genius giv'n
 The massy keys of yonder star-clad heav'n ;
 With leave, whene'er thou wishest to unlock it,
 To put a few eclipses in thy pocket !
 Nature, where'er thou tread'st, exalts her form ;
 The whisp'ring zephyr swells a howling storm ;
 Where pebbles lay, and riv'lets purl'd before,
 Huge promontories rise, and oceans roar.

* Alluding to an Abridgement of Mr. Bruce's Travels.

Thrice envied man (if truth each volume sings),
 Thy life how happy! hand and glove with kings!
 A simple swain, a stranger to a throne,
 I ne'er sat down with kings to pick a bone!
 For smiles I gap'd not, crouch'd not for assistance;
 But paid my salutations at a distance:
 Yet live, O KINGS, to see a distant date,
 Because I've got a pretty good estate;
 A comely spot near Helicon, that thrives;
 A leasehold, though, that hangs upon their lives;
 Set to GEORGE KEARSLEY, at a moderate rent;
 Enough for me, poor swain, it brings content.
 Were heav'n to place a crown upon my head,
 So meek, so modest, I should faint with dread;
 And, like some honest bishop, with a sigh,
 "Pity my greatness, Lord!" would be my cry.
 Poets, like spiders, now-a-days must spin,
 E'en from *themselves*, the threads of life so thin.
 Nought pleaseth now the rulers of great nations,
 But books of wonder, and sweet dedications.
 Kings, like the mountains of the moon, indeed,
 Proud of their stature, lift a lofty head;
 Heads, like the mountains also, cold and raw,
 That, ice-envelop'd, seldom feel a thaw.
 O, may the worst of ills my soul betide,
 For *me* if ever love-sick lady died!
 If fatal darts from these two eyes of mine,
 Play'd havock with fair ladies hearts, like thine:
 No, no! I ever a hard bargain drove,
 And purchas'd ev'ry atom of my love.
 O BRUCE, I own, all candour, that I look
 With envy, downright envy, on thy book;
 A book, like Psalmanazar's, form'd to last,
 That gives th' historic eye a sweet repast;
 A book, like Mandeville's, that yields delight,
 And puts poor probability to flight;
 A book that e'en Pontopidan would own;
 A book most humbly offer'd to the throne;
 A book, how happy, which the King of isles
 Admires (says rumour), and receiv'd with smiles!

The fool, with equal gape, astonish'd fees,
 Through wonder's glasses, elephants and fleas;

But

But thou, in wonder's school long bred, full grown,
 Art pleas'd, indeed, with elephants alone :
 Hadst thou been God, an insult to thy sight,
 Thy majesty had scorn'd to make a mite.
 Know, where th' Atlantic holds th' unwieldy whale,
 My heart had panted at the monster's tail :
 Had BRUCE been there, th' invincible, the brave,
 How had he dash'd at once beneath the wave !
 Bold with his dirk the mighty fish pursu'd,
 And stain'd whole leagues of ocean with his blood.
 Then rising glorious from the great attack,
 Grac'd with the wat'ry tyrant on his back !

'Mid those fair * isles, the happy isles of old,
 Plains that the ghosts of kings and chiefs patrol'd,
 These eyes have seen ; but, let me truth confess,
 No royal spectre came these eyes to bless :
 To no one chieftain-phantom, too, I vow,
 With rev'rence did I ever make my bow :
 Gone to make room, poor ghosts, so fate inclines,
 For gangs of lazy Spaniards, and their vines.
 But had thy foot, illustrious trav'ler, trod,
 Like me, the precincts of th' Elysian sod,
 Full of enquiry, easy, unconfounded,
 By spectres had'st thou quickly been surrounded ;
 Then had we heard thy book of wonder boast,
 How BRUCE the Brave shook hands with ev'ry ghost !
 In vain did I phænomena pursue,
 For wonder waits upon the chosen few.
 Whate'er I saw requir'd no witch's storm—
 Slight deeds, that nature could with ease perform !
 Audacious, to purloin my flesh and fish,
 No golden eagles hopp'd into my dish.
 Nor crocodiles, by love of knowledge led,
 To mark my figure, left their oozy bed ;
 Nor loaded camels, to provoke my stare,
 Sublimely whirl'd, like straws, amid the air ;
 Nor, happy in a stomach form'd of steel,
 On roaring lions have I made a meal.

* The Canaries, or the Insulæ Fortunatæ of the Ancients.

Unequal *mine* with lions' bones to cope ;
 Thy jaws can only on such viands ope.
 O hadst thou trod, like me, the happy isle,
 Whose * mountain treats all mountains with a smile ;
 Bold hadst thou climb'd th' ascent, an easy matter,
 And, nobly daring, fous'd into the crater ;
 Then out again hadst vaulted with a hop,
 Quick as a sweeper from a chimney top.
 O had thy curious eye beheld, like mine,
 The † isle which glads the heart with richest wine !
 Beneath its vines, with common clusters crown'd,
 At eve my wand'ring steps a passage found,
 Where rose the hut, and neither rich nor poor,
 The wife and husband seated at the door,
 Touch'd, when the labours of the day were done,
 The wire of music to the setting sun ;
 Where, blest, a tender offspring, ranged around,
 Join'd their small voices to the silver sound.
 But had *thine* eye this simple scene explor'd,
 The man at once had sprung a sceptred lord ;
 Princes and princesses the *bearns* had been ;
 The hut a palace, and the wife a queen ;
 Their golden harps had ravish'd thy two ears,
 And beggar'd all the music of the spheres ;
 So kind is nature always pleas'd to be,
 When visited by favourites, like *thee* !
 Strange ! thou hast seen the land, that to its shame,
 Ne'er heard our good ----'s virtues nor his name !
 I've only seen those regions, let me say,
 Where his great *virtues* never found their way.

Alas, I never met with royal scenes !
 No vomits gave to Abyssinian queens !
 Drew not from royal arms the purple tide,
 Nor scotch'd with fleams a sceptred lady's hide ;
 Nor, in anatomy so very stout,
 Ventur'd to turn a princess inside out ;
 Nor, blushing, stripp'd me to the very skin,
 To give a royal blackamoor a grin.
 I never saw (with ignorance I own)
 Mule-mounted monarchs seek th' imperial throne ;

* Teneriffe.

† Madeira.

Which mule the carpet spoil'd—a dirty beast !
 First stal'd ; then—What ?—Oblivion cloud the rest.
 I saw no king, whose subjects form'd a riot,
 And, imp-like, howl'd around him for his quiet.
 Nor have I been where men (what loss, alas !)
 Kill half a cow, and turn the rest to grass.
 Where'er, great trav'ller, thou art pleas'd to tread,
 The teeming skies rain wonders on thy head :
 No common birth to greet thine eye appears,
 But sacred labours of a thousand years.
 Where'er the Nile shall pour the smallest sluice,
 The rills shall curl into the name of BRUCE.
 And, lo ! a universe his praise shall utter,
 Who, first of mortals, found her parent gutter.
 And, let me add, of gutters, too, the QUEEN,
 Without whose womb the Nile had never been.
 Thus, many a man, whose deeds have made a pother,
 Has had a sourvy father or a mother.
 O, form'd in arts and science to surpass,
 To whom e'en VALOUR is an arrant ass ;
 O BRUCE, most surely TRAVEL's eldest son,
 Tell, prithee, all that thou hast seen and done !
 I fear thou hidest half thy feats, unkind ;
 A thousand wonders, ah ! remain behind !
 Where is the chariot-wheel, with PHARAOH's name,
 Fish'd from the old Red Sea, to swell thy fame ?
 Where the horse-shoe with Pharaoh's arms, and found
 Where wicked Pharaoh and his host were drown'd ?
 Where of that stone a slice, and fresh account,
 Giv'n by the LORD to MOSES on the Mount ?
 And where a slice of that stone's eldest brother,
 That, broken, forc'd th'ALL-WISE t'engrave another ?
 Where of the cradle, too, a sacred rush ?
 Where a true charcoal of the burning bush ?
 And, O, the jewel, curious gem, disclose,
 That dangled from the Queen of Sheba's nose,
 When, with hard questions, and two roguish eyes,
 She rode to puzzle Solomon the Wise ?
 Sagacious terrier in DISCOVERY's mine,
 Shall nature form no more a nose like thine ?
 No more display'd the pearls of wonder beam,
 When thou, great man, art past the Stygian stream ?

To

To Afric wilt thou never, BRUCE, return?
 Howl, Britain! Europe, Abyssinia, mourn!
 Droop shall DISCOVERY's wing, her bosom sigh,
 And MARVEL meet no more the ravish'd eye;
 Nature outstep her modesty no more;
 Her cataracts of wonder cease to roar,
 Forc'd to a common channel to subside,
 And pour no longer an astounding tide?
 O bid not yet thy lucky labours cease:
 Still let the land of wonder feel increase:
 Thy loads of dung, delightful ordure, yield,
 And blossom with fertility the field:
 Gates, hedges mend, that ignorance pull'd down,
 And bring in triumph back each kidnapp'd town.
 Though envy damns thy volumes of surprise,
 Blest, I devour them with unsated eyes!
 What though our JOHNSON cried, with cynic sneer,
 "I deem'd at first, indeed, BRUCE had been there:
 "But soon the eye of keen investigation,
 "Prov'd all the fellow's tale a fabrication."
 But who, alas! on Johnson's word relies,
 Who saw the too kind North with jaundic'd eyes;
 Who rode to Hawthornden's fair scene by night,
 For fear a Scottish tree might wound his sight;
 And bent from decent candour to depart,
 Allow'd a Scotchman neither head nor heart?
 Grant fiction half thy volumes of surprise,
 High in the scale of merit shalt thou rise:
 Still to fame's temple dost thou boast pretension;
 For thine the *rara avis* of invention!
 And, lo! amidst thy work of lab'ring years,
 A dignity of egotism appears;
 A style that classic authors should pursue;
 A style that peerless * Katterfelto knew!
 Thou dear man-mountain of discovery, run;
 Again attempt an Abyssinian sun:
 Yes, go; a second journey, BRUCE, pursue;
 More volumes of rich hist'ry bring to view.
 O, run ere time the spectred tombs invade,
 And seize the crumbling wonders from the shade;

* A late celebrated philosopher and conjuror.

Croud with fair columns, struck by time, thy page,
 And snatch the falling grandeur from his rage :
 Give that old time a vomit, too, and draw
 More of Egyptian marvels from his maw ;
 Bid him disgorge (by moderns call'd *a bum*),
 Scratch'd by ten thousand trav'lers, Memnon's bum ;
 And, what all rarities must needs surpass,
 The tail, the curious tail of Balaam's ass.
 Say, what should stop, O BRUCE, thy grand career ;
 Of fame the fav'rite, and no child of fear ?
 DANGER's huge form, so dread to vulgar eyes,
 Pants at thy presence, and a coward flies.
 Where other trav'lers, fraught with terror, roam,
 Lo ! BRUCE in wonder-land is quite at home ;
 The same cool eye on nature's forms looks down ;
 Lions and rats, the courtier and the clown.
 Whate'er thine action, wonder crouds the tale ;
 It smells of Brobdignag—it boasts a scale !
 Fond of the lofty, BRUCE no pigmy loves—
 Who likes a pigmy that a giant moves ?
 Again—what pigmy, with a form of lath,
 Lost in his shadow, likes the MAN OF GATH ?
 The bowerly hostess, for a cart-horse fit,
 Scorns DAPHNE's reed-like shape, and calls her *chit* ;
 Whilst on the rough *robustious* lump of nature,
 Contemptuous DAPHNE whispers, “ What a creature ! ”
 Pity, pursuits like thine should feel a pause,
 More than half smother'd by fair fame's applause !
 I see thee safe, return'd from MARVEL's mine,
 Whose gems in ev'ry rock so precious shine ;
 Proud of the product of a world unknown,
 Unloading all thy treasure at the throne ;
 While courtiers cry aloud with one accord,
 “ Most marv'llous is the reign of George the Third ! ”
 How like the butchers' boys we sometimes meet,
 Stuck round with bladders, in a London street :
 In full blown majesty who move, and drop
 The bloated burthen in an OILMAN's shop ;
 Whilst country bumpkins, gazing at the door,
 Cry “ *they ne'er zeed zo vine a zight bevore.* ”

I see old NILE, the king of floods, arise,
 Shake hands, and welcome thee with happy eyes ;

Otters

Otters and alligators in his train,
 Made by thy five immortal volumes vain ;
 Weazels and polecats, sheregrigs, carrion-crows,
 Seen and smelt only by thine eyes and nose.
 " Son of the arts, and cousin of a king,
 " Loud as a kettle-drum whose actions ring,"
 Exclaims the king of floods, " thy books I've read,
 " And for thy birth-place, envy Brother TWEED."
 O BRUCE, by fame for ever to be sung ;
 Job's war-horse fierce, thy neck with thunder hung :
 When envious death shall put thee in his stable,
 Snipp'd life's fine thread, that should have been a cable ;
 Lo ! to thy mem'ry shall the marble swell,
 Mausoleum huge, and all thy actions tell !
 Here in fair sculpture, the recording stones
 Shall give thee glorious, crackling lions' bones ;
 There, which the squeamish souls of Britain shocks,
 Rich steaks devouring from the living ox ;
 Here, staring on thee from the realm of water,
 Full many a virtuoso alligator ;
 There, BRUCE informing queens, in naked pride,
 The feel and colour of a Scotsman's hide ;
 Here of the genealogy a tree,
 Branching from Solomon's wife trunk to thee :
 There, with a valour nought could dare withstand,
 BRUCE fighting an hyæna hand to hand :
 Which dread hyæna (what a beast uncouth !)
 Fought with a pound of candles in his mouth :
 Here temples bursting glorious on the view,
 Which HIST'RY, though a gossip, never knew :
 There columns starting from the earth and flood,
 Just like the razor-fish from sand and mud ;
 Here a wise monarch, with voracious looks,
 Receiving all thy drawings and thy books ;
 Whilst fame behind him all so solemn sings
 The lib'ral spirit of the best of kings.

Man says, O BRUCE, that thou wert hardly us'd ;
 That our great king at first thy book refus'd ;
 Indeed, look'd grimly 'midst his courtier crew,
 Who, gentle courtiers ! all look'd *grimly* too !

K k

Thus,

Thus, when in black the lofty SKY looks down,
 The sympathizing SEA reflects a frown;
 Vale, cattle, reptile, insect, man, and maid,
 All mope, and seem to sorrow in the shade.

Steep is th' ascent, and narrow is the road,
 Ah me! that leads to fame's divine abode:
 Yet thick (through lanes, like pilgrimaging rats,
 Unaw'd by mortals, and unscar'd by cats),
 What crawling hosts attempt her sacred fane,
 And dizzy, drunk-like, tumble back again;
 Fast as the swains, whose arms the damsels fill,
 Embrace of elegance down Greenwich Hill;
 Whilst thou, Briareus-like, with dauntless air,
 Resolv'd to ravish FAME, immortal fair;
 Just like our London bullies with the w——,
 Hast scal'd the cloud-capt height, and forc'd her doors!
 O, form'd the trav'lers of the East to scare,
 Although thy pow'rs are mighty, learn to spare:
 Dog should not prey on dog, the proverb says:
 Allow, then, brother-trav'lers crumbs of praise;
 Like thee, let others reap applause, and rise
 By daring visits to Egyptian skies:
 But, calmly, lo! thou canst not see them pass;
 "This is a rogue or fool, and that's an ass."
 Thus, on a tree, whene'er the weather's fine,
 JACK KETCH, the SPIDER, weaves the fatal line;
 Beneath a leaf he hides, with watchful eye,
 Now darts, and roping hangs the trav'ling FLY.
 Again, most tiresome, let me say, Go, go,
 Proceed, and *all about it* let us know:
 Led safely by thine enterprising star,
 Hyænas shall not with thy journey war:
 Uneat by tigers, dare the forest's gloom,
 To bid the barren field of knowledge bloom:
 Wave o'er new pyramids thine eagle wings,
 And, hound-like, scent fresh tombs of ancient kings,
 Which time had buried with the mighty dead,
 And cold oblivion swallow'd in her shade:
 And mind, 'tis HIST'RY's province to *surprise*;
 That tales are sweetest, that sound most like lies.

A S

AS the confessed superiority of Mr. BRUCE to Mr. BOSWELL, entitles him to a more eminent mark of distinction, I have added an ODE, in my best manner, to this Complimentary Epistle, which the Congratulatory Epistle of Mr. Boswell cannot boast.

O D E

T O

JAMES BRUCE, Esq.

O BRUCE, for this, his short and sweet epistle,
Thou bidd'st, p'rhaps, the gentle bard "go
" whistle ;"

Or somewhat worse, *perchance*, that rhymes to
knight ;

That is to say, knights of the blade,
One time so busy in the dubbing trade,

That, like to silver, it was shouler'd bright.

Pity by hungry critics thou should'st fall,
So clever, and so form'd, to please us all !
Again !—by royal favour all-surrounded,
A balm so rich, like cloves and nutmegs pounded !
Thus, the BAG FOX, (how cruelly, alack !)
Turn'd out with turpentine upon his back,
Amidst the war of hounds and hunters flies ;
Shews sport ; but, luckless, by his fragrance dies !

Safe from the fury of the critic hounds,
O BRUCE, thou treadest Abyssinian grounds ;

Nor can our British noses hunt thy foil :

Indeed, thou need'st not dread th' event ;

Surrounding clouds destroy the scent,

And mock their most sagacious toil :

Yes, in thy darkness thou shalt leave the dogs ;

For hares, the hunters say, run best in fogs.

Of thee and me, two great physicians,
How diff'rent are the dispositions !

Thy soul delights in wonder, pomp, and bustle ;
Mine in th' *unmarvellous* and placid scene,
Plain is the * hut of our good king and queen ;—
I imitate the stationary muscle.

Yet, boldly thou, O BRUCE, again proceed ;
Of wonder ope the fountain head ;

Deluge the land with Abyssinian ware ;
Whilst I, a simple son of peace,
The world of *bagatelle* encrease,
By love-sick sonnets to the fair :

Now to Sir Joseph, now a duke, now Wren,
Now Robin Red-breast, dedicate the pen ;

Now glow-worm, child of shade and light, not flame ;
To whom, of wicked wits, the tuneful art,
So very apt, indeed, from truth to start,
Compares the nightly street meand'ring dame.

Mild INSECT, harmless as myself, I ween ;
Thou little planet of the rural scene,
When summer warms the vallies with her rays ;
Accept a trifling sonnet to thy praise.

O D E

TO THE

G L O W - W O R M.

BRIGHT stranger, welcome to my field,
Here feed in safety, here thy radiance yield ;
To me, O nightly be thy splendour giv'n :
O could a wish of mine the skies command,
How would I gem thy leaf with lib'ral hand,
With ev'ry sweetest dew of heav'n !

* A house close by the glorious castle of Windsor.

Say, dost thou kindly light the fairy train,
 Amidst their gambols on the stilly plain,
 Hanging thy lamp upon the moisten'd blade ?
 What lamp so fit, so pure as thine,
 Amidst the gentle elfin band to shine,
 And chase the horrors of the midnight shade !

Oh ! may no feather'd foe disturb thy bow'r,
 And with barbarian beak thy life devour :
 Oh ! may no ruthless torrent of the sky,
 O'erwhelming, force thee from thy dewy seat ;
 Nor tempests tear thee from thy green retreat,
 And bid thee 'midst the humming myriads die.

QUEEN of the insect-world, what leaves delight ?
 Of such these willing hands a bow'r shall form,
 To guard thee from the rushing rains of night,
 And hide thee from the wild wing of the storm.

Sweet child of stillness, 'midst the awful calm
 Of pausing nature, thou art pleas'd to dwell ;
 In happy silence to enjoy thy balm,
 And shed, through life, a lustre round thy cell.

How diff'rent man, the imp of noise and strife,
 Who courts the storm that tears and darkens life ;
 Blest when the passions wild the soul invade !
 How nobler far to bid those whirlwinds cease ;
 To taste, like thee, the luxury of peace,
 And shine in solitude and shade !

T H E
G H O S T!!!

A real Account of the Appearance of
BARCLAY THE APOLOGIST
TO THE
BANKRUPT BANKER,

ALIAS
The DEFICIENT DISCOUNTER,

ALIAS
The PRIMITIVE QUAKER!!!!

FAITHFULLY REPORTED BY
PETER PINDAR, Esq.

" I HAVE USED SIMILITUDES."

The Cause of the Supernatural Resurrection.

The spirit of the sophistical apologist hath arisen to reproach his *collateral* descendant (the BANKRUPT BANKER) with audacity, extravagance, and profusion, when his CASH ought to be appropriated to the payment of his pillaged creditors—instead of supporting an equipage, &c. &c. &c.—after the very miserable dividend of *six-pence in the pound*.—His late partners are not alluded to in this *spiritual* visitation, they being absolutely insolvent; while he is striding in the road to fraudulent opulence—*if fame says true!!!*

T H E

THE
G H O S T!!!

'T WAS at the darksome midnight hour,
When all were fast asleep,
In stalk'd sage Barclay's grimly ghost,
And stood at Tretton's feet.

His face was like a brumal morn,
Clad in December's cloud;
His wither'd trembling hand upheld
A solemn sombre shroud.

"Awake," he cries, "perturb'd I come
"From out my midnight grave,
"To paint thy sins, thou *pallid* wretch,
"Let me thy *black* soul save!
"Oh! oh! degenerate quaker!

"I come to warn thee of great guilt;
"In *fraud* hath been thy gain;
"Think of thy follies, vices, crimes—
"And dread eternal pain;
"Oh! oh! degenerate quaker!

"How canst thou hope to prosper here,
"And batest steps to take;
"To pay with *six-pence in the pound*;
"Awake, thou fiend, awake!
"Oh! oh! degenerate quaker!

"And sell thy *chariot*, turn from *fraud*;
"Ah! well may'st thou look pale;
"Creditors *wrong'd*, and *footmen* kept—
"To the gallows, or the goal!
"Oh! oh! degenerate quaker!
"But,

" But, hark ! the cock hath warn'd me hence,
 " A long, a last adieu !
 " * Discharge thy *debts*, thy HARLOT leave !—
 " I groan thy *end* to view !
 " Oh ! oh ! degenerate quaker !"

The lark sung out, the morning smil'd,
 She rais'd her glitt'ring head !
Pale Tretton quakes in ev'ry limb,
 And Barclay shook the bed !

And vanish'd !—Now, *all ghastly* pale,
 He dreads the coming night,
 Neglects his *twisted* hair and *boots*,
Spruce cloaths, and *ruffles white* !!!
 Repent and pay, *apostate* quaker !!!

God prosper long our noble king,
 Our lives and safeties all ;
 And grant that we may warning take
 By Johnny Tretton's *call* !

O D E

TO A

WELCH MOUNTAIN.

NEAR yonder solitary tower,
 'Lone glooming 'midst the moony light,
 I roam at midnight's spectred hour,
 And climb the wild majestic height :

* See the TETE A TETE of the Town and Country Magazine for April ; the Attic Miscellany for July, 1791, under the article " PRIMITIVE QUAKER ;" Modern Propensities, p. 39 ; and most of the morning prints.—Is it not a great disgrace to the Quakers, not to DISOWN such a MISCREANT, because he is connected with wealthy individuals ?

Low

Low to the mountain let me rev'rent bow,
Where wisdom, virtue, taught their founts to flow.

Pale on a rock's aspiring steep,
Behold a Druid sits forlorn,
I see the white-robb'd phantom weep,
I hear his harp of sorrow mourn.
The vanish'd grove provokes his deepest sigh,
And altars open'd to the gazing eye.

Permit me, Druid, here to stray,
And ponder 'mid thy drear retreat ;
To wail the solitary way
Where wisdom held her hallow'd seat ;
Here let me roam, in spite of folly's smile,
A pensive pilgrim, o'er each pitied pile.

Poor ghost! no more the Druid race
Shall here their sacred fires relume :
No more their show'rs of incense blaze ;
No more their tapers gild the gloom.
Lo ! snakes obscene along the temples creep,
And foxes on the broken altars sleep.

No more beneath the golden brook
The treasures of the grove shall fall ;
Time triumphs o'er each blasted oak,
Whose power at length shall crush the ball.
Led by the wrinkled pow'r, with gladden'd mien,
Gigantic ruin treads the weeping scene.

No more the bards, in strains sublime,
The actions of the brave proclaim,
Thus rescuing from the rage of time
Each glorious deed approv'd by fame.
Deep in the dust each lyre is laid unstrung,
While mute for ever stops each tuneful tongue.

Here wisdom's, virtue's awful voice
Inspir'd the youths of Cornwall's plains ;
With such no more these hills rejoice,
But fullen, death-like, silence reigns,

While

While melancholy, in yon mould'ring tow'r,
Sits list'ning to old Ocean's distant roar.

Let others, heedless of the hill,
With eye incurious pass along;
My muse with grief the scene shall fill,
And swell with softest sighs her song.
Ah! pleas'd each Druid mansion to deplore,
Where wisdom, virtue dwelt, but dwell no more.

O D E S

T O

MR. P A I N E,

AUTHOR OF

" RIGHTS OF MAN."

*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, vel carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis.* ————— JUVENAL.

O D E I.

O PAINE! thy vast endeavour I admire!
How brave the hope to set a realm on fire!
AMBITION, smiling, prais'd thy giant wish;
Compar'd to thee, the MAN, to gain a name,
Who to DIANA's temple put the flame,
A simple minnow to the PRINCE of FISH.

Say, did'st thou fear that Britain was too blest,
Of peace thou most delicious pest?

How

How shameful that this pin's-head of an ISLE,
 Whilst half the GLOBE's in grief, should wear a smile!
 How dares the WREN amidst his hedges sing,
 Whilst eagles droop the beak, and flag the wing?

O must the scythe of DESOLATION sleep,
 So keen for carnage, stay its mighty sweep,
 And HAVOCK on his hunter drop his lash;
 Spur'd, arm'd, and ripe to storm with groans the sky,
 To chase an empire, and enjoy the cry,
 The cry of millions—what a glorious crash!

What pity thy combustibles were bad!
 How DEATH had grinn'd delight, and hell been glad,
 To see our liberties o'erturning;
 And WAR, whose expectation tiptoe stood,
 Ready for hills of slain, and seas of blood,
 Who drops his death's-head flag, and puts on
 mourning.

Why, cur-like, didst thou sneak away, nay, fly?
 Dread'st thou of anger'd JUSTICE the sharp eye?
 Return, and bring MESDAMES POISSARDES along:
 And lo, with friendship's squeeze and fire to meet 'em,
 And oaths of ev'ry hue to greet 'em,
 The sisterhood of Billingsgate shall throng.

The jails may open all their dreary cells,
 Where HORROR brooding on damnation dwells,
 And vomit forth their grisly bands;
 Surrounded by this squalid host,
 PAIN shall their leader be, and boast;
 PAIN, GORDON, and REBELLION, shall shake hands.

IMPORTANCE, in a nut-shell hide thy head!
 I deem'd myself a dare-devil in rhyme,
 To whisper to a KING of modern time,
 And try to shake a royal foible dead;
 Whilst, dauntless, thou of treason mak'st no bones,
 But strik'st at kings themselves upon their thrones!

O D E II.

HELL hears our pray'r!—all is not lost—
Behold a chosen few, a *host*.

Stand forth the CHAMPIONS of the glorious cause!
The jails are opening!—hark! the iron-doors!
Chains clank!—the brazen throat of TUMULT roars;
And, lo, the destin'd VICTIMS of the laws!
Disgorg'd, they pour in dark'ning tribes along,
And mingle with our DEMOCRATIC THROG!

BEDLAM unlocks her melancholy cells!
Forth rush the MANIACS grim, with joyful yells;
They tear their blankets, clap their frenzied hands;
They grind their teeth, they dance, they foam, they
stare:
They rend with bursts of laughter wild the air;
And join, they know not why, our thick'ning bands.

Thou SUN, withdraw thy hated day;
To Æthiop DARKNESS yield thy reign;
And hide in clouds, O MOON, thy ray,
Nor peep upon our spectre scene!—
Though faint thy solitary light,
We feel thy feeble beam too bright.

Ah! PEACE, thy triumph now is o'er!
Thy cheek, so chearful, smiles no more:
Thine eye with disappointment glooms!
Our music shall be NATURE'S cry;
Our tears shall feast on PITY'S sigh—
Lo, haggard DEATH prepares his tombs!

Hot with the fascinating grape, we reel;
The full proud spirit of rebellion feel!—
SON of sedition, daring PAINE,
Whilst speech endues thy treason tongue,
Bid the roof ring with damned song,
And ERĒBUS shall echo back the strain.

SONG,

S O N G,

B Y

M R. P A I N E.

COME, good fellows all—Confusion's the toast,
 And success to our excellent cause:—
 As we've nothing to *lose*, lo, nought can be lost;
 So perdition to monarchs and laws!

FRANCE shews us the way—an example how great!
 Then, like France, let us stir up a riot;
 May our names be preserv'd by some damnable feat,
 For what but a wretch would lie quiet?

As we all are poor rogues, 'tis most certainly right,
 At the doors of the rich ones to thunder;
 Like the thieves who set fire to a dwelling by night,
 And come in for a share of the plunder.

Whoever for mischief invents the best plan,
 Best murders, sets fire, and knocks down,
 The thanks of our CLUB shall be giv'n to that MAN,
 And *hemlock* shall form him a crown.

Our empire has tow'r'd with a lustre too long;
 Then blot out this wonderful SUN;
 Let us arm then at once, and in confidence strong
 Complete what dark GORDON begun.

But grant a defeat—we are hang'd, and that's all,
 A punishment light as a feather;—
 Yet we triumph in death, as we CATILINES fall,
 And go to the dev'l together.

L 1

AFTER

AFTER so many years enjoyment of popular favour, this Hogarth of the muses *remonstrates* with his good friends, the public, on their uncharitably supposing, and *reporting*, that he has played the *turncoat*, and is become a 'flatterer of the crown:'

"How chang'd his note (they cry), now spinning
"rhymes

"In compliment to monarchs of the times,

"Who lately felt no mercy from his rancour;

"The star-bedizen'd sycophants of state,

"Blue-ribbon'd knaves have brib'd his pliant hate;

"Behold him at St. James's snug at anchor."

In defending himself against this calumny, P. P. brandishes the weapons of wit, set to their keenest edge; and cutting away at kings, dukes, and earls, he slices them all, with as little mercy as when, in days of yore, he at once belabour'd

"The LORD'S ANOINTED and his lousy cooks!"

Thus he sturdily repels the charge that has been brought against him:

"I knuckle not—I owe not to the great

"A thimble-full of obligation;

"No luscious wife have I, their lips to treat,

"To lift me to PREFERMENT's funny station."

* * * * *

"I'm not oblig'd (believe my honest word)

"To kiss—what shall I call't?—of any lord:

"Not pepper-corn acknowledgment I owe 'em;

"Nay, like the god of truth, I scarcely know 'em."

THE
REMONSTRANCE.

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, &c. &c.

HOR.

The MAN of dove-like innocence a sample,
So sweet! so mild! *myself now*, for example,
Disdains of GOSSIP FAME the tittle tattle!
He begs no NEWS-PAPER to fight his battle—
Unmov'd, with equal eye on all he looks;
The LORD'S ANOINTED, and his lousy cooks.

I deem'd rude clamour, in my days of youth,
The solemn voice of all-commanding TRUTH;
But now, no more creating awe and wonder:
Old empty hogheads, rumbling in a cart,
That make *some people* gape, and stare, and start,
As well may tell me, "*We're the NOBLE THUNDER.*"

O D E.

WIDE gapes the thoughtless mouth of moon-ey'd
WONDER,
Whilst "gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thun-
der,"

With CALUMNY's dark hounds the BARD pursue:
"Bring on his marrow-bones th' apostate down,
"The turncoat is a flatt'rer of the crown;
"Burn all his verses, burn the author too."

Such is the sound of millions, such the roar
Of billows booming on the rocky shore!

"How chang'd his note (they cry), now spinning
"rhymes

"In compliment to monarchs of the times,

L. 1. 2.

"Who

“ Who lately felt no mercy from his rancour ;
 “ The star-bedizen’d sycophants of state,
 “ Blue-ribbon’d knaves have brib’d his pliant hate ;
 “ Behold him at St. James’s snug at anchor.”

Thus on my ears, so patient let me say,
 They pour their rough, rude peals of groundless
 clamour ;
 Battering, pell mell, upon my head away,
 Just like on anvils the smith’s sledge and hammer !

Howe’er the world in scorn may shake its head,
 Nor knave nor fool through me shalt current pass ;
 Too honest yet, I thank my stars, to spread
 The MUSE’s silver o’er a lump of brass.

I own the voice of CENSURE very proper ;
 Greatly resembling a tobacco-stopper ;
 Confining all the seeds of fire so stout,
 And quick in growth, when left to run about :

But possibly I’m harden’d—yes, I fear
 Her frequent strokes have form’d a callous ear.

There was a time when PETER, ghost-like, star’d
 When CENSURE thunder’d!—star’d with awe profound ;

With sighs, to deprecate her wrath, prepar’d ;
 So chill’d with horror at the solemn sound !
 But harden’d, soon he gave his ague o’er,
 Look’d up, and smil’d, and thought of her no more.

Thus, when an earthquake bids JAMAICA tremble,
 On Sunday all the folks to church assemble,
 To sooth JEHOVAH so devoutly studying—
 Prostrate they vow to keep his holy laws :
 Returning home, they smite their hungry craws,
 And scarce indulge them with a slice of pudding—
 Deeming, in earthquake time, a dainty board
 A sad abomination to the LORD !

Ere Sunday comes again, their hearts recover ;
 The tempest of their fears blown over,

Fled

Fled ev'ry terror of the burning lake,
 They think they have no bus'ness now with church;
 So, calmly leave th'ALMIGHTY in the lurch,
 And sin it—till he gives a *second* shake.

The ladies, too, have join'd the gen'ral cry:
 What! those *divinities* in PETER's eye!
 Angels in *petticoats*!—it ill behoves 'em:
 What! bite the constant STENTOR of their praise,
 Who robb'd the muses of their *sweetest* lays,
 To tell the world how much he loves 'em!

The bard, who vouches for their *harmless* souls,
 And like another CICERO persuades,
 The frenzied eye of admiration rolls—
 Ready to kneel and worship 'em—Oh, jades!

LADIES and GENTLEMEN,
 Know, that I scorn a prostituted pen:
 No royal rotten wood my verse veneers—
 O yield me, for a moment yield your ears.

Stubborn, and mean, and weak, nay fools indeed,
 Though kings may be, we *must* support the breed.
 Yet join I issue with you—yes, 'tis granted,
 That though the world such royal folly rules,
 As bids us think thrones advertise for fools;
 Yet is a king an utensil much wanted—

A screw, a nail, a bolt, to keep together
 The ship's old leaky sides in stormy weather;
 Which screw, or nail, or bolt, its work performs,
 Though downright ignorant of ships and storms.

I knuckle not—I owe not to the great
 A thimble-full of obligation;
 Nor luscious wife have I, their lips to treat,
 To lift me to PREFERMENT's sunny station;

Like many a *gentleman* whom LOVE promotes,
 Whose lofty front the ray of gold adorns;
 Resembling certain most ingenious goats,
 That climb up precipices by their horns.

I'm not oblig'd (believe my honest word)
 To kiss—what shall I call't?—of any lord :
 Not pepper-corn acknowledgment I owe 'em ;
 Nay, like the GOD of truth, I scarcely know 'em.

By me unprais'd are dukes and earls :
 At such most commonly my satire snarles—
My pride, like *theirs*, the high-nos'd elves,
 Who love what's equal only to *themselves*.

As for court virtues, wheresoe'er they lie,
 I leave them all to *Misfer* Laureat PYE,
 The fashionable bard, whom courts revere ;
 Who trottesth, with a grave and goodly pace,
 Deep laden with his fovereign, twice a-year,
 Around Parnassus's old famous base :
 Not only proving his great king alive,
 But that, like docks, the royal virtues thrive.

But I'm not qualified to be a hack ;
 Too proud to carry lumber on my back ;—
 Too dainty is my Lady Muse, I hope,
 Into a coal-shed to convert her shop ;
 Her shop, indeed—a very handsome room,
 Fill'd with rich spices and Parnassian bloom.

Court poets must create—on trifles rant—
 Make something out of nothing—Lord, I can't !
 Bards must bid virtues crowd on kings in swarms,
 However from such company remote ;—
 Just as good-natur'd heralds make up arms
 For nabob-robbers born without a coat.

I'm a poor botching taylor for a court,
 Low bred on liver, and what clowns call *mugget* * :
 Besides, what greatly too my gains would hurt,
 I cannot sew gold lace upon a drugget.

Say not I'm *turn'd* towards the SCEPTRED GREAT ;
 Talk not of kings—I deem one half a cheat :

* Part of the entrails of certain cattle.

Felt is their weakness—husks, mere husks of men !
 Yes, they create NOBILITY—I know it ;
 The veriest ideot of them all can do it,
 And on the falcon's perch can place the wren.

But can a king command th' æthereal flame
 That clothes with immortality a name ?
 Oh, could the RACE *that* fire æthereal catch !
 But no such privilege to kings is giv'n :
 So very *low* their int'rest lies in heav'n,
 They can't *command enough* to light a *match*.

No, Sirs, and therefore pray be civil ;
 I've not yet bargain'd with the devil.

Yet grant me fold—I've precedents a store ;
 Besides, we poets are confounded poor :
 And, ah ! how hard to starve, to please MORALITY !
 For HUNGER, though a fav'rite of old SAINTS,
 Whose pinching virtue pious hist'ry paints,
 Is reckon'd now a FELLOW of bad quality :
 Not deem'd a *gentleman*—can't *stew* his face,
 E'en where SAINT PETER'S * children give the grace !

A rosy sinner, LUXURY *yclept*,
 Long in his place hath eat, and drunk, and slept.

Yes (as I've said), we bards are mostly poor,
 Can scarcely drive gaunt famine from the door !
 That Helicon's a hellish stream, God knows !
 Ah me ! most rarely it Pactolian flows :
 Though sharp as hawks, and hungry too, and thick,
 Few are the golden grains that POETS pick ;
 And yet each new advent'rer of the NINE,
 Thinks all Parnassus one mere golden mine.

All this by way of wild digression—
 And now for my political confession.

Again, ye Crown-and-Anchor sinners,
 I reprobate your revolution-dinners.

* Archbishops, bishops, &c.

NATURE at times makes wretched wares
(Amongst the smiling corn like tares) ;

Men with such miserable souls !

Nought pleases, from the moment of their birth ;

With horror for a while they blot the earth,

Then, crab-like, crawl into their burying-holes.

How like a dreary dull December DAY,

That shews his muddy discontented head,

Low'rs on the world awhile, then moves away

In gloom and fullness to bed.

Have not our revolution host a few

Of souls of this same Æthiop hue ?

Permit me, Sirs, to tell ye, you are mad ;

Our case, although not mortal, yet quite bad :

An ugly inflammation of the brain.

Although a dull physician, I could find

Something to calm the hurry of the mind,

And bring you back to common sense again—

The stocks would do it, gentlemen, or jails :

A heavy *nestrum*—yet it rarely fails.

Lo, DRUNKENNESS, a blust'ring, bullying blade,

The cock'd hat covering half one eye so brave,

As though dread valour were his meat, his trade,

Nature a driv'ler, and the world his slave :

He rants, roars, prays, howls, swears, on boldly goes,

To seize sun, moon, and planets, by the nose ;

When, lo, NIGHT's long-staff'd GUARDIAN to him
steals,

Squints with one eye on him, and then the other :

To pillow well his head, trips up his heels,

And lays him on old Earth, our common mother—

Thence at the Round-house, in about an hour,

Renews his poor debilitated pow'r

Of comprehending, feeling, hearing, seeing—

Yet is this WATCHMAN, too, a heavy BEING.

Keel up **Her FRANCE** !—long may she keep that posture !
 Her knav'ry, folly, on the rocks have tost her ;
 Behold the thousands that surround the wreck !
 Her cables parted, rudder gone,
 Split all her sails, her main-mast down,
 Choak'd all her pumps, broke in her deck ;
 Sport for the winds, the billows o'er her roll !
 Now am I glad of it with all my soul.

FRANCE lifts the busy sword of blood no more ;
 Lost to its giant grasp the wither'd hand :
 O say, what kingdom can her fate deplore,
 The dark disturber of each happy land ?

To Britain an insidious damn'd Iago—
 Remember, Englishmen, old Cato's cry,
 And keep that patriot model in your eye—
 His constant cry, "*Delenda est CARTHAGO.*"

FRANCE is our Carthage, that sworn foe to truth,
 Whose perfidy deserves th' eternal chain !
 And now she's down, our British bucks forsooth
 Would lift the stabbing strumpet up again.

Love I the French ?—By heav'ns, 'tis no such matter !
 Who loves a Frenchman, wars with simple nature.
 What Frenchman loves a Briton ?—None :
 Yet by the hand this enemy we take ;
 Yes, blund'ring Britons bosom up the snake,
 And feel themselves, too late indeed, undone.

The converse chaste of day, and eke of night,
 The kiss-clad moments of supreme delight,
 To **LOVE**'s pure passion only due ;
 The seraph smile, that soft ey'd **FRIENDSHIP** wears,
 And **SORROW**'s balm of sympathizing tears,
 Those iron fellows never knew.

For this I hate them.—Art, all varnish'd art !
 This doth **EXPERIENCE** ev'ry moment prove :
 And hollow must to all things be the heart,
 That foe to beauty, which deceives in love.

Hear

Hear me, DAME NATURE, on those men of *cork*—
 Blush at a FRENCHMAN's *heart*, thy handy-work;
 A dung-hill, that luxuriant feeds
 The gaudy and the rankest weeds :
 Deception, grub-like, taints its very core,
 Like flies in carrion—pr'ythee, make no more.

Not but a neighb'ring nation to the French
 Have morals that emit a stronger stench,
 That Christian noses scarcely can withstand :
 The HEART a dungeon, hollow, dark, and foul,
 The dwelling of the toad, snake, bat, and owl,
 Demons, and all the grimly spectre band.

Mad fools!—And can we deem the French *profound*,
 And, pleas'd, their infant politics embrace,
 Who drag a noble pyramid to ground,
 Without one pebble to supply its place ?

Yet are they follow'd, prais'd, admir'd, ador'd.
 Be with such praise these ears no longer bor'd !
 This moment could I prove it to the nation all,
 That verily a FRENCHMAN is not rational.

Yes, FRENCHMEN, this is my unvarying creed,
 " You are not rational, indeed ;
 " So low have fond conceit and folly sunk ye :
 " Only a larger kind of monkey !"

" What art thou writing now," the WORLD exclaims,
 " Thou man of brags ?"

Good world, no names, no names—I beg, no names—
 Writing ?—an ode to my old fav'rite ASS.

Not making royal varnish—no !
 My ASS's virtues bid my numbers flow :
 PETER his name, my namesake, a good beast ;
 A servant to my family some years—
 To me is gratitude a turtle feast ;
 It is a virtue that my soul reveres ;
 And therefore I've been fabricating metre
 All in the praise of honest PETER.

THIS

THIS 'Remonstrance' is designed as an answer to those who have attributed his late apparent change of sentiments to the all-powerful influence of a pension. The charge he repels with pleasantry, or with indignant sarcasm.

O D E

TO MY

A S S, P E T E R.

O THOU, my solemn friend, of man despis'd,
 But not by *me* despis'd—respected long!
 To prove how much thy qualities are priz'd,
 Accept, old fellow-trav'ler, a song.

My great great ANCESTOR, of lyric fame,
 Immortal! threw a glory round the *borse*;
 Then, as I lit my candle at his flame,
 That candle shall illumine *thee* of course.

For why not thou, in works and virtues rich,
 In FAME's fair temple also boast a niche?

How many a genius, 'midst a vulgar pack,
 OBLIVION stuffs into her sooty sack,
 Calmly as Jew old-clothes men, in their bags,
 Mix some great man's lac'd coat with dirty rags;
 Or satin petticoat of some sweet maid,
 That o'er her beauties cast an envious shade!
 And what's the reason?—Reason too apparent!
 Ah! "*quia vate sacro carent.*"
 As Horace says, that bard divine,
 Whose wits so fortunately jump with mine.

Ah, PETER, I remember, oft, when tir'd,
 And most unpleasantly at times bemir'd,

Bold

Bold hast thou said, " I'll budge not one inch further ;
 " And now, young MASTER, you may kick or mur-
 " ther."

Then have I cudgell'd thee—a fruitless matter !
 For 'twas in vain to kick, or flog, or chatter.
 Though, BALAAM-like, I curs'd thee with a smack ;
 Sturdy thou dropp'dst thine ears upon thy back,
 And trotting retrograde, with wriggling tail,
 In vain did I thy running rump assail :

For lo, between thy legs thou putt'dst thine head,
 And gavest me a puddle for a bed.
 Now this was fair—the action bore no guile :
 Thou duck'dst me not, like JUDAS, with a smile.
 O, were the manners of some monarchs *such*,
 Who smile ev'n in the close insidious hour
 That kicks th' unguarded minion from his pow'r !
 But this is asking p'rhaps of kings *too much*.

O PETER, little didst thou think, I ween,
 When I a schoolboy on thy back was seen,
 Riding thee oft, in attitude uncouth ;
 For bridle, an old garter in thy mouth,
 Jogging and whistling wild o'er hill and dale,
 On flocs, or nuts, or strawb'ries to regale—

I say, O PETER, little didst thou think,
 That *I*, thy namesake, in immortal ink
 Should dip my pen, and rise a *wond'rous bard*,
 And gain such praise, SUBLIMITY'S reward ;

But not the LAUREL—honour much too high ;
 Giv'n by the KING OF ISLES to *Misler PYE*,
 Who sings his sov'REIGN'S virtues twice a-year,
 And therefore cannot chronicle SMALL BEER.

Yet simple as Montaigne, I'll tell thee true ;
 There are, who on my verses look *askew*,
 And call my lyric lucubrations *stuff* :
 But I'm a *modest*, not *unconnyinge* elf,
 Or I could say *such things* about *myself*—
 But God forbid that I should puff !

Yet nat'ral are *selfish* predilections !
 Like snakes they writhe about the heart's affections,
 And sometimes too infuse a poisonous spirit ;
 Producing, as by nat'ralists I'm told,
 Torpid insensibility, so cold
 To ev'ry brother's rising merit.

WITS to each other just like loadstones act,
 That do not *always* like firm friends *attract* ;
 Though of the same rare nature, (strange to tell !)
 The little harden'd rogues as oft *repel*.

But lo, of *thee* I'll speak, my long ear'd friend !
 Great were the wonders of thy heels of yore ;
 Victorious, for lac'd hats didst thou contend ;
 And ribbons grac'd thy ears—a gaudy store.

Buff breeches too have crown'd a proud, proud day,
 Not *thou*, but which thy *rider* wore away ;
 Triumphant strutting through the world he strode,
 Great soul ! deserving an Olympic Ode.

Thy bravery often did I much approve :
 Rais'd by that queen of passions, LOVE.
 Whene'er in LOVE's delicious frenzy crost
 By long-ear'd brothers, 'lo, wert thou *a host* !
 LOVE did thy lion-heart with courage steel !
 Quicker than that of VESTRIS mov'd thy heel :
 Here, there, up, down, in, out, how thou didst smite !
 And then no alderman could match thy bite !

And is thy race no more rever'd ?
 Indeed, 'tis greatly to be fear'd !

Yet shalt THOU flourish in immortal song,
 To *me* if immortality belong ;
 For stranger things than *this* have come to pass—
 POSTERITY thine hist'ry shall devour,
 And read with pleasure *how*, when vernal show'r
 In gay profusion rais'd the dewy grass,
 I led thee forth, thine appetite to please,
 And 'mid the verdure saw thee up to knees !

How, oft I pluck'd the tender blade ;
 And, happy, *how* thou cam'st at my command,
 And wantoning around, as though afraid,
 With poking neck didst pull it from my hand,
 Then scamper, kicking, frolicksome, away,
 With such a fascinating bray !

Where oft I paid the visits, and where thou
 Didst cock with happiness thy kingly ears,
 And grin so 'witchingly, I can't tell how,
 And dart at me such friendly leers ;

With such a smiling head, and laughing tail ;
 And when I mov'd, *how*, griev'd, thou seem'dst
 to say,

Dear MASTER, let your humble ASS prevail ;

" Pray, MASTER, do not go away"—

And *how* (for what than friendship can be sweeter ?)
 I gave thee grass again, O pleasant PETER.

And *how*, when WINTER bade the herbage die,
 And nature mourn'd beneath the stormy sky ;
 When waving trees, furcharg'd with chilling rain,
 Dropp'd seeming tears upon the harrafs'd plain,
 I gave thee a good stable, warm as wool,
 With oats to grind, and hay to pull.
 Thus, whilst *abroad* DECEMBER rul'd the day,
 How PLENTY shew'd *within*, the blooming MAY !

And lo, to future times it shall be known,
How, twice-a-day, to comb and rub thee down,
 And be thy bed-maker at night,
 Thy groom attended, both with hay and oat,
 By which thy back could boast a handsome coat,
 And laugh at many a fine court lord and knight,
 Whose strutting coats belong p'rhaps to the tailor,
 And probably their bodies to the jailor !

What though no dimples thou hast got,
 Black sparkling eyes (the fashion) are thy lot,
 And oft a 'witching smile and chearful laugh ;
 And then thy *cleanliness* !—'tis strange to utter !
 Like sin, thy heels avoid a pool, or gutter ;
 And then the stream so *daintily* dost quaff !

Unlike

Unlike a country alderman, who blows,
And in the mug baptizeth mouth and nose !

What though I've heard some voices sweeter,
Yet exquisite thy hearing, gentle PETER !
Whether a judge of music, I don't know—
If so,

Thou hast th' advantage got of many a score
That enter at the opera door.

Some people think thy tones are *rather* coarse ;
Ev'n love-sick tones address'd to Lady Affes—
*O*ctaves, indeed, of wond'rous force ;
And yet thy voice full many a voice surpasses.

LORD CARDIGAN, if rightly I divine,
Would very gladly give *his* voice for *thine* :

And LADY MOUNT *, her MAJESTY's fine foil,
For whom perfumers, barbers, vainly toil,
Poor lady ! who has quarrell'd with the graces,
Would very willingly change *faces*.

How honour'd *once* wert thou ! but ah, no more !
Thus, too, *despis'd* the bards—*esteem'd* of yore !
How rated once, the tuneful TRIBES of GREECE !
Deem'd much like di'monds—thousands worth apiece !

How great was PINDAR's glory !—On a day,
Entering APOLLO's church, to pray,
'The LADY of the sacred fane, or *Mistress*,
Or, in more classic term, the PRIESTESS,
Address'd him with ineffable delight—

“ GREAT SIR (quoth she) in pigs, and sheep, and
“ calves,

“ Master *insists upon't* that you go halves :
“ To *beef* his godship also gives you right.”

Thus did the TWAIN most hearty dinners make ;
PINDAR and PHOEBUS eating steak and steak :

* Her M——y is always happy to have LADY MOUNT E——
by her side, as being one of the ugliest women in England—in
short, his LORDSHIP in *petticoats*.

When, too (PAUSANIAS says), to please the god—
Between each mouthful PINDAR sung an ODE !

Thus, half a deity was this great POET !

Now this was grand in PHOEBUS—vastly civil—
How chang'd are things ! the present moments shew it ;
For *bard* is now synonymous with *devil*.

Just to three hundred years ago, I speak—
How *simple scholarship* was wont to rule !
A man like DOCTOR PARR, that *mouth'd* but *Greek*,
Was almost worshipp'd by the SAGE and FOOL ;
Deem'd by the world, indeed, a first-rate star.
How diff'rent *now* the fate of DOCTOR PARR !

Unknown he walks !—his name no infants list—
Not only reckon'd not a first-rate star
Is this our Greek man, DOCTOR PARR,
But, gods ! not equal to a Will-o'-wisp !

Plague on't ! how niggardly the trump of fame,
That wakens not * *Bellendenus* on the shelf !
The world so still, too, on the DOCTOR's name,
The man is really forc'd to praise *himself* !

“ Archbishops, bishops (so says DOCTOR PARR),
“ By *Alpha, Beta, merely*, have been made ;
“ Why from the mitre, then, am *I* so far ;
“ So long a dray-horse in this thundering trade ?
“ O PITT, shame on thee !—art thou *still* to seek
“ The *soul* of wisdom in the *sound* of Greek ? ”

PETER, suppose we make a bit of style,
And rest ourselves a little while ?

* The Preface to *Bellendenus* was a *coup d'essai* of the DOCTOR's for a bishoprick—It was the child of his *dotage*. The pap of party supported it some little time ; when, after several struggles to remain amongst us, it paid the last debt of nature.

IN CONTINUATION.

THUS endeth DOCTOR PARR ; and now again,
 To thee, as *good* a subject, flows the strain.
 Permit me, PETER, in my lyric canter,
 Just to speak Latin—" *tempora mutantur !*"

Kings did not scorn to press your backs of yore ;
 But now, with humbled neck and patient face,
 Tied to a thievish miller's dusty door,
 I mark thy fall'n and disregarded race.

To chimney-sweepers now a common hack ;
 Now with a brace of sand-bags on your back !
 No gorgeous saddles yours—no iv'ry cribs ;
 No silken girts surround your ribs ;
 No ROYAL hands your cheeks with pleasure pat ;
 Cheeks by a roguish halter prest—
 Your ears and rump, of insolence the jest ;
 Dragg'd, kick'd, and pummell'd, by a beggar's brat.

Thus, as I've said, your race is much degraded !
 And much, too, is the POET's glory faded !

A time there was, when kings of this fair LAND,
 So meek, would *creep* to POETS, cap in hand,
 Begging, as 'twere for alms, a grain of fame,
 To sweeten a poor putrifying name—
 But past are those rich hours ! ah, hours of *yore* !
 Those golden sands of TIME shall glide no more.

Yet are we not in *thy discarded* state,
 Whate'er may be the *future* will of FATE ;
 Since, as we find by PYE (what still must pride us),
 Kings *twice-a-year* can condescend to *ride us*.

THIS is a very pretty poem, full of benevolent regard to the long ear'd friend of his youth, and glowing with a fond remembrance of the pleasures and pastimes of his earlier days. Aye ! Peter Pindar's ass shall trot down to posterity, with his honest brethren, the ass of Sterne, and the Dapple of Sancho Panca.

AFTER-REFLECTION.

NOW, WORLD, thou see'st the stuff of which I'm
made ;

Firm to the honour of the *tuneful trade* ;

Leaving with high contempt the courtier class,

To sing the merits of the humble ASS.

Yet should a miracle the PALACE mend,

And high-pos'd SAL'SB'RY to the VIRTUES send,

Commanding them to come and chat with KINGS ;

Well pleas'd *repentant* sinners to support,

So help me, IMPUDENCE, I'll go to court !

Besides, I dearly love to see *strange things*.

P R O Æ M I U M

TO THE

MAGPIE AND ROBIN RED-BREAST.

HOW varied are our tastes ! DAME NATURE's plan,
All for *wise* reasons, since the world began :

Yes, yes, the good old LADY acted right :

Had things been *otherwise*, like wolves and bears,

We all had fall'n together by the ears—

One object had produc'd an endless fight.

Nettles had strew'd LIFE's path, instead of *roses* ;

And multitudes of mortal faces,

Printed with histories of bloody noses,

Had taken leave of absence of the GRACES.

Now

Now interrupting not each other's line,
 You ride *your* hobby-horse, and *I* ride *mine*—
You press the blue-ey'd CHLOE to your arms,
 And *I* the black-ey'd SAPPHO's browner charms :
 Thus situated in our different blisses,
 We squint not envious on each other's kisses.

Yet are there some exceptions to this rule :
 We meet with now and then a stubborn fool,
 Dragooning us into his predilections ;
 As though there was no *diff'rence* in affections,
 And that it was the booby's firm belief,
Pork cannot please, because *he* doats on *beef* !

Again—how weak the ways of *some*, and sad !
 One would suppose the man-creation mad.

Lo ! this poor fellow, folly-drunk, he rambles,
 And flings himself into MISFORTUNE's brambles,
 In full pursuit of HAPPINESS's treasure ;
 When, with a little glance of circumspection,
 A mustard-grain of sense—a *child's* reflection—
 The fool had cours'd the velvet lawn of PLEASURE.

Idly he braves the furge and roaring gale ;
 When REASON, if consulted with a smile,
 Had tow'd through summer seas his *alken sail*,
 And sav'd a dangerous and Herculean toil.

Yes, as I've somewhere said above, I find,
 That many a man has many a mind.

How I hate DRUNKENNESS, a nasty pig !
 With snuff-stain'd neckcloth, without hat or wig,
 Reeling, and belching wisdom in one's face !
 How I hate BULLY UPROAR from my soul,
 Whom nought but whips and prisons can controul,
 Those necessary implements of GRACE ;

Yet altars rise to DRUNKENNESS and RIOT—
 How few to mild SOBRIETY and QUIET !

Thou

Thou art my goddess, SOLITUDE—to thee,
Parent of dove-ey'd PEACE, I bend the knee!

O with what joy I roam thy calm retreat,
Whence soars the lark amid the radiant hour,
Where many a varied chaste and fragrant flow'r,
Turns coyly from Rogue ZEPHYR's whisper sweet!

Blest IMP! who wantons o'er thy wide domain,
And kisses all the BEAUTIES of the plain:

Where, happy, 'mid the all-enlivening ray,
The insect nations spend the busy day,
Wing the pure fields of air, and crawl the ground;
Where, idle none, the Jew-like myriads range,
Just like the Hebrews at high 'Change,
Diffusing hum of Babel-notes around!

Where health, so wild and gay, with bosom bare,
And rosy cheek, keen eye, and flowing hair,
Trips with a smile the breezy scenes along,
And pours the spirit of content in song!

Thus, tastes are various, as I've said before—
These damn most cordially, what those adore.

WE must congratulate Peter on his return home again: he is in his own element, pleasant, playful, and satirical—but whether these events happened in the late or the former royal tour, history is silent, and we cannot explain. We should add a word or two about decorum; but it is, we find, to no purpose, for Peter will laugh on; and, as we seldom found him so entertaining on other subjects, we should be a little inconsistent, if we precluded him from *one* which is so congenial to his talents.

T H E
MAGPIE AND ROBIN RED-BREAST.

A T A L E.

A MAGPIE, in the spirit of romance,
Much like the fam'd reformers now of FRANCE,
Flew from the dwelling of an old POISSARDE;
Where, sometimes *in* his cage, and sometimes *out*,
He justified the revolution rout,
That is, call'd names, and got a fop for his reward.

Red-hot with monarch-roasting coals,
Just like his old fish-thund'ring dame,
He left the queen of crabs, and plaice, and soles,
To kindle in Old England's realm a flame.

Arriv'd at evening's philosophic hour,
He rested on a rural antique tow'r,
Some BARON'S castle in the days of old;
When furious wars, misnomer'd civil,
Sent mighty chiefs to see the dev'l,
Leaving behind their bodies for rich mould,
That pliable from form to form patrols,
Making fresh houses for new souls.

Perch'd on the wall, he cocks his tail and eye,
And hops like modern beaux in country dances;
Looks dev'lish knowing, with his head awry,
Squinting with connoisseurship glances.

All on a sudden, MAGGOT starts and stares,
And wonders, and for somewhat *strange* prepares;
But lo, his wonder did not hold him long—
Soft from a bush below, divinely clear,
A modest warble melted on his ear,
A plaintive, soothing, solitary song—

A stealing,

A stealing, timid, unpresuming sound,
 Afraid dim NATURE's deep repose to wound ;
 That hush'd (a death-like pause) the rude SUBLIME,
 This was a novelty to MAG, indeed,
 Who, pulling up his spindle shanks with speed,
 Dropp'd from his turret, half devour'd by TIME,
A la Française, upon the spray
 Where a lone red-breast pour'd to eve his lay.

Staring the modest minstrel in the face,
 Familiar, and with arch grimace,
 He conn'd the dusky warbler o'er and o'er,
 As though he knew him years before ;
 And thus began, with seeming great civility,
 All in the Paris ease of volubility—

“ What—BOBBY ! dam'me, is it *you*,
 “ That thus your pretty phiz to music screw,
 “ So far from hamlet, village, town, and city,
 “ To glad old battlements with dull psalm ditty ?

“ 'Sdeath ! what a pleasant, lively, merry scene !
 “ Plenty of bats, and owls, and ghosts, I ween ;
 “ Rare midnight screeches, BOB, between you all :
 “ Why, what's the name on't, BOBBY ? dismal Hall ?

“ Come, to be serious—curse this queer old spot,
 “ And let thy owlish habitation rot !
 “ Join *me*, and soon in riot will we revel :
 “ I'll teach thee how to curse, and call folks names,
 “ And be expert in treason, murder, flames,
 “ And most *divinely* play the devil.

“ Yes, thou shalt leave this spectred hole,
 “ And prove thou hast a bit of soul :
 “ Soon shalt thou see old stupid LONDON dance ;
 “ There will we shine immortal knaves ;
 “ Not steal unknown, like cuckows, to our graves,
 “ But imitate the geniuses of FRANCE.

“ Who'd be that monkish, cloister'd thing, a muscle ?
 “ Importance only can arise from bustle !
 “ Tornado,

- " Tornado, thunder, light'ning, tumult, strife,
 " These *charm*, and add a *dignity* to life.
 " That thou should'st choofe this spot, is monstrous
 " odd ;
 " Poh, poh ! thou canst not like this life, by G- !"

 " Sir !" like one thunder-stricken, staring wide—
 " Can you be serious, Sir ?" the ROBIN cried.
 " Serious !" rejoind'd the MAGPIE, " aye, my boy—
 " So come, let's play the devil, and enjoy."

 " Flames !" quoth the ROBIN—" and in riot revel,
 " Call names, and curse, *divinely* play the devil !
 " I cannot, for my life, the fun discern."
 " No !—blush then, BOB, and follow me, and learn."

 " Excuse me, Sir," the modest HERMIT cried—
 " Hell's not the hobby-horse I wish to ride.
 " Hell !" laugh'd the MAGPIE, " hell no longer dread ;
 " Why, BOB, in FRANCE the devil's lately dead :

 " Damnation vulgar to a Frenchman's hearing—
 " The word is only kept alive for swearing.
 " Against futurity they all protest :
 " And GOD and Heav'n are grown a standing jest.

 " Brimstone and sin are downright out of fashion ;
 " FRANCE is quite alter'd—now a *thinking* nation :
 " No more of penitential tears and groans !
 " PHILOSOPHY has crack'd RELIGION's bones.

 " As for your *Saviour* of a wicked world,
 " Long from his consequence has *he* been hurl'd :
 " They *do* acknowledge *such* a man, d'ye see ;
 " But then they call him simple MONSIEUR CHRIST.
 " BOB, for thy ignorance, pray blush for shame—
 " Behold, *thy* DOCTOR PRIESTLEY says the same.

 " Well ! now thou fully art *convinc'd*—let's go."
 " What cursed doctrine," quoth the ROBIN, " No—
 " I won't go—no ! thy speeches make me shudder."
 " Poor ROBIN !" quoth the MAGPIE, " what a pudder!
 " Be

"Be damn'd then, BOBBY"—flying off, he rav'd—
 "And (quoth the ROBIN) Sir, may *you* be *sav'd*!
 This said, the tuneful SPRITE renew'd his lay;
 A sweet and farewell hymn to parting DAY.

IN THOMAS PAINE the MAGPIE doth appear;
 That I'm POOR ROBIN, is not *quite so clear*.

P O S T S C R I P T.

TO THE CANDID READER.

I REALLY think that this Tale of the MAGPIE and ROBIN ought *immediately* to have *followed* the REMONSTRANCE: but as *disorder*, instead of *order*, is the leading feature of my sublime LYRIC BRETHERN of old, I shall take the liberty of sheltering myself under the wing of *their sacred* names. The fable was written in consequence of a strenuous application of a red-hot REVOLUTIONIST to a POET in the country, pressing him to become a member of the ORDER of CONFUSION.

THE wicked Magpie is Mr. Paine, the prince of democratic writers; and if the character of the Robin ("sweet Robin!") be referred to the poet himself, he will not be offended by the *application*; though he modestly appears to evade it, by the last couplet, or moral of the fable:

"In Thomas Paine the Magpie doth appear;
 "That I'm Poor Robin, is not *quite so clear*."

A P O L O G Y F O R K I N G S.

AS want of candour really is not right,
 I own my satire too inclin'd to bite :
 On KINGS behold it *breakfast, dine, and sup—*
 Now shall she *praise*, and try to make it up.

Why will the simple world expect wise things,
 From lofty folk, particularly kings ?
 Look on their poverty of education !
 Ador'd and flatter'd, taught that they are GODS,
 And by their awful frowns and nods,
 JOVE-LIKE, to shake the pillars of creation !

They scorn that little useful IMP call'd MIND,
 Who fits them for the circle of mankind !
 PRIDE their companion, and the WORLD their hate ;
 Immur'd, they doze in ignorance and state.

Sometimes, indeed, GREAT KINGS *will condescend*
 A little with their *subjects to unbend !*

An instance take :—A KING of this great land,
In days of yore, we understand,
 Did visit SAL'SBURY'S old church so fair :
 An EARL of PEMBROKE was the MONARCH'S guide ;
Incog. they travell'd, shuffling side by side ;
 And into the cathedral stole the PAIR.

The VERGER met them in his blue silk gown,
 And humbly bow'd his neck with rev'rence down,
 Low as an ass to lick a lock of hay :
 Looking the frighten'd VERGER through and through,
 All with his eye-glass—" Well, Sir, who are *you ?*
 What, what, Sir ?—hey, Sir ?" deign'd the king to
 say.

“ I am the VERGER here, most mighty * KING :
 “ In this cathedral I do *ev'ry* thing ;
 “ Sweep it, an't please ye, Sir, and keep it clean.”
 “ Hey ? VERGER ! VERGER !—you the VERGER ?
 “ —hey ?”
 “ Yes, please your glorious MAJESTY, I *be*,”
 The VERGER answer'd with the mildest mien.

Then turn'd the KING about towards the PEER,
 And wink'd, and laugh'd, then whisper'd in his ear,
 “ Hey, hey—what, what—fine fellow, 'pon my word :
 “ I'll knight him, knight him, knight him—hey, my
 “ Lord ?”

IT is a *satire-royal*; and if any thing were yet wanting to convince us that Master Pindar is no *turncoat*, here is proof sufficient :

Then with his glass, as hard as eye could strain,
 He kenn'd the trembling VERGER o'er again.

“ He's a poor *verger*, SIRE,” his Lordship cried :
 “ Sixpence would *handsomely* requite him.”
 “ Poor *verger*, *verger*, hey ?” the king replied :
 “ No, no, then, we won't *knight* him—no, won't
 “ *knight* him.

Now to the lofty roof the king did raise
 His glass, and skipp'd it o'er with sounds of praise !
 For thus his marv'ling MAJESTY did speak :
 “ Fine roof this, Master *Verger*, quite complete ;
 “ High—high and lofty too, and clean and neat :
 “ What, VERGER, what ? *mop*, *mop* it once a-week ?”

“ An't please your MAJESTY,” with marv'ling chops,
 The VERGER answer'd, “ we have got no mops
 “ In *Sal'sb'ry* that will reach so high.”
 “ Not *mop*, no, no, not *mop* it,” quoth the king—
 “ No, Sir, *our Sal'sb'ry mops* do no such thing ;
 “ They might as well pretend to scrub the *sky*.”

* The reader will be pleased to observe, that the VERGER, of all the sons of the Church, was the *only* ONE entrusted with the ROYAL INTENTION !!!

MORAL.

M O R A L.

This little anecdote doth plainly shew
 That IGNORANCE, a king too often lurches ;
 For, hid from ART, Lord ! how *should* monarchs know
 The nat'ral hist'ry of mops and churches ?

STORY THE SECOND.

FROM SAL'SB'RY Church to WILTON House, so
 grand,

Return'd the mighty RULER of the land—

“ My Lord, you've got fine statues,” said the king.

“ A *few* ! *beneath* your royal notice, Sir,”

Replied LORD PEMBROKE—“ Stir, my Lord, stir, stir ;

“ Let's see them all, all, all, all, *ev'ry* thing.

“ Who's this ? who's this ?—who's this fine fellow
 “ here ?”

“ SESOSTRIS,” bowing low, replied the PEER.

“ SIR SOSTRIS, hey ?—SIR SOSTRIS ?—'pon my word !

“ KNIGHT or a BARONET, my Lord ?

“ One of my making ?—what, my Lord, *my making* ?”

This, with a vengeance, was mistaking !

“ *Se-sostris*, Sire, *so soft*, the peer replied—

“ A famous KING of EGYPT, Sir, of old.”

“ Poh, poh !” th' *instructed* MONARCH snappish cried,

“ I need not *that*—I need not *that* be told.”

“ Pray, pray, my LORD, who's that big fellow there ?”

“ 'Tis HERCULES,” replies the shrinking peer.

“ Strong fellow, hey, my Lord ? strong fellow, hey ?

“ Clean'd stables !—crack'd a lion like a flea ;

“ Kill'd snakes, great snakes, that in a cradle found
 “ him—

“ The Queen, Queen's coming ! wrap an *apron* round
 “ him.”

OUR moral is not merely water-gruel—

It shews that curiosity's a jewel !

It shews with kings that IGNORANCE may dwell :

It shews that subjects must not give opinions

To people reigning over wide dominions,

As *information* to *great folk*, is hell :

It shews that DECENCY may live with kings,

On whom the bold *Virtu*-men turn their backs ;

And shews (for num'rous are the naked things)

That saucy statues should be lodg'd in sacks.

ADDRESS TO MY BOOK.

AN ELEGY.

IN which we have his *prospectus*, prophecy, or *Pisgab-fight*, of the reception which his present work would doubtless find in the world:—how criticised, be-praised, and be-damned, as party, as malignity, or approbation, might chance to hold the scale.

CHILD of my love, go forth, and try thy fate :
 Few are thy friends, and manifold thy foes !
 Whether or long or short will be thy date,
 FUTURITY's dark volume only knows.

Much criticism, alas ! will be thy lot !
 Severe thine ordeal, I am sore afraid !
 Some judges will *condemn*, and others *not* :
 Some call thy form substantial—others, *shade*.

Yes, CHILD, by multitudes wilt thou be tried !
 Wise men and fools thy merits will examine :
These, through much *prudence*, may thy virtues *hide* ;
These, through vile *rancour*, or the dread of *famine*.

Prev'd

Prov'd will it be, indeed (to make thee shrink),
 What metal nature in thy mass did knead :
 A * *melting* process will be us'd, I think—
 That is to say, large quantities of lead.

By some, indeed, will NITRE's fuming spirit
 Be o'er thy form so sweet, so tender thrown ;
 Perchance a *master* hand may try thy merit ;
 Perchance an imp by FOLLY only known.

Now, now I fancy thee a timid hare,
 Started for beagles, hounds, and curs, to chase :
 A mongrel dog may snap thee up unfair ;
 For SPITE and HUNGER have but little grace.

Long are thy legs (I know), and stout for running ;
 And many a trick hast thou within thy brain ;
 But guns and greyhounds are too much for *cunning*,
 Join'd to the *ravenous* pack of THOMAS PAINE !

And now a LAMB !—What devils now-a-days
 The butch'ring SHOP of criticism employs !
 Each beardless villain now cuts up and flays !
 A gang of wanton, brutal, 'prentice boys !

Ah me ! how hard to reach the dome of FAME !
 Knock'd down before she gets half way, poor MUSE !
 For many a LOUR, that cannot gain a name
 (Rebus and riddle-maker), now *reviews* !

Poor jealous eunuchs in the land of TASTE,
 Too *weak* to reap a harvest of fair praise ;
 Malicious, lo, they lay the region waste ;
 Fire all they can, and triumph o'er the blaze !

Too oft, with talents blest, the cruel few
 Fix on poor MERIT's throat, to stop her breath :
 How like the beauteous † FRUIT, that turns of dew
 The life ambrosial into drops of death !

* Called *eliquation*.

† The mortifying powers of dew or rain falling from the Manchineel tree, are universally known.

Sweet BABE, to WEYMOUTH should'st thou find thy way!

The KING, with curiosity so wild,
May on a sudden send for thee, and say,

" See, CHARLY, PETER's child—fine child, fine
" child :

" Ring, ring for SCHWELLENBERG—ring, Charly,
" ring ;

" Shew it to SCHWELLENBERG ; shew it, shew it—

" She'll say, ' *Got dem de saucy sloopid ting,*

" *I bate more worse as bell what come from poet.*"

Yet will *some courtiers* all at once be glad !

LEEDS, HAWKS'B'RY, SAL'SB'RY, BRUDENELL, will
rejoice ;

Forget how oft thy brothers made them mad,

And echo through the realm the royal voice.

And then for ME his MAJESTY may send

(Making some people grumble in their gizzards) ;

With DRAKE's new place, perchance, thy SIRE be-
friend ;

FIRST FLY-CATCHER to good QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S
* lizards !

A COM-

* The story of the LIZARDS is as follows :—At a Board of Green Cloth-late^y, which assembled, as usual, with due *decorum*, to deliberate on the *species* of food proper to be given to the LIONS of BUCKINGHAM-HOUSE, the solemnity of the meeting was interrupted by the sudden Gothic irruption, and self-introduction, of a servant of SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, one of the *Honourable* BOARD ; which servant, a true DEVONSHIRE DUMPLIN, opening an ell-wide pair of jaws, exclaimed thus : " ZUR VRANCIS, I'm a zent " to ax if yow've a cort * enny † more vlee ‡—Have ye cort " enny, ZUR VRANCIS ?" The baronet hemmed, winked, nodded, knitted his brows, stared, shrugged up his shoulders, blew his nose, bit his lips at poor NUMPS ; but all the face-making hints were thrown away. " Why, ZUR VRANCIS, I say," continued NUMPS, " MADAM SWELLINGBURG want to know if yow've a " nabb'd enny more vlee : ?" The BOARD stood amazed !—SIR FRANCIS blushed for the *first* time. At length, recovering from his confusion, and bidding the fellow, in an angry tone, go about

* For caught.

† Any.

‡ Flee.

his

A

COMMISERATING EPISTLE

T O

LORD LONSDALE.

*Quid sentire putas omnes, CALVINE, recenti
De scelere, et fidei violatæ crimine ? Sed nec
Tam tenuis census tibi contigit, ut mediocris
Jacturæ te mergat onus ; nec rara videmus
Quæ pateris ; casus multis hic cognitus, ac jam
Tritus, et è medio FORTUNÆ ductus acervo,*

JUVENAL.

What think'st thou, LONSDALE, that the world will say
Of this d-mn'd verdict at CARLISLE to-day ;
Faith, simply this—" A flea-bite, and that's all—
" A loss that will not swallow LOWTHER-HALL :
" A trick of FORTUNE that we often find :
" A trick that plainly proves the GODDESS blind."

A R G U M E N T.

*The Noble Earl, as naturally in pursuit of his coal, as a
sportsman of his hare or fox, happening, in a coal-chase,
to undermine a parcel of houses belonging to the Lord-
knows-who, of Whitehaven (no votes perhaps for a*

his business, he very candidly informed the BOARD, that HER
MAJESTY had lately received a present of lizards ; that she had
ordered MISTRESS SCHWELLENBERG to catch *flies* for them ; but
that, to oblige MISTRESS SCHWELLENBERG, who kindly invited
him to dine with her three or four times a-week, he promised to
assist her in her FLY HUNT ; in short, to be her *Deputy FLY-
CATCHER*, and not *First FLY-CATCHER*, as the ELEGY erro-
neously proclaimeth.

borough

borough or a county), but particularly of a Mr. Little-
dale—what does this insolent Littledale, but complain
—Nay, not contented with complaint, he insists upon it
that his Lordship has no right to pull down his house
about his ears—nay, what is still worse, the fellow brings
an action, absolutely brings an action against his Lord-
ship—nay, what is still more horrible, the knave gets
a verdict in his favour—and, what is more atrocious
still, the villains of the town and neighbourhood illu-
minate their houses, as if for the birth-nights of our
beloved King and Queen, and exhibit equal symptoms
of joy.—Notwithstanding this saucy opposition to their
Great Superior; notwithstanding the wicked action;
notwithstanding the vile and unnatural verdict; not-
withstanding the triumphant illumination and brazen-
faced delight on the occasion; how sublimely his Lord-
ship behaves! Though he most spiritedly suspends his
coal-works for a time, to shew the power of his ven-
geance; lo, he promiseth to open them again, on condi-
tion he has full liberty to undermine any houses that may
impudently stand in the way of his coal for the future
—What an act of humanity! partly for the benefit of
himself, a poor individual; but principally for the
advantage of the town and neighbourhood of White-
haven! Who, besides his Lordship, would have done
this? It is too humane—it is too great—for, as it has
been observed by some celebrated divines, that a man may
be over-righteous, so verily may a great Peer be over-
forgiving.—Such is the ground of my Epistle to Lord
Lonsdale.

WHAT, LONSDALE! after all thy ranting,
tearing,
High threat'ning, heft'ring, bullying, kicking, swear-
ing—

What! THOU, the brazen BULLY that bestrode
Triumphant navies and the roaring flood,
Yield to the anger of a tiny town,
Who oft hast frighten'd counties with a frown!
A set of smutty colliers mock thy pow'r!
A hogstye lord it o'er a lofty tow'r!

A few

A few blind mice, in little league ally'd,
Ye Gods! o'erturn a pyramid of pride!

Shades of the LOWTHERS, arm'd with vengeance,
rise,

And shake this LONSDALE, who his birth belies.

Shock'd at his weakness, HISTORY turns pale,

And madly tears the leaf that holds the tale.

Look through the desert of five hundred years!

Lo, not a LOWTHER virtue *once* appears.

Then why to FAME's fair volume madly rush,

And give thy poor old ANCESTORS a blush?

Ah, do not so unfashionably dote,

And stitch *one* spangle on an old black coat.

Let not *one* act *ten thousand* acts upbraid:

A farthing candle 'midst a world of shade.

But grant a *solitary* deed—atchieve it—

Who, pray the devil, LONSDALE, will believe it?

Thus will the nation with one voice exclaim—

“ A LOWTHER do an act of virtuous fame!

“ When from a LOWTHER did a Scyon shoot,

“ A LOWTHER trunk not rotten at the root?

“ Expect much sooner, nonpareils from crabs,

“ Honour from thieves, and decency from drabs.

“ HORACE declares (a bard whom all approve),

“ The vulture never breeds the tender dove.”

Learn, LONSDALE, learn AMBITION's spur to feel,
And snap, like mites, a million at a meal.

See yon proud OAK, whose dark'ning branches
spread

High o'er the rills that course the pebbled bed!

With what humility those rills salute,

And trembling wind around his rugged root;

Like busy slaves, their little stock afford,

And creeping, kissing, feed their frowning lord!

Mark, too, around that oak's majestic pride,

The pismires crawling up his channell'd side;

And mark his shelt'ring limbs, support of fowl,

The wren, the hawk, the cuckow, and the owl.

Say,

What, LONSDALE, melted down thy ruthless rage?—
 With dæmons *once* thy spirit dar'd engage,
 Spat on the MOB that FREEDOM's ensign bore,
 Smil'd at his storm, and mock'd his thunder-roar;
 Fac'd keen CONTEMPT, and MURDER's sanguine eye,
 And horse-whipp'd whining MERCY to her sky.
 How art thou sunk! how wither'd!—Lost, I fear.
 Where is the LOWTHER spirit—tell me where?—
 Speak, can the ghost of CONSCIENCE haunt thy mind?
 Hear'st thou the call of DEATH in ev'ry wind?—
 Lo, RESOLUTION to thy terror turns,
 And o'er the skeleton of MANHOOD mourns!
 Go, WONDER, to earth's utmost limits fly,
 And say, if aught like this e'er stretch'd thine eye.

Rouse! and let "Richard be himself again!"—
 Forge, forge anew OPPRESSION's galling chain;
 Strip o'er his ears bold OPPOSITION's skin,
 And bid with gags the mouth of FREEDOM grin.
 Bid the dark Furies all thy bosom steel,
 And *Cumberland* afresh thine anger feel:
 Yes, yes, of *Cumberland* the comet blaze,
 And, crab-like, roast her rascals with thy rays.
 Stretch o'er the shrinking town thine arm of pow'r,
 And, hydra-like, their croaking frogs devour.
 Shew that thy breath, like ENVY's, baleful blows:
 A canker be, that kills the lovely rose.
 Prove how a rising country may be curst,
 And bid with spleen old NERO's spectre burst.

How pleasing to thine eye should be the band
 That happy fatten'd on the fertile land;
 Forc'd, Cain-like, off, where FAMINE sucks her nails,
 To starve, or hunt the wall and hedge for snails.—
 Thus triumph—"Shall DOMINION's ensigns sink,
 "And to a beggar's rag, a malkin sink?
 "What! shall the *vulture*-wing, that scour'd the sky,
 "Sneaks to a *bat*'s, that shuns the public eye?
 "JOVE'S BIRD (the thunder from his talons torn),
 "Turn *owl*, to cry 'Tee-whit' in some old barn?
 "What! I, through OPPOSITION's furly surge,
 "Who boldly dar'd so oft a passage urge,

"Cry

" Cry out at last, ' Help, help'— to fear a slave,
 " Pale, panting, puking, spent beneath the wave ?
 " Shall RESOLUTION, that defied a *world*,
 " Oppos'd by *pigmies*, from his height be hurled ?
 " Those *pigmies* o'er the huge MAN MOUNTAIN *straddle*,
 " Or, laughing, rock the GIANT in a *cradle* ?
 " No, low-bred villains—nought my pow'r controls ;
 " I'll hunt you all like vermin through your holes ;
 " Out, root and branch—men, women, dogs, and cats ;
 " Run, children, from the ruins, just like rats :
 " Writhe into earth, like worms, and fear my frown ;
 " For, d-mn me, all your houses shall come down.
 " Wretches, your heads are in the lion's jaws !
 " Off with them—LONSDALE dares defy the laws.
 " What though it thins my purse, it feeds my spleen ;
 " So, scythe of DESOLATION, sweep the scene."
 Such is the glowing language thou should'st hold,
 And nobly emulate the SIREs of old.
 For speech like this (too weak the voice of FAME)
 The mouths of cannon shall convey thy name—
 Such threat'ned deeds of hostile, god-like ire,
 Should travel only on the wings of fire.

Shall PITY be an inmate of thy breast :
 No, be a grinding-stone its rugged guest.
 Why should a virtue, man, thy mind bewitch ?
 Lo, GENEROSITY was never rich.
 What ! woo the VIRTUEs !—of the world the sport—
 Nay, worse, who dare not shew their nose at COURT !

What gives the general wish for pow'r to glow ?
 To look contemptuous on the world below ;
 To bid *that* world bow down, admire, adore,
 And grind the fallow faces of the poor.

Ask, to the forest-laws what man gave birth ?
 A *Nimrod*, lo ! a lofty lord of earth !—
 Yet why should hares, and partridges, and grouse,
 Alone be ravish'd from the farmer's house ?—
 Go, LONSDALE, get an act to raise thy fame,
 And make the farmers' wives and daughters GAME.

Whence,

Whence, on a sudden, dost thou thus inherit
This soft, forbearing, lamb-like, dove-like spirit ?
I saw sharp VENGEANCE tip-toë in thine eyes :—
How comes it that the threat'ning SPIRIT dies ?

Yet, yet I see the feudal times return,
When tyrants bid in chains the million mourn ;
When slaves to GRANDEUR crouch amid the dust,
And HAVOCK roams, to please the ruling lust ;
When PRIDE as calmly from the shoulder plucks
The heads of vassals, as the heads of ducks.

Curse on the liberty of modern days !
Again let POW'R her rod of iron raise.
Hang the French dogs, a mangy, mongrel fry,
That, running riot, on their huntsman fly !
How are the sacred robes of GREATNESS rent !
KINGS and NOBILITY fall'n *cent per cent* !

Sure, LONSDALE ! thou art not too weak to know
From general riches what misfortunes flow.
Wealth for delicious slavery spoils a nation—
Adieu at once to gods and adoration.

Say, would you bid the under-world adore,
Crouch, flatter, tremble ?—Keep the rascals poor.
Tyrannic, would you wish to cut and starve 'em ?
Their backs are at your service—only carve 'em.
Give them but money, quick uprise the knaves,
Forgetting in a moment they are slaves.
Lost to the meanness of their former station,
The scornful upstarts damn their occupation.
Lo, the proud BLACKSMITH, late a slave to coal,
'To *honours* turns his elevated soul !
'The cross legg'd TAYLOR, lo, forgets his peers ;
Kicks his old goose, the knave, and breaks his shears !
The SHOW-MAN scorns poor PUNCH, his late support,
And straw-stuff'd LADIES of th'Arcadian court ;
This quits his camel—that, his spelling hogs ;
And KINGS no more can dance with dancing-dogs *.

* It is an undeniable fact, that a certain great king (it is said, for the diversion of his *children only*) held out the skirts of his coat, and danced a minuet on Windsor Terrace, some years since, with one of the CANINE FIGURANTES.

Grant wealth—No more the humble cobbler cowers;
 But boldly deems *his* blood as rich as ours,
 And blasphemously thinks th'Almighty's plan
 Ordain'd no difference between man and man.
 Such is the sad effect of wealth—rank pride—
 Thus, mount a beggar, how the rogue will ride!

Parent of INSOLENCÉ is WEALTH, I ween:
 Then 'mid thy neighbours let her not be seen.
 'Tis POVERTY that forges curbs for men,
 And tempts *divine* OPPRESSION from her den.
 What folly, then, to let thine host repose,
 To suffer *Cumberland* to lift the nose!—
 Down with their hosts, and horsewhip them like dogs!
 Styes be their beds, their food the food of hogs.
 Keep famish'd, sons and daughters, fathers, mothers;
 Nor let them beat in trade their grinning brothers;
 Iberian monkeys, that, to business bred,
 Well pleas'd, for *maravedes* hunt the head.

To India's hift'ry turn thy happy eyes,
 And bid a second scene of horrors rise.
 By Britons led, did FAMINE's spectre train
 Pour devastation on the fair domain.
 What humbled victims sunk beneath the strife!
 What thousands, tott'ring, snatch'd at parting life!
 Nought could, alas! their suppliant hands avail:
 In vain each feature told a starving tale;
 On those rich heaps that rose beneath their care,
 Their eye-balls fast'ning in a deadly glare.
 There hadst thou seen the fallow babe distressed,
 Hard clinging to a dying mother's breast;
 Beating that breast with little, peevish cry,
 Its plumpness wither'd, and its fountain dry:
 Such was the scene, whilst ev'ry night, to sup,
 The jackalls left their woods, to eat them up.

HUMANITY's a pigeon-hearted fool,
 Soft, puling, as the girl at boarding-school,
 That alms upon the begging wretch bestows,
 And learns to sorrow at the tale of woes.

Where

Where is ambition ? Dead ?—It never dies—
 Brutes, insects boast it—elephants and flies.
 The horse would rather the blood-spur should gore him,
 Than let a fellow-trav'ler pace before him :
 And lo the spaniel!—when the master cheers
 A brother, with what jealousy he hears ;
 Unblest, attention how he tries to raise ;
 Paws for a gentle pat, and whines for praise !

Eye nature through, and mark the arm of POW'R—
 The great unceasingly the small devour.

Blest on a dainty dish of flies to dine,
 Lo, by the spider weav'd the silken line.
 A giddy wand'rer strikes the waving net ;
 Hitch'd his poor pinions, hitch'd his harmless feet :
 Quick from his cave, that hid his watchful head,
 The nimble tyrant scours along the thread ;
 Whips from the store-room of his guts a string,
 And binds his captive's vainly-buzzing wing ;
 Remorseless deals the bite of death ; and then
 The *Cacus* drags the victim to his den.

Lo, hov'ring in mid sky, the caitiff kite
 Sweeps the blue vault, and wheels with watchful flight ;
 A son of rapine, and untaught to spare,
 The feather'd NIMROD roams the wild of air ;
 At length his searching eyes with joy explore
 A hen and chicken near a farmer's door :
 Sudden the tyrant quits th' aërial steep ;
 Down from his sphere he pours with lightning sweep,
 Each iron talons fills with callous food,
 And carries off in triumph half the brood.
 In vain the parent flutters, capers, cries,
 And kens her captive children up the skies ;
 And, lo ! in vain the cursing farmer runs,
 To send the leaden vengeance from his guns :
 Safe seeks the rogue some solitary stone,
 To tear the trembling flesh, and grind each bone.

Now on the stream's clear bosom, pr'ythee, peep ;
 See, fly below, the alligator creep :

Whate'er he seizes, yields to fate's dread laws,
Crush'd in his hard inexorable jaws.

These be thy great examples—careful mind 'em,
And do not in a tittle lag behind 'em.
Be *thou* the spider that devours the flies;
Be thou the tyrant kite that scours the skies;
Be thou the hard-mouth'd subtle alligator,
Th' inexorable monarch of the water.

And lo, the lords of ocean!—see the whale
On all th' inferior hosts of sea regale!
The shark, the grampus—how before their eye
Th' affrighted under-world of fishes fly!

Then why not man, endu'd with giant pow'r,
The region of inferior mortals scour?
For thee, then, was all *Cumberland* design'd,
The whale, the shark, the grampus of mankind!
Lo, at thy foot, the people whine and pray—
But, kick them, LONSDALE—'tis the LOWTHER way:
Tread on each neck, and deem it but a beast,
And emulate the tyrants of the East.
Perchance thou fearest to be d-mn'd, *or so?*
On that thou should'st have ponder'd long ago.
Look at thy *boroughs*—not *one* vote alone
Can give a CANDIDATE the mob-rai'd throne.
'Thus, to the shrine of VIRTUE must be giv'n
More than *one* deed, to seat the soul in heav'n.
Deem otherwise—it were too mad by half—
Lord! how would * shoe-makers and angels laugh!

With abject pray'r, behold! WHITEHAVEN plies
thee—
Heed not her men—'tis plain they all *despise* thee.
For, ask thyself, "Amid this smutty nation,
"What have I done to merit approbation?"

* Shoe-makers are frequently the most respectable votes in
country boroughs.

Look!

Look!—has CONTRITION swell'd a single eye?
 Lift!—from one bosom canst thou hear her sigh?
 Nought like a *tear*, and nought resembling *moan*!
 Knee and mouth penitence, indeed, alone.
 With voices louder than the common CRYER'S,
 I hear their hearts abuse their tongues for liars!
 For, Lord! how *should* they *like* thee? who can
 tell?—

Their noses never caught thy kitchen's smell;
 For meat is apt *opinion* to improve,
 And stomachs form a turnpike-gate to love.

KITE of the North, again, and yet again,
 I bid thee spread thy terrors o'er the plain.
 Hang o'er those sparrows with o'er-shadowing pride,
 And bid them trembling in their thatches hide:
 O, wake thy plagues, and break the shameful truce;
 Unmuzzle VENGEANCE—let the blood-hound loose,
 To bid HUMANITY, pale fool, adieu,
 And flesh his hunger on the coal-black crew.
 Thus shall the LOWTHER name again be great,
 Men tremble at the sound, and children sweat;
 High o'er thy walls, to prove a *host*, one slave,
 The lordly flag of TYRANNY shall wave:
 Thus at thy feet shall dumb OBEDIENCE fall,
 And H-LL, in lustre, yield to LOWTHER-HALL.

THE
RIGHTS OF KINGS;
OR,
LOYAL ODES
TO
DISLOYAL ACADEMICIANS.

TO THE READER.

GENTLE READER,

THE foundation of the following Ode is simply this—
The President of the Royal Academy, happy to be able to gratify our amiable monarch in the minutest of his predilections, reported lately to the academicians his Majesty's desire, that a Mr. Laurence might be added to the list of R. A.'s, his Majesty, from his superior knowledge in painting, being perfectly convinced of this young artist's uncommon abilities, and consequently fair pretensions to the honour. Notwithstanding the royal wish, and the wish of the president, and (under the rose!!!) the wish of Mr. Benjamin West, the Windsor oracle of paint, and painter of history, the R. A.'s received the annunciation of his Majesty's wish, Sir Joshua's wish, Mr. West's wish, with the most ineffable fang-froid, not to call it by the harder name, disgust. The annunciation happening on the night of an election of associates, at which Mr. Laurence ought to have been elected an associate (a step necessary to the more exalted one of R. A.)—behold the obstinacy of these
royal

royal mules!—the number of votes in favour of Mr. Latu-
 rence amounted to just three, and that of his opponent, Mr.
 Wheatley, to sixteen!!!—Indignant and loyal reader,
 the lyric muse, who has uniformly attacked meanness, folly,
 impudence, avarice, and ignorance, from her cradle, caught
 fire at the above important event, and most loyally poured
 forth the following Odes, replete with their usual sub-
 limity.

P R O Æ M I U M.

WHAT demon of innovation has spread his baneful
 influence! The gallant Frenchmen insult their mo-
 narch; the Poissardes reign in the Thuilleries; the
 Polish Diet is mild and conciliating; the Polish no-
 bility condescend to be citizens; and Peter himself
 —a miracle still greater—is a defender of the rights
 of kings!

Dii ceptis, nam vos mutastis!
Aspirate—————

TO THE PUBLIC.

GENTLES! behold a poor plain-spoken man!
 Modest as ADDINGTON our SPEAKER,
 Amidst Saint Stephen's patriotic clan,
 Where INNOCENCE, so meek, did ne'er look meeker;
 When with much palpitacion, and much dread,
 He turn'd about his pretty speaker's head,
 One leg just rais'd to hop into the chair;
 Just like a CAT in rain amid the street,
 That fears to wet her white and velvet feet,
 Which for a handsome gutter-leap prepare!

“ I fear

" I fear I am a most unworthy choice,"
Said *Mister* SPEAKER, with a lamb-like voice !
" I have but one step more," he cried,
Keeping his head coquettishly aside.

How much like CHRISTIE, with his hammer rais'd
(CHRISTIE, a public speaker, too, so prais'd),
Looking around him, simpering, smiling, bowing,
Then crying, " Gemmen, going, going, going !"

Yes, *gentles* all, a modest bard and thy,
With dove-like mien, and ground-exploring eye ;
Modest as *Mister* SPEAKER at the LORDS,
When lowly he did Majesty beseech
T' allow his *bumble* COMMONS use of words ;
That is to say, a liberty of speech :

Also to have at times a *tête-à-tête*,
Because a *confab* royal is a treat ;
Indeed, for *subjects* much too rich,
As wise KING JAMES asserted of the *itch* :

Likewise to have the privilege of TICK,
Because a BAILIFF is a meddling rogue,
Who, with a hand of iron, or a stick,
Stoppeth the travels of our men of vogue !
Barbarian act, that men of worship frets !
Who think of loftier things than idle debts ;
Deep pond'ring ever on the NATION's good,
Not on great greasy butchers, tailor knaves,
Mercers, and clammy grocers—compter slaves,
Who by their stinking sweat procure their food.

Tradesmen ! a set of vulgar swine ;
Crutches for FORTUNE in a deep decline ;
Lo what a tradesman's good for, and lo all—
A wooden buttress for a tott'ring wall !

With tears have I beheld full many a 'SQUIRE
Most brutally by *bailiffs* dragg'd along ;
For turnpike, furniture, or house's hire,
Horse, wages, coach, or some such idle song !

Now

Now 'Squire's a title of much reputation—
Belongs to people of *no*—occupation;
Who cannot (in their looks we read it)
Get, for a mutton-chop, a little credit!
Poor gentlemen! how hard, alas! their fate,
To knuckle to such nuisances of state!

Gentles, to you, well pleas'd, I turn again,
Fitting my fav'rite *rambling* strain;
Having belov'd, admir'd, ador'd digression,
So practis'd by *us* men of *ode-profession*,
When we have scarcely aught to sing or say,
And sneaking FANCY quits the lyric lay.

I do remember!—What?—That thus my pen,
Licentious, slander'd crown-and-sceptre men!
“ Readers, one moment look me in the face;
“ A poet not *quite* destitute of grace;
“ And answer *one* not bred in FLATT'RY'S schools—
“ Are you, or are you not, a set of fools?
“ Pinning your faith on GRANDEUR'S sleeve—
“ Say, do you, in your consciences, believe
“ That M——s never can be weak nor mean;
“ And that a M——'s wife, yclepp'd a ——,
“ May not (and why not?) be a downright slop,
“ Form'd of the coarsest rags of NATURE'S shop?
“ I read the answer in each visage”—“ No.”
“ O Jesu! *can* it be? and *is* it so?
“ Put down thy book—
“ Give it not *one* contaminating look:
“ I stare on you with pity—nay, with pain—
“ KEARSLEY shall toss your money back again:
“ Get your crowns shav'd, poor souls—I wish you
“ well—
“ And hear me—Bedlam has a vacant cell.”

Such were the stanzas that I wrote of yore,
When tainted by a king-deriding clan;
But now I curse those *tenets* o'er and o'er—
A convert quite—a sweet and alter'd man:

The sacred force of SOV'REIGNTY I feel—
To ROYALTY'S stern port I learn to kneel:

For

For royalties are deem'd most sacred things ;
So sacred by the courtiers, that the *bible*
May be inform'd against, and prov'd a libel,
For saying—" Put no confidence in kings !"

Though this, indeed, may be interpolation,
As much was coin'd by Popish priests and friars ;
For ah ! how hard 'tis for imagination
To *fancy* monarchs hypocrites and liars !

ODE TO THE ACADEMICIANS.

AM I awake, or dreaming, O ye gods ?
Alas ! in *waking's* favour lie the odds !
The devil it is ! ah me ! 'tis really so !
How, Sirs ! on majesty's proud corns to tread !
Messieurs Academicians, when you're dead,
Where can your impudencies hope to go ?

Refuse a monarch's mighty orders !—
It smells of treason—on rebellion borders !
'Sdeath, Sirs ! it was the QUEEN's fond wish as well,
That * MASTER LAWRENCE should come in !
Against a QUEEN so gentle to rebel !
This is another crying sin !
What not oblige in such a trifling thing !
So sweet a queen, and such a goodly king !

A queen *unus'd* to opposition-weather—
At disappointment so *unus'd* to start—
So full of dove-like gentleness her heart,
As if the dove had lent its softest feather,
That heart of gentleness to form,
Unus'd (as I have said) to opposition-storm.

O let me just inform you, one and all,
That kings and potentates, both great and small,

* A young portrait-painter of some merit.

Born to be humour'd, for *obedience* battle :
 Most instantaneous too must be compliance ;
 Refusal is most damnable defiance ;
 They struggle for't, like children for the rattle.

But in our *smile* some diff'rence lies—
 We whip a bantling, when it kicks and cries,
 Fully determined not to please it :
 But lo ! the children that possess a crown
 (Young *Herculeses*) knock us down,
 And, angry for the bauble, *seize* it.

Each of you, Sirs, has kept a cur, *perchaunce* :
 Poor wretch, how oft his eyes with lightnings dance ;
 How he looks up to master for a smile ;
 Shakes his imploring head, with wriggling tail,
 Now whining yelps, now pawing to prevail,
 Eager with such anxiety the while ;

And if a pat *should* bless the whining scraper,
 Lord, how the animal begins to caper !

Thus should it be with subjects and great kings—
 But you are strangers to these humble things.
 For shame ! upon the courtier's creed go look—
 And take a leaf from humble *HAWKSB'RY*'s book ;

Or sweet neck-bending water-gruel *LEEDS*,
 Who Majesty with pap of flatt'ry feeds ;
 Which pap, if highly relish'd, will of course,
 Rewarded, make him *MASTER OF THE HORSE*.

Where was *PREROGATIVE* ?—asleep ?
 A blockhead, not a better watch to keep
 In this most solemn most important hour !
 Why heard we not the thunder of his voice ;
 Saw down your gullets cramm'd the royal choice,
 So easy to the iron arm of power ?

Why slept his sledge, the guardian of a crown,
 So form'd to knock unruly rascals down ?
 Ah me ! *PREROGATIVE* seems nearly dead !
 Behold his tott'ring limbs and palsied head ;

Sunk

Sunk in their orbits his dim eyes ;
 His teeth dropp'd out ; and, hark ! his voice so weak ;
 A mouse behind the wainscot—eunuch squeak !

“ Ah ! *non sum qualis eram*,” now he sighs.
 To ev'ry body's call, ah ! now so pliant !
 Sad skeleton of once a sturdy giant !

Poor bending shrivell'd form, but just alive,
 Art thou that bully once—PREROGATIVE ?
 Where is the mien of Mars, the eye's wild stare,
 A meteor darting horror with its glare ?
 How like a BRANDY-DRINKER, who on flame
 Feeds with a rosy beacon-face at first ;
 But, by his enemy INTEMPERANCE curst,
 Yields to that victor of mankind with shame ;
 Pale, hobbling, voiceless, crawling to decay,
 Just like a passing shadow, sinks away !

Bedchamber Lords are all in ire—
 The Maids of Honour all on fire ;
 Nay, though despotically shav'd, the cooks,
 Bluff on th' occasion, put on bull's-beef looks :
 And really this is very grand behaving,
 So nobly to forgive the famous shaving !

See MADAM SCHWELLENBERG most cat-like stare ;
 And though no fav'rite of the king,
 She cries, “ *By Got, it shuck and make my hair*
 “ *Upright—it is so dam dam saucy ting.*”

STANHOPE, perchance, will clasp you in his arms ;
 And PRICE's ghost, with eloquence's charms,
 Will, from his tomb upspringing, found applause :
 But know, I deem not so of EDMUND BURKE :
 He nobly styles the deed “ a d-mn'd day's work ;”
 Superior he to cutting royal claws.

MUN very justly thinks the human back
 Should be to kings a sort of humble hack ;
 That ev'ry subject ought to wear a saddle,
 O'er which those great rough-riders, kings, may
 straddle.

O D E II.

THE fam'd Assembly of the French will smile,
 At this disgrace of our fair isle :
 Messieurs FAYETTE the Great, and Co.
 With tears of joy will overflow,
 And order the assembly of the nation
 To send you sweet congratulation.

What hast thou to complain of each, thou imp ?
 Compar'd to kings, a grampus and a shrimp !

Lo ! when from Windsor mighty kings arrive,
 Like London mack'rel, all alive !
 Terrenes of flatt'ry are prepar'd so hot
 By courtiers—a delicious pepper-pot :
 Which, to be sure, the royal maw devours,
 Kings boasting very strong digestive pow'rs.

A POINTER, thus, lock'd up a week,
 Half starv'd, and longing for a steak ;
 Behold him now turn'd, loose so wild, to eat—
 Gods ! how he gobbles down the broth and meat !

Yes, flatt'ry-soups are all prepar'd so hot,
 As I have hinted, a fine pepper-pot :

Side-dishes, too, of curtsies, bows, and scrapes,
 With stare and wonder 'in all sorts of shapes ;
 Attentions darting from the full-stretch'd eye,
 That not a royal glance may pass unheeded by :
 Attentions sharp as those of LUMPY, SMALL,
 At cricket skill'd to catch the flying ball ;
 Whilst you survey (an abominable thing !)
 With cold contempt the character of king !

Think by what royal bounty you are blest !
 Think of the patronage to painters all !
 Not a poor shallow rill confin'd to WEST,
 But torrents that like Niagara fall.

Yes; GEORGE is gen'rous—watches all your wants—
 And pours his fust'ring rains upon his plants.
 Then, meeting such a friend, you ought to cry,
 "Glory be to GEORGE on high!"

Thus, when two clouds approach, a wand'ring pair,
 As oft it happens, 'mid their walks in air;
 Though one be rich, the other poor
 In rare electric matter, how they greet!
 With what delight they seem to meet;
 And, pleas'd, with all the fire of friendship roar;

GEORGE, O ye raggamuffins, loves you dearly;
 Sends you rare pictures for improvement yearly;
 Buys up your works, and much commision gives
 To hist'ry, portrait, landscape-men—
 Careful as of her chicken a good hen:
 Thus, like an alderman each limner lives.

Yes; a good hen—I see her wing display'd,
 To warm, protect you with parental shade;
 But you, a flock of vile rebellious chicken,
 Are all for mounting on your mother's back,
 With threat'ning beak and noisy saucy clack,
 Her eyes out trying to be picking;

Against her blasphemously swearing:
 This is undutiful beyond all bearing.
 Where'er the plaintive cry of WANT appears,
 Cock'd, like a greyhound's, are the King's two ears:
 Ready for such poor wights to bake and brew!
 A circumstance believ'd by very few!
 Thus, to PHILOSOPHY's surprise,
 A pin can lead the lightning of the skies!

O D E III.

BEHOLD, his Majesty is in a passion !
 Tremble, ye rogues, and tremble, all the nation !
 Suppose he takes it in his royal head
 To strike your academic idol dead ;
 Knock down your house, dissolve you in his fire,
 And strip you of your boasted title—'SQUIRE.

To bend a piece of iron to your will,
 You always make that iron hot ;
 For then it asks but little force and skill—
 Its sturdiness is quite forgot :

But lo ! it is quite otherwise with man !
 Make *him* red-hot, and bend him as you can :
 So widely diff'rent are the metals,
 Composing man, or kings indeed, and kettles !

Of has he left his Queen and Windsor tow'rs,
 Oft from the fascinating dairy flown,
 To raise the arts with all his mighty pow'rs,
 And hold high converse with the folks of town :—

From lofty CARTHAGE, thus, by Jove's decree,
 On nobler works than those of love intent,
 ÆNEAS from the widow Dido went,
 And, full of piety, put off to sea !

Vain of your academic honours, vain,
 I say again,
 Idly you deem'd yourselves the first of men ;
 And then
 You spurn'd the hand which rais'd you into notice—
 By all the gods, unfortunately, so 'tis !

Full oft, by FORTUNE, man is play'd a trick :
 Too often ruin'd by her glitt'ring toys,
 Just like the CANDLE's hucklewax wick
 Surrounded by the lustre that destroys.

O D E IV.

RESISTANCE turns me, like a napkin, pale ;
 REBELLION chills me into stone ;
 " Tell not in Gath the tale,
 " Nor publish in the streets of Ascalon."

Copy the manners of a court :
 There (thanks to EDUCATION for't)
 SUBMISSION cowering creeps, with fearful eye,
 Unceasing bends the willowy neck to ground,
 In rev'rence, abject and profound,
 Too humbly modest to behold the sky :

There, all alive too, HAWK ATTENTION sits,
 To study royal HUMOUR's various fits ;
 With wings expanded, ready to fly post,
 To east, to west, to north, or south,
 To cater for a monarch's mighty mouth,
 To get him bak'd, or grill'd, or boil'd, or roast :

Now scampers to pick up each bit of news,
 Which full-fed London ev'ry moment sp—s :
 Then to the palace the rich treasure bears,
 And pours the whole into the royal ears.

There ADULATION, with her silver tongue,
 Sweeter than Philomela's sweetest song,
 Says unto Majesty *such things* !
 Tells him that CÆSAR won not half *his* fame ;
 That ALEXANDER was a childish name,
 Compar'd to *his*—the King of KINGS !

Now smiling, staring huge surprise,
 With such a brace of wonder-looking eyes,
 On all the words from Majesty that dart ;
 As if bright gems, as large as eggs of pullet,
 Flow'd from the King's Golconda gullet,
 Enough, indeed, to load a cart :

Her

Her mouth so pleas'd the treasures to devour ;
Wide as the port-hole of a seventy-four.

Such is the picture of a palace scene,
Drawn by an *amateur*, I ween ;
The outline chaste, and easy flowing ;
The colouring not a whit too glowing.
Such, such is ADULATION, charming maid !
Whose conduct you won't copy, I'm afraid.

THERE is no wanton severity in the preceding lines, no bitterness of sarcasm (such as this poet is won't to indulge when royalty comes in his way) ; and we here gladly give him credit, though a satirist, for his humanity and tenderness.

O D E V.

AT opposition, lo! the soul demurs !
At such the royal mind revolts ;
Hates it as much as sticks, the cuts and curs,
Or curbs, and whips, and spurs, high-mettled coits.

Too well I know that you the great despise ;
Molehills, instead of mountains, in your eyes :
'Tis wrong !
I often rev'rence GRANDEUR in my song.

Go, Sirs, to court upon a gala day :
Soon as the soldiers cry aloud, " Make way !"
How gloriously the courtiers strut it by,
In gorgeous clothes of silk and gold,
With such an elevated front, and bold,
With such state-consequence in either eye ;

So much above the ground on which they strut,
So stiff, so stake-like, all the pompous pack,
As though Dame Nature had forgot to put
The joints of manners to the neck and back.

O glorious fight! this no one dares deny :—
 And lo! I'd lay considerable odds,
 That man who ne'er divinities did spy,
 Would really take them for a pack of gods!

Grant that the great are ignorant—what then?
 Still are they folks of worship—still *great* men;
 Though flogg'd through schools, and banish'd from a
 college,

Although not one inch broad their minds, I ween :
 The utmost boundary of all their knowledge,
 The game-act and JOHN NICHOLS's magazine.

Still men of worship, must they all appear
 BEINGS we little people should *revere*?

'Tis nat'ral to revere the *falk* on high;
 To rev'rence, lo! our infancies are led!

Well do I recollect how oft my eye
 Ador'd the kings and queens of gingerbread:

King David, Solomon, and that brave Queen *
 Who rode so far to see, and to be seen:
 Though hungry as a hound, with pence in store,
 When in their glory on the stalls I meet 'em;
 Though longing to devour them o'er and o'er,
 I deem'd it sacrilege to eat 'em.

A KING, a painter, an architect, a poet-laureat,
 a printer, a reviewer, or even a smaller object than
 any of these, a poor, little, crawling louse, for instance,
 will serve Peter for a theme, or, rather, for a title-
 page, when he has a mind to treat the world with a
 new poem; and it matters not whether the contents
 of the piece bear much, or little, or no relation to
 its title.

* Her Majesty of Sheba.

O D E VI.

THE light of REASON is a little ray,
 But still it shews us the right way :
 Indeed, the GENTLEWOMAN makes no blaze,
 No bonfire tempting a fool's eye to gaze—
 A modest dame, remote, and calm, and coy,
 And never playeth gambols, to destroy.

But ERROR, what a meretricious jade,
 Amidst her trackless wilds immers'd in shade,
 To tempt the silly and unwary !
 Her meteor, lo ! she lights !—here, there,
 Up, down, she dances it—now far, now near,
 In mad and riotous vagary.

On the fools wander, in pursuit so stout,
 And love of this same garish light ;
 All on a sudden goes this meteor out ;
 And caught, like badgers, in the sack of night,
 Blund'ring and trying to get back agen,
 They roll about in vain, poor men.

Thus you academicians all proceed !
 You are those BADGERS, gentlemen, indeed !

There seems an ardent spirit, to my mind,
 A revolution spirit, 'mongst mankind :
 A spark will now set kingdoms in a blaze,
 That would not fire a barn in former days ;
 So lately turn'd to touchwood is each state—
 So whimsical, indeed, the ways of FATE.

Pray, Sirs, both old and young, ye bright and muddy,
 Did ever you make cuckoldom your study ?
 P'rhaps *not*, if rightly I divine—
 But, gentlemen, I've made it *mine*.

This state of man, and let me add obscenity,
 Is not a situation of *betweenity*.

As some word-coiners are dispos'd to call't—
 Meaning a mawkish, *as-it-were-ifs* state,
 Containing neither love nor hate—
 A sort of water-gruel without salt.

Know then, that CUCKOLDOM's all eye, all ear,
 All smell, all taste, and, faith! all feeling—
 His senses sharp as those of cats appear,
 To right, to left—as quick as soldiers wheeling,
 To catch a wife's bad fame, alas! not praise;
 Thus setting traps to squeeze his future days;

Watering with one eternal tear the eye,
 And making lovely LIFE one lengthen'd sigh:
 A pair of antlers his—he sits on thorns—
 He nothing sees but horns, horns, horns!

Nay, to the cuckold in idea, lo,
 On either side his head a horn appears
 Tremendous! but which all his neighbours know
 Are only one huge pair of ass's ears.

Then pray dismiss your jealousies and frights;
 Our M——h means not to invade your rights:
 It never, never was a royal plan—
 “For BRUTUS is an honourable man!”
 Greater from CHAMBERS should be all your fears,
 Whose HOUSE is tumbling fast about your ears.

IF Truth, as has been asserted, is a cold unpoetical virtue, and bards universally succeed best in fiction, it may perhaps furnish a criterion, by which we may try our author's loyalty. From a sincere regard for the facetious Peter, and as the only return we can make for the frequent entertainment we have received from his writings, we have adopted this method of distinction; and it has enabled us to add, which we do with pride and pleasure, that we are convinced he is truly loyal *at heart*. In his Satire on Kings, there is a vein of true poetry; equal sublimity, and ardour, the *os magnæ sonaturum*, and the vivid blaze of genius. When he praises

praises them, there is often a *tamenefs*, an apparent labour, the Sisyphæan toil of rolling, up the steep ascent; a rough round stone, a spirit and an animation only when he escapes from his subject into pure description, or a few fly disloyal allusions. Could Aristotle himself, could his descendant, the great Scriblerus, or the united bands of all the Reviewers, *haud passibus æquis sequentes*, wish for a more certain proof that disloyalty is assumed, and that the spirit and the knee bow, with equal flexibility, at the name of king? Let it be no longer insinuated, then, that Peter is disloyal, for the Rights of Kings is written with the *tamenefs* of truth, the labour of sincerity, without one animating spark of fiction.

O D E VII.

THE King (God grace him) wishes you to *shine*:
He rais'd the building with your cash and mine:
 But what is wealth? what thousands? trifling things!
 To swell the mighty volume of its fame,
 He call'd it ROYAL—thus he *gave* the name;
 Which proveth the munificence of kings—
 Heav'ns, what a present! ah, well worth possessing!
 Lo! on a level with a bishop's blessing!

DOMITIAN (so says HIST'RY, with a sigh);
 Would quit affairs of state, to hunt a fly:
 But we have no such trifle-hunting kings—
 Europe knows no such miserable *things*!
 Her princes gallop on a larger scale;
 No flippant minnow, but the flound'ring whale.

GEORGE wishes not to give the dome a grave;
 Not to destroy he cometh—but to save:
 Not like DAME NATURE, who composes forms
 The fairest for the fascinated eye;
 Then sends her lightnings, floods, and storms,
 To bid the beauteous flow'rets die!

When—

When once a woman's handsome, smart, and clever,
 In God's name let her bloom for ever!
 Ah! could I snatch TIME's ploughshare from his hand,
 Who, with that ease a farmer skirts his land,
 Furrows so cruelly o'er the fairest face!
 Relentless as a Mohawk, on he goes,
 Cuts up the lily and the rose,
 Roots up each wavy curl, and bends the neck of
 grace—

Ah! could I simply do but this,
 The sweetest lips would give me many a kiss.

By raising, then destroying like a Turk,
 It seems as though TIME did not like his work;
 As though he wanted something *better* still,
 Than e'er was manufactur'd at his mill.

And yet how exquisite, of charms the crop
 In Melodames * JOHNSON'S, * KELLY'S, * WINDSOR'S
 shop.

Or rather hot-house!—Lord, if fond of billing;
 What grace, for guineas, we may find.
 Nay, in the streets, if cheapness suits our mind,
 We purchase Cleopatras for a shilling.

❶ BEAUTY, how thou stealest me away!
 Born, thou sweet WITCH, thy POET to beguile:
 Thy fool, idolator, by night, by day,
 He feels a chain in ev'ry smile.
 Thou tyrant of my heart, let go my pen—
I must, will speak to academic men.

Sirs! should the ROYAL EAGLE, from his height,
 Dart on your puny forms, his eye of flame,
 And wanton, just to exercise his might
 (Deeming you no ignoble game),
 Should pounce on your owl-backs, so stout,
 How would a cloud of feathers fly about!
 The thunder of his beak, for falling, ripe—
 What figures you would cut within his gripe!

* The priestesses of the Cyprian goddess.

This can the KING OF ILES perform—I know it—
 Yet, though of pow'r so full, he will not shew it.
 Too soon your band its weakness would deplore!
 A crab in a cow's mouth—no more!

Say, don't you tremble at th' affronted name?
 Where lurks the burning blush of shame?
 Alas! that symptom of remaining grace
 Knows not to tinge an academic face!
 Sons of the dev'l like you, rebellious, hear—
 It is for kings to *burden*—us to *bear*.

I own I've said (and glory in th' advice),
 "Be not, O king, as usual *over-nice* :
 "Dread Sire (to take a phrase from CALIBAN),
 "Bite 'em"—
 "To pour a heavier vengeance on the clan,
 "Knight 'em."

O D E IX.

THE modern French deem monarchs much like
 fire,
 Which a good looking-after doth require—
 Too much inclin'd to prove an evil;
 A fire that needeth to be well secur'd,
 Well iron'd, pinion'd, and immur'd,
 Which otherwise would play the devil:
 Yet if on politics a *bard* may prate,
 I deem their monarch's jacket rather strait
 MESDAMES POISSARDES, 'twas shockingly ill bred,
 To fling your flounders at your MONARCH's head.
 Though, VENUS-like, descended from the flood,
 'Twas base, ye sweet DIVINITIES of mud.
 To this great truth, a UNIVERSE agrees,
 "He who lies down with dogs, will rise with fleas."

How applicable! lo, you took advice,
 I'm sure, from that ARCH-DEVIL, DOCTOR PRICE,
 And

And STANHOPE—who so praise the French and clap,
For catching kings, like pole-cats, in a trap.

O may I never *be*—but *were* I king,
Like ropes should I consider laws;
Preventing, when I wish'd it, a good spring—
Hand-cuffs to bind my lion-claws.

A set of articles implies mistrust—
How can the LORD'S ANOINTED be unjust?
We never should believe such things
As doubt the wisdom of the KING OF KINGS:
What the LORD chooses *must* be good,
Although he sent us but a piece of wood.
Ev'n *CHESTERFIELD, that Atheistic dog,
Declares he has a rev'rence for KING LOG.
“ When will that lucky day be born, that brings
“ A bridle for the arrogance of kings?
“ Too slowly moves, alas! the loitt'ring hour.
“ When will those tyrants cease to fancy man
“ A dog in PROVIDENCE's lev'ling plan,
“ To crouch, and lick the blood-stain'd rods of
“ POW'R?”

Such is your most unkingly cry—
And lo, I tell it with a sigh!

Rank is in man the itch of opposition,
Which wanteth a good whip for a physician.
You keep bad company that turns your head—
So hungrily you ev'ry thing devour,
That tends to clip the wings of royal pow'r,
Which like the eagle's pinion ought to spread;
So greedily suck in REBELLION's breath,
That wafts the seeds of IMPUDENCE and DEATH.

Thus, hound-like, at a Lord-Mayor's feast,
A COMMON-COUNCILMAN, a beast,
On ev'ry season'd dish so hungry stuffs—
Unbuttons, wipes the sweat away, and puffs.

* “ I confess I have some regard for KING LOG.”——*Vide* his Letters.

Poor fool ! he swallows rheumatism and gout,
Asthma and apoplexy—and more ills
Than doctors, with their knowledges so stout,
Can vanquish with their boluses and pills !

But, Sirs, you must be *cautious* how you act ;
Attorney-General is no *reasoning* thing !
'Tis an undubitable fact,
This fellow is the creature of a king ;
His eagle—thunder-bearer—loud his cry—
And “ Instant vengeance ” is his sole reply.
'Tis dangerous to shake hands with such hard claws,
His gripe enough to make the bravest pause.

Then be not at your midnight orgies seen,
Buzzing opinions upon king and queen.
Ah ! should he sally forth so strong,
Amidst your wantonness of speech and song ;
Unlin'd by mercy, you will feel his gripe,
Stopping the melody of many a pipe.

Thus, at the solemn, still, and sunless hour,
When to their sports the insect nations pour ;

In airy tumult blest, the light-wing'd throng,
Thoughtless of enemies in ambuscade,
Hums to NIGHT's list'ning ear the choral song,
And wantons through the boundless field of shade ;
When, lo ! the mouse-fac'd DEMON of the gloom,
Espying, hungry meditates their doom !

Bounce, from his hole so secret bursts the BAT,
To honour, mercy, moderation, lost !
Behold him sally on the humming host,
And murd'rous overturn the tribes of GNAT ;
Nimble from right to left, like TIPPoo, wheel,
And snap ten thousand pris'ners at a meal !

THE facetious Peter Pindar, whose pointed ridicule
so frequently excites a laugh against his neighbours,
has himself been occasionally threatened with retaliation.

liation. It so happens, however, that, although the rod of satire has been held by several different hands, yet Peter has not, as yet, been *whipt* out of that dry *humour*, peculiar to himself.

O D E X.

HOW pleasant 'tis the courtier clan to see!
 So prompt to drop to Majesty the knee;
 To start, to run, to leap, to fly,
 And gambol in the royal eye;
 And, if expectant of some high employ,
 How kicks the heart against the ribs, for joy.

How rich the incense to the royal nose!
 How liquidly the oil of FLATT'RY flows!
 But should the monarch turn from sweet to sour,
 Which cometh oft to pass in half an hour,
 How alter'd instantly the courtier clan!
 How faint! how pale! how woe-begone, and wan!

Thus CORYDON, betroth'd to DELIA's charms,
 In fancy holds her ever in his arms:
 In madd'ning fancy, cheeks, eyes, lips devours;
 Plays with the ringlets that all flaxen flow
 In rich luxuriance o'er a breast of snow,
 And on that breast the soul of rapture pours.

NIGHT, too, entrances—SLUMBER brings the dream—
 Gives to his lips his IDOL's sweetest kifs;
 Bids the wild heart, high panting, swell its stream,
 And deluge ev'ry nerve with blifs:
 But if his NYMPH unfortunately frowns,
 Sad, chop-fall'n, lo! he hangs himself, or drowns!

Oh, try with blifs his moments to beguile:
 Strive not to make your sov'reign frown—but smile:
 Sublime are royal nods—most precious things!—
 Then, to be *whifled* to by kings!

To

To have them lean familiar on one's shoulder,
Becoming thus the royal arm-upholder,

A heart of very stone must grow quite glad.
Oh! would some king so far himself demean,
As on *my* shoulder but for *once* to lean,

Th' excess of joy would nearly make me mad!
How on the honour'd garment I should doat—
And think a glory blaz'd around the coat!

Blest, I should make this coat my coat of arms,
In fancy glitt'ring with a thousand charms;

And shew my children's children o'er and o'er:
"Here, babies," I should say, "with awe behold
"This coat—worth fifty times its weight in gold:
"This very, very coat your grandfire wore!

"Here,"—pointing to the shoulder—I should say,
"Here Majesty's *own* hand so sacred lay"—
Then p'rhaps repeat some speech the King might
utter;

As—"Peter, how go sheep a score? what? what?

"What's cheapest meat to make a bullock fat?

"Hæ? hæ? what, what's the price of country
"butter?"

Then should I, strutting, give myself an air,
And deem my house adorn'd with immortality:
Thus should I make the children, calf-like, stare,
And fancy grandfather a man of quality:
And yet, not stopping here, with chearful note,
The muse should sing an *ode* upon the coat.

Poor lost AMERICA, high honours missing,
Knows nought of smile and nod, and sweet hand-
kissing;

Knows nought of golden promises of kings;
Knows nought of coronets, and stars, and strings;

In solitude the lovely REBEL sighs!

But vainly drops the penitential tear—

Deaf as the adder to the woman's cries,

We suffer not her wail to wound our ear:

For food we bid her hopeless children prowl,
And with the savage of the desert howl.

O D E XI.

“ **M**AN may be happy, if he will :”
 I’ve said it often, and I think so still :
 Doctrine to make the **MILLION** stare !
KNOW then, each **MORTAL** is an actual **JOVE** ;
 Can brew what weather he shall most approve,
 Or wind, or calm, or foul, or fair.

But here’s the mischief—man’s an ass, I say ;
 Too fond of thunder, light’ning, storm, and rain ;
 He hides the charming, chearful ray
 That spreads a smile o’er hill and plain !
 Dark, he *must* court the scull, and spade, and shroud—
 The mistress of his soul must be a **CLOUD** !

Who told him that he must be curs’d on earth ?—
 The **GOD** of **NATURE** ?—No such thing !
HEAV’N whisper’d him, the moment of his birth,
 “ Don’t cry, my lad, but dance and sing ;
 “ Don’t be too wise, and be an ape :—
 “ In colours let thy soul be dress’d, not crape.

“ **ROSES** shall smoothe **LIFE**’s journey, and adorn ;
 “ Yet mind me—if, through want of grace,
 “ Thou mean’st to fling the blessing in my face,
 “ Thou hast full leave to tread upon a thorn.”

Yet some there are, of men I think the worst,
 Poor imps ! unhappy, if they can’t be curs’d—
 For ever brooding over **MIS’RY**’s eggs,
 As though life’s pleasure were a deadly sin ;
 Mousing for ever for a gin
 To catch their happinesses by the legs.

Ev’n at a dinner some will be unblest’d,
 However good the viands, and well dress’d :
 They always come to table with a scowl,
 Squint with a face of verjuice o’er each dish,
 Fault the poor flesh, and quarrel with the fish,
 Curse cook and wife, and, loathing, eat and growl.
 A cart-

A cart-load, lo, their stomachs steal,
 Yet swear they cannot make a meal.
 I like not the blue-devil-hunting crew !
 I hate to drop the discontented jaw !
 O let me NATURE's simple smile pursue,
 And pick ev'n pleasure from a straw.

O D E XII.

TREAT sov'REIGNS, Sirs, with more respect,
 I beg :
 To thrones, with due *decorum*, make a leg ;
 Ev'n *those* are sacred, though but empty chairs :
 There lurks in thrones a *something*, though but wood,
 That thrills with awe the vulgar mass of blood,
 And fills the mouth and eye with gapes and stares :

Wishing by no means to affront,
 I wonder what's the meaning on't !

LOUIS QUATORZE was quite the Frenchman's god ;
 Who made all nations tremble at his nod ;
 Married SCARRON's old widow, dry and frousy ;
 Got deep in debt, the constable out-ran ;
 And, to complete the farce, this GOD-LIKE MAN
 Died——*lousy* * !

The CROWN, so powerful, made him ev'ry thing !
 There's somewhat marv'llous in't, I must own !
 For folly is not folly on a throne ;
 For whiting's eyes are diamonds in a king !

I dare not say that no exception springs
 Against this mighty magic pow'r of kings :
 Not all a MONARCH's smiles, and pow'rs of PLACE,
 Can wipe vulgarity from BRUDENELL's face ;
 Nor, though a whole eternity they try,
 Blot art, infernal art, from H—KSB—Y's eye ;
 Blot beast from S—LISB—Y, who no legend needs,
 Pertness from D——K, and vacancy from L—DS.

* He had actually the *morbus pediculus*.

O D E XIII.

LO! Majesty admireth yon fair * DOME ;
 And deemeth that he is admir'd again ;
 The King is wedded to it—'tis his home—
 He watches it—and *loves* it, e'en to pain :
 And yet this lofty dome is heard to say,
 " Poh ! poh ! p-x take your love—away ! away ! "

To this, with energy, I answer—" Shame ! "
 Such bad behaviour puts me in a flame :
 This is unseemly, nay, ungrateful carriage,
 And brings to mind a little ode to MARRIAGE.

O D E TO H Y M E N ;

O R,

T H E H E C T I C.

GOD of ten million charming things,
 Of whom *our* MILTON so divinely sings,
 Once dove-tail'd to a devil of a wife—
 HYMEN, how comes it that I am so slighted ?
 Why with thy myst'ries am I not delighted,
 Which I have tried to peep on half my life ?

God of the down-clad chains, dispel the mist—
 O put me speedily upon thy list !
 A civil list, like that of kings, I'm told,
 Bringing in swelling bags of glorious gold !

What have I done to lose thy good opinion ?
 Against thee was I ever known to rail ;
 And say (abusing thus thy sweet dominion),
 " Curse me, if this boy's trap shall catch my tail ? "

* The Royal Academy.

No, no!—I praise thy knot with bellowing breath,
Which, like JACK KETCH's, seldom slips till death.

Lo! 'midst the hollow-sounding vault of night,
Deep coughing by the taper's lonely light,

The hopeless HECTIC rolls his eye balls, fighting :
“ Sleep on,” he cries, and drops the tend'rest tear ;
Then kisses his wife's cherub-cheek so dear :

“ Blest be thy slumbers, love ! though I am dying :
“ Ah ! whilst *thou* sleepest with the sweetest breath,
“ I pump, for life, the putrid well of death !

“ I feel of fate's hard hand th' oppressive pow'r ;
“ I count the iron tongue of ev'ry hour,
“ That seems in fancy's startled ear to say—
“ Soon must thou wander from thy wife away.

“ Dread sound ! too solemn for the soul to bear,
“ Murn'ring deep melancholy on my ear :
“ And fullen—ling'ring, as if loth to part,
“ And ease the terrors of my fainting heart.
“ Yet, though I pant for life, sleep *thou*, my dove,
“ For well thy constancy deserves my love.”

And, lo ! all young and beauteous, by his side,
His soft, fresh-blooming, incense-breathing BRIDE,
Whose cheek the dream of rapt'rous kisses warms,
Anticipates her SPOUSE's wish so good ;
Feels love's wild ardours tingling through her blood,
And pants amidst a *second* husband's arms ;
Now opes her eyes, and, turning round her head,
“ Wonders the filthy fellow is not dead !”

O D E XIV.

YOU quarrell'd with SIR JOSHUA some time since ;
Of painters, easily allow'd the prince—
The emp'ror, let me say, without a flattery :
Yet wantonly against this emp'ror, lo !
An overflowing tub of bile to shew,
You foolish plant'd an infernal battery.

The

The mind of man is vastly like a hive;
His thoughts so busy ever—all alive!

But here the *simile* will go no further;
For bees are making honey, one and all;
Man's thoughts are busy in producing gall,
Committing, as it were, self-murder.

But let the spirit that furrounds *my* frame
Sit easy on it, just like an old shoe—
When DISAPPOINTMENT sets my house in flames,
Let REASON all she can to quench it do :
REASON has engines plentiful and stout,
With water at command to put it out.

I hate to hear men quarrelling through life,
Themselves the fabricators of the strife ;
For ever hunting, with a hound-like nose,
Into that hornet's nest, the tribe of woes :
And when the woes invited greet 'em,
They wonder how the dev'l they meet 'em.

O D E XV.

AH! could you wish your * PRESIDENT to change ?
Ah! could you, PAGANS, after false gods range ?
Swop *solid* REYNOLDS for that *shadow* WEST ?
In love-affairs variety's no sin—
Trav'lers may change at any time their inn—
Here 'tis paint-blasphemy, I do protest.

In LOVE's warm regions I should like, I own,
'Midst diff'rent climes to fix my throne :
DAVID's physicians order'd change of † dame—
And, lo! t'improve our cows, we bid 'em pass
Into variety of grass—
With *bulls*, I guess, th' advantage is the same.

* The AUTHOR has *some* reason to imagine, that a part of the academic rebellion was meant to attack the PRESIDENT; the disappearance of whose works, in the present EXHIBITION, has been fatal.—One picture from SIR JOSHUA's hand would have atoned for a host of *daubs*.

† Abishag, the fair Shunamite.

And as I MONSIEUR CUPIDON employ,
To manufacture pieces of my joy,

I would not mad run counter to the fashion :
A little SYLVIA, with the sweetest smile,
Possesses power some moments to beguile,
And in Elysium lap the prettiest passion.

But not *toujours perdrix*—the vulgar thing !
Then PLEASURE soon would spread her wanton wing ;
No ! no ! VARIETY the game must start—
Come oft, and make her curt'sy to my heart ;
And, like the orange-girls, my taste to suit,
Cry, " Choice of fruit—fine fruit, Sir—choice of
" fruit."

Dull CONSTANCY is quite a quaker's hat,
So formal !—changeless in its great broam brim :
VARIETY's a fine young playful CAT—
A hopeful imp of spirit, sport, and whim ;
Who, when all other objects fail,
Runs after its own tail.

O D E XVI.

DEAD is idolatry, and faint the praise
That sceptred people meet with now-a-days !
All unmolested, lo ! the VIRTUES sleep !
Their roof with fair applause but rarely rings—
Sweet PANEGYRIC moves with snail-like creep,
And DEFAMATION on the light'ning's wings !

Too pleas'd to pluck the soaring plume of POW'ER,
You bless an opposition hour ;
Too fond, alas ! of roasting harmless kings ;
Too well I know what freedoms you would take—
Beat the *dear* creatures just like bears at stake ;
Just like a poor tame GULL's, would clip his wings !

Poor

Poor bird ! whom FATE oft cruelly affails ;
 Forc'd from his bold aërial height,
 Sweeping the sun amidst his flight,
 To hop a garden, and hunt snails !

Such is the fate of LOUIS SEIZE,
 Whom PITY, with a sigh, surveys ;
 Whom FRENCHMEN daringly have laid a curb on ;
 Who now no more *full royally* indites,
 No more "*Sic volo*" to his kingdom writes,
 But, " I'm your humble servant, LOUIS BOURBON."

Lettres-de-cachet, now no longer known,
 Shall lull no more an EMPIRE'S idle groan ;
Bastiles, those schools of peace and sweet morality,
 Instruct no more the mob, and men of quality :

Bastiles, the haunt of philosophic gloom,
 Surround the IMPS of liberty no more :
 In dust each iron and colossal door,
 Which clos'd in thunder on a rebel's room :

That pealing, with reverberated sound,
 Rung through the caverns of the dread PROFOUND ;
 Where MEDITATION ponder'd, pensive maid !
 And HORROR, death-like, paus'd upon the shade.

Oh, let us cherish, then, the ROYAL RACE,
 The fount of honour, freedom, pension, place !
 On *me* would KINGS their treasure fling away,
 Most humbly grateful would I say,
 " Thus LYBIA's forests a kind shade supply,
 " And for the meanest savage form a den ;
 " And thus the mountains that invade the sky,
 " Kind, in their shaggy bosoms warm the WREN."

PETER,

PETER, like Antæus, rises with an elastic rebound, when borne down by the *weight of his subject*, sinking from a frigid torpor, or from a fear of melting his waxen wings, he has, for a moment, touched the ground.

O D E XVII.

AMID the deep'ning gloom of time
Your puny name shall scarce appear ;
 While those of kings, in characters sublime,
 Shall, blazing, bid a *world* revere :
 Their peerless acts, with ev'ry virtuous quality,
 Shall grace the PYRAMID of IMMORTALITY.

There shall their glorious names be seen so bright,
 As on a birth or coronation night,

Amidst the evening's honour'd shade,
 Fast by the grocer's, or the chandler's shop,
 Or lace, or pin-man, or the man of mop,
 By loyal thumb-bottles display'd !

That, burning with a rival glow,
 Beam on the gaping multitude below.

Know, when we slumber, not so sleeps the King—
He watches !—yes, he ponders through the night !
 To buried genius lends a fancied wing,
 And lifts him from his darkness into light :

Thus, nightly on the * MEVAGIZZY shore,
 When HORROR breathes upon the heaving DEEP,
 Amid the wild and solemn roar ;

These eyes have seen the crafty HERON creep,
 Now dart his beak so sharp for fish's blood,
 And snatch a wriggling conger from the flood !

Here differeth this comparison of ours—
 The KING *preserveth*—but the FOWL *devours*.

* A fishing-town, in Cornwall.

O D E XVIII.

GO Sirs, with halters round your wretched necks,
 Which some contrition for your crime bespeaks,
 And much-offended Majesty implore ;
 Say, piteous, kneeling in the royal view—
 “ Have pity on a sad abandon’d crew,
 “ And we, great King, will sin no more :
 “ Forgive, dread Sir, the crying sin,
 “ And *Misſer* LAURENCE ſhall come in.”

Your hemp cravats, your pray’r, your Tyburn mien,
 May pardon gain from our good King and Queen,
 For they are not inexorable people ;
 Although you thus have run their patience hard ;
 And though you are, to ſuch great folk, compar’d,
 Candle-extinguishers to ſome high ſteeple.

For kings (I ſpeak it to their vaſt applauſe)
 Can pardon, if you let them gain their cauſe ;
 So gracious, they will give you ſuch kind looks,
 As fell upon the ſhav’d and humbled cooks ;
 Kind as a gard’ner’s charitable eye
 On ſome cruſh’d ſnail, or bird-lim’d fly ;
 Kind as the epicure’s, who, fond of mites,
 Mingleth compaſſion with his bites.

How vile to make the front of monarchs low’r !
 I ſee him, all like vinegar ſo ſour,
 Look black !—but, *ſtill* good-humour’s in his ſoul ;
 And now I mark it, ſtealing forth ſo ſweet—
 Stream of forgivenefs, what a treat !—
 I ſee his eye, with love-rekindling, roll.

Thus, when the DEMON of the ſtorm has driv’n
 The SUN, that YOUTH of ſplendour, from his heav’n,
 Drown’d ev’ry vale, and blaſted ev’ry bloom ;
 Caſt o’er poor NATURE’s ſmile a ſable ſhroud,
 Each beauty blotted with his inkieſt cloud,
 And giv’n a chearful world to gloom ;

Lo! through the giant shade, a lonely ray
 Peeps from the op'ning West with timid air
 (Till forc'd by shouldering clouds away),
 Informing man, "To-morrow will be fair."

Oh, had you rev'renc'd a great k—g's commands,
 What trouble he had taken off your hands!
 For ART you had not rang'd the realm around!
 His keener eye the precious gem had found!
 Then, what an honour to have seen appointed,
 Your very NIGHTMAN, by the LORD'S ANOINTED!

O D E XIX.

A LITTLE more, and I have done—
 The muse's tittle-tattle must go on.—

The world is very fond of calling "Fool:"
 It looks with rapture on a simple head,
 Of puerilities the rich hot-bed,
 So pleasing to the taste of RIDICULE;
 Rare crops! that, thick'ning into life,
 Start, like asparagus, to tempt the knife.

And, should the head belong to some great DUKE,
 HAWK-SATIRE eyes it with the keenest look:
 Still, should the OWNER hap to be a KING,
 Sharp for her quarry, how she prunes her wing!
 Such is the proneness to assail *great folk*,
 And make high birth and state a standing joke.

Oh, for an ointment to destroy the scab
 Call'd ENVY, which, alas! too many know!
 The heart should be a medlar, not a crab;
 Milk, and not verjuice, from its fount should flow:
 But GREATNESS, sun-like, from the muddy stream,
 Draws the foul vapour that obscures its beam!

R r

Indeed,

Indeed, the PEOPLE are a lawless crew—
 Why strive I then, Quixotic, to reform?
 As soon a feather may the waves subdue,
 And spiders bind the pinions of the storm.

Yet, 'tis not strange, that kings should lose repute,
 Confid'ring man's so great a brute.—
 Ev'n SAINTS themselves have lost their reputation :
 ROME formerly had thirty thousand gods ;
 And now, I warrant ye, 'tis odds,
 They own scarce *one* through all the Romish nation.
 Alas ! who now believes in sticks and stones,
 Old rags, and hair, and marrow-bones ?

SAINT AGNES, that sweet lady, void of sin,
 Was stripp'd, poor gentlewoman, to her skin ;
 And, for religion, carried to the stews ;
 When, as the lady was so bare,
 God gave her such a quantity of hair,
 As reach'd unto her very shoes.

When to the bawdy-house arriv'd the DAME,
 An angel from above commission'd came,
 And spread around her such a heav'nly light,
 As dazzled every body's sight.

However, a young OFFICER, a buck,
 Wishing prodigiously to have a look,
 Dash'd forth, to pierce the middle of the light,
 Meaning to violate the DAME so good ;
 Which meaning, when the DEVIL understood,
 He choak'd the wanton ROGUE out-right.

Such is the tale ! true ev'ry crumb ;
 Now no more heeded than TOM THUMB.

TO MR. P I T T.

DEAR as a diamond to the best of queens,
 Dear as to cormorants, of fish a shoal ;
 Dear to a German hog, as beds of beans ;
 Dear as a fix-pence fav'd, to MIS'RY's soul :

Dear as the doctor's bill to this good nation,
 Which parliament, with tears of joy, survey'd ;
 Which brought about a much-desir'd salvation,
 For which the doctors have been *poorly* paid :

Dear as the * ROYAL MESSAGE to the NATION,
 By which *more money* humbly is implor'd—
 “ More money for the CHILDREN's education—
 “ Hard times ! more money for the CHILDREN's
 “ board : ”

Dear as to *valiant* GLO'STER sword and gun ;
 Dear as a dock-leaf to a hungry ass ;
 Dear to the fam'd GEORGE SELWYN, as a pun ;
 Dear as to legs of mutton, caper-sauce ;

Dear as the voice of flatt'ry to the PROUD ;
 Dear as to hackney-coachmen signs of rain,
 Who count their shillings in a coming cloud,
 And, pious, pray for Noah's flood again ;

So dear to monarchs is that idol POW'R !
 So dear is prompt obedience to a king !
 Far, of resistance be the trying hour !
 God bless us ! what a melancholy thing !

* What a niggardly set of representatives we send to parliament!
 To suffer his Majesty so *frequently* to be begging for a *little* money,
 is shameful in the extreme.—In God's name, let him have the
 TREASURY at once. Had he been worth ten or eleven millions,
 an economy would have been pardonable.

Yet opposition-fraught to royal wishes,
Quite counter to a gracious king's commands,
Behold ! th' ACADEMICIANS, those strange fishes,
For * WHEATLY lifted their unhallow'd hands.

So then, those fellows have not learnt to crawl,
To play the spaniel, lick the foot, and fawn—
Oh, be their bones by tygers broken all !
Pleas'd, by wild horses could I see them drawn.—

O PITT ! with thee I'm sorry, very sorry !
Not make a poor ASSOCIATE !—such a *thing* !
Who tried to tarnish thus the royal glory ?
What rebel balloted against his king ?

Then, Sir, he is so bountiful a man !
A cataract of charity, I'll say—
Inform me, any body, if you can,
Unmark'd by liberality a day !

Where'er he walks, where'er his wild career,
Through CHELT'NAM, WEYMOUTH, EXON, PLY-
MOUTH, lo,
With joy his staring subjects all, so dear,
See from each step a stream of glory flow.

Thus, when that pretty animal, an —,
At night, on pavement gallops like the wind ;
Fire kindling at his heels, behold him pass !
How bright the sparkles that hop out behind !

Nurs'd on the dung-hill of the smiles of kings,
What mushrooms daily, to surprise us, start !
So nimbly the fair vegetable springs !
Such warmth prolific, can a smile impart !

Such is of royalty the envied pow'r !
Then perish ev'ry academic plant !
Oh, may they feel nor fun, nor soft'ring show'r !
Blow round them, O ye cold, cold winds of WANT !

* The rival candidate of Mr. LAURENCE.

What nabob structures rise, with wings outspread,
 Whose owners' pecks well merit to be lopp'd !
 With what sublimity they lift the head,
 By DEATH, and RUIN'S ATLAS-shoulders propp'd !

But such thy master's purity of soul,
 His eyes upon the sword of justice feast :
 " Curse on the pearl (he cries) by RAPINE stole ;
 " Curse on the diamonds of the bleeding East !

" Curse on the villains that whole realms despoil !
 " Curse on the cruel hand (we hear him cry)
 " That steals the fruit of LABOUR's honest toil,
 " And draws the tear of blood from PITY's eye !"

O PITT ! what punishment shall we contrive,
 To suit this saucy, self-important crew ?
 How shall we smoke this academic hive,
 That stinging makes us look so very *blue* ?

Oh, bid our monarch draw his purse-strings tight ;
 Contract his open heart, of giant stature ;
 Use ev'ry species of little spite,
 And violate for *once* his noble nature.

Oh, bid our sov'reign take it not to heart ;
 For downright brutes are BRITONS, nine in ten :
 At curbs and whips behold us asses start,
 And insolently claim the RIGHTS OF MEN.

And yet, I moderation wish to kings ;
 Yes, yes, they should be merciful, though strong.
 As SCEPTRES have been found in France with wings,
 One would not lose an EMPIRE for a *song*.

THIS Mr. Pindar is surely a most unreasonable man ! He would monopolize the kings of the earth, and appropriate them solely to his own use and emolument ! " I must have kings," quoth he, in one of his former publications. Let him, say we, have

his kings, and emperors too, and empresses into the bargain, if he wishes for them, and welcome—but wherefore grasp at *all*? Why not let a brother satirist, or a democratic politician, have a mouthful of royalty with him? Why, churlishly, consign Mr. Paine, and all the merry fellows who met to laugh-down and drink-down *despotism*, at the Crown and Anchor, to Old Nick, as he here does, for having, peradventure, the same high-flavour, taste, and relish, for *soup-royal*, with himself? This unfair dealing reminds us of the late Doctor Kenrick, of audacious memory, who, after having attacked the Newtonian philosophy, in various publications, for several years together, was so unreasonably enraged at a contemporary writer, for daring to embark in the same cause, that, [declaring “no man should abuse SIR ISAAC NEWTON but himself,”] he fell furiously on the luckless *heretic in science*, and worried him most unmercifully, in a periodical work, in which Dr. K. had then some concern. Thus it fares with respect to poor Mr. Paine, and other speculators on *reformation*; no one may make free with kings, and crowns, and sceptres, and “such like things,” but Peter Pindar, Esquire!—but wherefore is our heretofore pleasant friend in such a fearful passion? Why has he, thus unfortunately, abandoned his happier style? Return, pleasant bard! return to thy wonted good-humour, that we may again “laugh and shake” with thee, as heretofore! *Vive la bagatelle*, as long as thou likest,—but, no more national *politics*, good Master Pindar!

MORE

MORE MONEY!!
 O R,
ODES OF INSTRUCTION
 T O
MR. P I T T, &c.
 W I T H
SOME OTHER CHOICE MATTERS.

ODE I.

MORE money wanted!—'tis a brazen lie;
 'Tis OPPOSITION's disappointed cry;
 A poison'd shaft to wound the best of kings—
 More money! 'tis a poor invented story,
 To cloud with dire disgrace the king of glory—
 Damn'd sheers to clip his fame's exalted wings.

More money!—tis a little dirty tale,
 To sink of popularity the gale,
 That wafts the name of GEORGE to utmost earth;
 A snake that should be strangled in its birth.

More money!—'tis a party-trick so mean,
 To make us sick of our good king and queen.
 We have no more to give—a truce to grants,
 That make the state a field devour'd by * wants:

* Another word for a mole.

The rust that eats the cannon—the rank weed
 That dares the vessel's course sublime impede ;
 The worm that gnaws its native keel, th' ingrate,
 And opes the world of waters for its fate ;
 A spreading cancer that demands the knife ;
 That, wolf-like, preys upon the nation's life.

More money !—what a sound !—the solemn bell
 That tolls the constitution's knell.

Clap a hot iron on the patriot tongues,
 For loading spotless Majesty with wrongs :
 Nay, tear those tongues, th' offenders, from their holes,
 Foul pumps, that pour the froth from poison'd souls.
 The Monarch scorns to ask a penny more—
 Tax'd to the eyes, his groans the state deplore ;
 Away, then, DEFAMATION's baleful breath,
 'That blows on VIRTUE's bud the blight of death.

Yet, *should* it happen that the best of kings
Should whisper to his minister *strange things*,
 And bid thee money ask, the tempting curse ;
 Then *firmly* THOU, the nation's steward, say
 (With reverence due to royalty, I pray),

“ Dread Sir, have mercy on your people's purse.
 “ O king, your calculations have misled ye :
 “ Millions on millions you have had already.
 “ Oh ! let * DISCRETION from the virtue band
 “ Be call'd to court, to take you by the hand.

“ You really do not know how rich you are :
 “ Your wealth, so wond'rous, makes your subjects
 “ stare—

“ Squeez'd from great cities, towns, and hovels :
 “ HAWKSB'RY and COURTS can shew such heaps of
 “ treasure,

“ Such loads of guineas for the royal pleasure,
 “ Heav'd into iron chests with shovels !

“ Then how can Majesty be poor ?
 “ Your coffers, Sir, are running o'er.”

* This is fruitless advice, I fear—The PASSIONS are too powerful for the *gentle* VIRTUES.

O D E II.

SAY to the King (but with profound respect,
For who would manners unto kings neglect?)

“ Dread Sir, to hospitals you little grant,

“ Your magic name supplying every want—

“ And then how seldom ’tis you give a treat!

“ And then your mutton, veal, and beef, you kill,

“ The stomachs of your favour’d few to fill—

“ And butchers swear ’tis very pretty meat.

“ And lo, you kill your own delightful lambs:

“ And beat old BAKEWELL * in the breed of rams,

“ And never wish to keep a thing for finery:

“ Thus are parterres of Richmond and of Kew

“ Dug up for bull, and cow, and ram, and ewe,

“ And Windfor-Park, so glorious, made a twinery,

“ And lo, your dairy thriving, let me say,

“ As not ~~on~~ drop of milk is giv’n away—

“ So says your little dairy maid so sweet,

“ Whole beauties many a smile so gracious meet;

“ And smiling like the blooming May,

“ Who shews the milk-score ev’ry day.

“ How then can Majesty be poor?

“ Your chests, Sir, must be running o’er.

“ Your oratorios that expences bred,

“ And DUKE OF CUMBERLAND †, so dear, are dead,

“ That gave (*’tis said*) your Majesty much pain—

“ The nation kindly paid your doctor’s bills,

“ I mean the WILLISES, for toil and pills,

“ That brought you to your wisdom, Sire, again—

“ Then how can Majesty be poor?

“ Your coffers must be running o’er.

* We have more reverence than to say, a *brother* grazier of the North.

† By the death of the Duke, a large annual income reverted to his Majesty.

- " Cabbage and carrot without end,
 " The Windsor gard'ners * daily send ;
 " Proud that *their* vegetables load the board
 " Of Britain's high and mighty LORD.

 " Of this their glad posterity shall boast ;
 " For such an honour never should be lost—
 " Thus shall they cry in triumph to their neighbours,
 " Crown'd were our great great great forefathers' la-
 " bours ;
 " Whose praise through fame's long trumpet ever
 " rings,
 " For giving cabbages to kings.

 " Presents of ev'ry sort of thing are made,
 " Without the slightest danger of offending
 " Either from gentlemen, or men in trade ;
 " Your Majesties are both so condescending—
 " Folks for acceptance never beg and pray ;
 " For presents never yet were turn'd away.

 " People meet with much encouragement, *indeed*,
 " For sending rarities and pretty things ;
 " Although such rarities you do not need—
 " Such is the sweet humility of kings.
 " Then how can Majesty be poor ?
 " Your coffers must be running o'er.

 " Card-entertainment 'tis you chiefly give,
 " By which the chandlers scarce can live—
 " For soon as e'er you leave the little rout,
 " The candles are immediately blown out !
 " So quickly seiz'd on by some candle-shark,
 " LADIES and gentlemen are in the dark †.
 " Where, what has happen'd, Heav'n alone can tell,
 " As DARKNESS oft turns pimp t'undo a BELLE."

* Not now.—See the Progress of ADMIRATION.

† At the breaking-up of a royal card-party, this is constantly done :—the poor maids of honour, and the gentlemen, may grope their way how they can.

O D E III.

- SAY to thy King (but, as I've said before,^{*}
 With due respect), " By G—, you can't be poor,
 " Sometimes a little concert is *made up*,
 " Where nought is giv'n to eat or sup—
 " Where MUSIC makes an economic pother;
 " Where, with a solitary tweedle tweedle,
 " A pretty melancholy fiddle
 " Squeaks at the absence of his little brother,
 " Whose presence would be much enjoy'd,
 " But costs *too much* to be employ'd!
 " Where FISCHER's instrument (a frugal choice)
 " Serves both for hautboys and for voice—
 " As BILLINGTON and MARA, to the King,
 " And that perverse STORACE would not sing *.
- " Lo! by some WOMAN's order (sie upon her!)
 " The pretty, harmless, modest maids of honour
 " Are forc'd to furnish for their beds, the sheet:
 " The pillow-cases, too, says fame,
 " By order of some high-commanding dame,
 " To whose sweet soul economy is sweet.
- " Dear maids of honour! what a sin of sins,
 " That Britain can't accommodate your skins!
 " Poor GENEROSITY is sadly lam'd;
 " And yet the noble beast was ne'er rode hard—
 " Pale, cold ECONOMY seems quite asham'd,
 " Who never plays an idle card:
 " Nay, AVARICE, her mother, with surprise
 " Turns up the whites, so sad, of both her eyes.

* When MONSIEUR NICOLAI, his MAJESTY's *first* favourite, *first* fiddle, and *first* news-monger, went with his MAJESTY's commands to MADAM ST*****, to assist at a *sort* of concert at Buckingham-House, the songstress, smiling on him with the most ineffable contempt, asked him, " What, NICOLAI, I am to sing " at the *old price*, I suppose?" meaning nothing—" My compliments to your master and mistress, and tell them I am better engaged."

- " To wit you nothing give—to learning nought :
 " Lo, in his garret, MATHEMATICS pines,
 " Where, hungry after bread and cheese and thought,
 " He forms with brother spiders useless lines.

 " Th' expence of new-year's ode is felt no more !
 " Thus is that needless, tuneless hubbub o'er :
 " All praise must centre in the birth-day song :
 " The virtues must be lump'd together—yes !
 " And *then* (if *subjects* may *presume* to guess)
 " The LAUREAT need not make it very long.

 " A *load* of praise is nauseous stuff—
 " SIRE, don't you think, at times, one line enough ?
 " What's christen'd merit, often wants a crutch—
 " Thus, then, a *single line* may be too much.

 " In vain the first of poets tunes his pipe ;
 " His whistle ne'er squeez'd sixpence from your gripe—
 " Vain all epistles, vain his heav'nly odes :
 " No, no ! poor PETER may his strain prolong ;
 " The dev'l a farthing will reward his song,
 " The song that should have celebrated gods !

 " In vain for royal patronage he sigh'd :
 " In vain (some say) the modest bard applied
 " To gain his book your patronising name—
 " And if this *bard*, whom all the NINE inspire,
 " Instead of gen'rous oil to feed his fire,
 " Finds cold, cold water flung upon his flame :
 " If he, ah ! vainly sighs for dedication,
 " Woe to the *willings* of the nation !

 " What though uncouth his shape, and dark his face ;
 " Whose breeding mother might for charcoal long ;
 " Still may the BARD abound in verse and grace,
 " And love for Majesty, *divinely* strong.

 " Then heed not, SIRE, a clumsy form so fat,
 " And *sombre* phiz, DAME NATURE'S work, unkind :
 " Great mousing qualities, with many a cat,
 " Of perfect ugliness, a lodging find.

" Observe

- " Observe a fat, black, greasy lump of coal ;
 " Lo, to that most ungraceful piece of earth,
 " A warm and lively lustre owes its birth ;
 " A flame in *this world*, pleasant to the soul.
 " To shapeless clouds, that, waggon-like, along
 " Move cumb'rous, scowling on the twilight heav'n,
 " At times, behold, the purest snows belong !
 " To such, of rain the lucid drops are giv'n :
 " Nay, 'mid the mafs so murky and forlorn,
 " Behold the light'ning's vivid beam is born !"

Say—" Mighty monarch, modest MERIT pines,
 " Hid like the uselefs gem amid the mines.
 " *Your* gracious smile, which all the world reveres,
 " *Your* wealth had open'd her pale closing eye,
 " Which HOPE once brighten'd with a spark of joy,
 " And cruel DISAPPOINTMENT quench'd with tears."

ODE IV.

THEN unto Majesty shalt thou repeat
 The lines that are to Majesty a treat,
 Proverbs that economic souls revere ;
 To wit—" A pin a-day's a groat a-year"—
 " A little saving is no sin"—
 " Near is my shirt, but nearer is my skin"—
 " A penny sav'd, a penny got"—
 " 'Tis money makes the old mare trot"—
 Then say, " With such wise counsellors, I'm sure,
 " No monarch ever can be poor."

Say, too, " Great Sir, your Queen is very rich—
 " Witness the diamonds lodg'd in ev'ry flitch
 " Of Madam's petticoat *, of broad effulgence ;
 " Where flame such jewels on its ample field,
 " As only to her charms and virtues yield,
 " So very noble, God's and man's indulgence !"

* The story of this petticoat affords the pleasing consideration
 of its being watched all night by a popular peer.

Now may'st thou raise thy tone a little higher—
Not 'Squire, for that's impertinent, but "SIRE,"

Firm shalt thou say, "the realm is not a wizard,
"Quick, with a word, to make the guineas start,
"To please a monarch's gold-admiring heart—
"In short, Britannia grumbles in her gizzard.

"Sire, let me say, the realm will smell a rat,
"And cry, 'Oh! oh! I know what you are at—
'Is this your cunning, MASTER BILLY PITT?
'What, Master BILLY! try to *touch* his Grace?
'To keep your most, most honourable place?
'Is this your flaming patriotic fit?

'Thick as may be the head of poor John Bull,
'The beast hath got *some* brains within his skull;
'A pair of *dangerous* horns, too, let me add;
'Dare but to make the generous creature mad.'

Thus may'st thou decently thy voice exalt—
And add, "Soft fires, O Monarch, make good malt;
"The kiln, much forc'd, may blaze about our ears,
"And then may fate be busy with his sheers—
"For then, with all his fame, your daring 'SQUIRE
"May, rat-like, squeak unpitied in the fire."

Proclaim that reputation is a jewel,
And life, without it, merely water-gruel—
Say, that a king who seeks a deathless name,
Turns not to newspapers to find a fame;
Where paragraphs (a ministerial job)
Report the half-crown howlings of a mob.

Inform the Monarch, when he goes to heav'n,
Verse to his parting spirit may be giv'n;
Ev'n PETER's verse, for which a thousand sigh—
Verse which the POET ev'n to brutes * can give,
To bid their lucky names immortal live,
Yet to a *king* the sacred gift deny!

* This is literally true. I, the LYRIC PETER, assert, that I have written a most beautiful elegy to an old friend, a dying ass, with more feeling than I could compliment the deaths of half the kings of Christendom.

Say, "Sire, we've crippled the poor people's backs ;

"Dread Sir, they are most miserable hacks—

"How 'tis they bear it all, is my surprise !

"I cannot catch another tax, indeed,

"With all your fox-hound noses, and my speed,

"Your humble grey-hound, though all teeth and
"eyes.

"The state, Sir, you will candidly allow,

"Has been t' ye a most excellent milch-cow ;

"For you, ah ! many a bucket has been fill'd—

"But trust me, Sir, the cow must not be kill'd.

"So numerous are your wants, and *they* so keen,

"That verily a hundred thousand pounds

"Seem just as in a bullock's mouth a bean !

"A pound of butter 'midst a pack of hounds !

"Have mercy on us, Sir—you can't be poor—

"Your coffers really must be running o'er."

Say, "SIRE, your wisdom is prodigious great !

"Then do not put your servant in a sweat—

"He hates snapdragon—'tis a game of danger—

"The sound, *more money*, the whole realm appals ;

"Still, still it vibrates on SAINT STEPHEN's walls ;

"Our beast, the PUBLIC, soon must eat the manger."

Say, "Good my LIEGE, indeed there's no more hay—

"Kind-hearted king, indeed there's no more corn—

"Our hack, OLD ENGLAND, sadly falls away ;

"Lean as old ROZINANTE, and forlorn."

Say, "SIRE, your parliament I dare not meet ;

"For verily I've some remains of grace—

"If forc'd with money-messages * to greet,

"Your Majesty must lend me H——RY's face.

"I know

* The cry of " More money, more money," brings to recollection a little dialogue, amongst the many, that happened between the KING of the MOSQUITOES and myself, in the Government-house at JAMAICA, during the administration of the late SIR WILLIAM TRELAWNY.—His Majesty was a very stout black

"I know what parliament will say, so mad—
 ' More money, MASTER BILLY ! very fine !'
 ' The *impudence* of highwaymen, my lad,
 ' By G— ! is *perfect modesty* to thine.'
 " SIRE, SIRE, the moment that I mention MONEY,
 " I'm sure the answer will be ' NINNY NONNY."

O D E V.

NOW, PITT, put forth a small prophetic sound ;
 Say, " KINGS should keep their state, but not
 " be rich"—

Yes, say, they never should with wealth abound,

" As money might the royal mind bewitch."

Say, " Gambling monarchs *possibly* may spring,

" And stocks be at the mercy of a king—

" And if for boroughs sigh their great affections,

" Rare business for the DEVIL at elections !

" A monarch offering his own heads and notes—

" A king and cobbler quarrelling for votes !"

Then lift thine head, and also lift thine eyes,

And drawing of thy mouth the corners down,

Exclaim (as stricken with a deep surprise),

" Not that I think a man who wears a crown

man, exceedingly ignorant, nevertheless possessed of the sublimest
 ideas of royalty ; very riotous, and grievously inclined to get drunk.
 He came to me one day, with a voice more like that of a bullock
 than a king, roaring, " MO DRINK FOR KING, MO DRINK FOR
 " KING !"

P. P.

King, you are drunk already.

KING.

No! no! King no drunk—King no drunk—Mo drink for king
 —Broder George love drink" (meaning the King of England).

P. P.

Broder George does not love drink : he is a sober man.

KING.

But King of Mosquito love drink—me will have mo drink—me
 love drink like devil—me drink whole ocean.

" Would

" Would act so meanly, Sir, or ever did—

" No ! God forbid, dread sovereign—God forbid !"

Such are my counsels, PITT.—Thy King, perchance,
May, smiling, hear thee oracles advance ;

And, pitying thee for hinting reformation—

To *such* a King of *such* a nation,

May stun thee with two proverbs all so pat—

" What, what, PITT—' Play a jig to an old cat ?'"

" What, preach—what, preach to me on money-wit !

" * Old foxes want no tutors,' BILLY PITT."

The following Elegy was written on the royal scheme of fattening cattle solely on horse-chestnuts, which (had it succeeded) must have been attended with prodigious savings. The bullocks tried what they could do, but were forced to give up the point, and nearly the ghost !

T H E

ROYAL BULLOCKS.

A

CONSOLATORY AND PASTORAL ELEGY.

YE horn'd inhabitants of Windsor Park,
Where reign'd sweet hospitality of yore,
Why are you not as merry as the lark ?
Why is it that so dismally you roar ?

Ah me ! I guess the cause !—our glorious King
Would fatten cattle in the cheapest way—
It is, it is, horse-chestnuts !—that's the thing
Which gives each face the cloud of dire dismay.

* Reformation is a most difficult and dangerous subject.—
Hazarding a critique on the work of a very eminent artist, some
years ago, what was the consequence ?—See the Ode.

Say, do the prickles stab each gentle beard?—
 You wish t' oblige the King; but ah! with pain:
 You turn them round and round, to bite *afear'd*,
 And faintly mumbling, drop them out again.

Fain would I comfort ye with better meat—
 God knows I pity ev'ry plaintive tone—
 Gladly your gums with turnips would I greet,
 And give the fragrant hay to soothe each groan.

Say, are the nuts too solid to be chew'd?—
 Of want of nut-crackers do ye complain?
 Ye make up awkward mouths upon your food;
 But 'plaint of ev'ry sort is pour'd in vain.

Condemn'd on such hard fare to sup and dine,
 And often by its stubborn nature foil'd,
 Perhaps you wish it roasted, gentle kine,
 Or probably you wish it stew'd or boil'd.

But coals cost money—labour must be sav'd—
 Know, this would prove a great expence, indeed:
 Ah! kine, by such economy close shav'd,
 Your bellies grumble, and your mouths must bleed.

Your leanness mortifies the King of nations:
 Displeas'd, he wonders that you won't grow fat:
 Your high back-bones employ his speculations,
 Much your poor bellies exercise his chat.

The MAN whose lofty head adorns a crown,
 That stoutly studies bullocks, pigs, and books,
 Wants much to see you knock'd by butchers down,
 And hung in fair array upon their hooks.

Yet, murr'ring creatures, life is vastly sweet—
 For life, were I a bullock, should I sigh:
 Much rather make a sacrifice to meat;
Live on horse-chestnuts, than on turnips die.

A

MORAL REFLECTION

ON THE

PRECEDING ELEGY.

HOW can the eye, in nature's softness drest,
 So harden'd, see the diff'rent tribes around;
 Behold the grazing cattle all so blest,
 And lambkins mingling sport, with sweetest sound;
 Then glist'ning, in a strain of triumph cry,
 "Your throats, young gentlefolks, will soon be cut—
 "You, sweet Miss Lamb, most speedily shall die—
 "Soon on the spit, you, Master Calf, be put."

How can the tongue, amid the mingled noise
 Of goose, duck, turkey, pigeon, cock, and hen,
 Exclaim, "Aye, aye, good fowls, your crackling joys
 "Soon cease, to fill with mirth the mouths of
 "men?"

I cannot meet the lambkin's asking eye,
 Pat her soft neck, and fill her mouth with food,
 Then say, "Ere evening cometh, thou shalt die,
 "And drench the knives of butchers with thy
 "blood."

I cannot fling with lib'ral hand the grain,
 And tell the feather'd race so blest around,
 "For me, ere night, you feel of death the pain;
 "With broken necks you flutter on the ground."

How vile!—"Go, creatures of th'Almighty's hand,
 "Enjoy the fruits that bounteous nature yields;
 "Graze at your ease along the sunny land;
 "Skim the free air, and search the fruitful fields—
 "Go,

"Go, and be happy in your mutual loves ;
 "No violence shall shake your shelter'd home ;
 "'Tis life and liberty shall glad my groves ;
 "The cry of murder shall not damn my dome ;"

Thus should I say, were mine a house and land—
 And lo, to me a parent should you fly,
 And run, and lick, and peck with love my hand,
 And crowd around me with a fearless eye.

And you, O wild inhabitants of air,
 To bless, and to be blest, at PETER's call,
 Invited by his kindness, should repair ;
 Chirp on his roof, and hop amidst his hall.

No school-boy's hand should dare your nests invade,
 And bear to close captivity your young—
 Pleas'd would I see them flutt'ring from the shade,
 And to my window call the sons of song.

And you, O natives of the flood, should play
 Unhurt amid your chrystal realms, and sleep :
 No hooks should tear you from your loves away ;
 No net surrounding form its fatal sweep.

Pleas'd should I gaze upon your gliding throng,
 To sport invited by the summer beam ;
 Now moving in most solemn march along,
 Now darting, leaping from the dimpled stream.

How far more grateful to the soul the joy,
 Thus chearful, like a set of friends, to treat ye,
 Than, like the bloated epicure, to cry,
 "Zounds! what rare dinners!—God! how I could
 "eat ye!"

E L E G Y

O N M Y

DYING ASS, PETER.

FRIEND of my youthful days, for ever past,
 When whim and harmless folly rul'd the hour;
 Ah! art thou stretch'd amid the straw at last!—
 These eyes with tears thy dying looks devour.

Blest, would I soften thy hard bed of death,
 And with new floods the fount of life supply.—
 O PETER, blest would I prolong thy breath,
 Renew each nerve, and cheer thy beamless eye.

But wherefore wish?—Thy lot is that of all—
 Thy friend who mourns must yield to nature's law—
 Like thee must sink—and o'er each dark'ning ball,
 Will death's cold hand th' eternal curtain draw.

Piteous thou liftest up thy feeble head,
 And mark'st me dimly, with a dumb adieu—
 And thus amid thy hopeless looks I read,
 "Faint is thy servant, and his moments few—"

"With thee no longer blest, the lanes I tread—
 "Those times, so happy, are for ever o'er—
 "Ah! why should fate so cruel cut our thread,
 "And part a friendship that must meet no more?"

"Oh! when these lids shall close (the will of fate),
 "Oh! let in peace these aged limbs be laid—
 "Mid that lov'd field which saw us oft of late,
 "Beneath our fav'rite willow's ample shade.

“ And if my master chance to wander nigh,
 “ Beside the spot where PETER’s bones repose ;
 “ Oh ! let your servant claim one little sigh—
 “ Grant this—and, blest, these eyes for ever close.”

Yes, thou poor SPIRIT, yes—*thy* wish is *mine*—
 Yes, be thy grave beneath the willow’s gloom—
 There shall the sod, the greenest sod, be thine ;
 And there the brightest flow’r of spring shall bloom.

Oh to the field as HEALTH my footstep draws,
 Thy turf shall surely catch thy master’s eye ;
 There on thy sleep of death shall friendship pause,
 Dwell on past days, and leave thee with a sigh.

Sweet is the remembrance of our youthful hours,
 When innocence upon our actions smil’d !—
 What though AMBITION scorn’d our humble pow’rs,
 Thou a wild cub, and I a cub as wild ?

Pleas’d will I tell how oft we us’d to roam ;
 How oft we wander’d at the peep of morn ;
 Till night would wrap the world in spectred gloom,
 And silence listen’d to the beetle’s horn.

Thy victories will I recount with joy ;
 The various trophies by thy fleetness won ;
 And boast that I, thy play-fellow, a boy,
 Beheld the feats-by-name-fake PETER won.

Yes, yes (for grief must yield at times to glee),
 Amidst my friends I oft will tell our tale ;
 When lo, those friends will rush thy sod to see,
 And call thy peaceful region PETER’S VALE.

AN
ACADEMIC ODE.

[*This Ode was written some years since, and was mislaid; but it is fortunately recovered.—It hinteth at the universal rage for reputation, and attacketh painters who pitifully wince at the gently-reforming touch of criticism.*]

A LAS! who has not fondness for a name?
Lo, nature wove it in our infant frame!

From ear-delighters, down to ear-confounders,
Each vainly fancies he possesses killing tones;
Ev'n from the MARAS and the BILLINGTONS,
Down to the wide-mouth'd rascals crying flounders—
Nay, watchmen deem their merits no ways small,
Proud of a loud, clear, melancholy bawl;
Nay, proud, too, of that instrument the rattle,
That draws the hobbling brotherhood to battle.

Yes, yes! much vanity's in human nature—
Like mad dogs, that abhor the water,
The painters hate to hear their faults display'd—
And though I sing them in the *best* of rhymes,
Such are the reformation-cursing times,
The foolish fellows really wish me dead.

Now this is great depravity, I fear—
My Tale, too, proveth it as noon-day clear.

THE
TALE OF VAN TRUMP.

MYNHEER VAN TRUMP, who painteth very
well,

Flam'd at my gentle criticisms, like hell—

“ Poor vretch (cried TRUMP) I'm much dat rogue's
“ superiors—

“ Ven

“ Ven he, poor lousy dog, be ded and rot,
 “ Van Trump by peepels vil not be forgot,
 “ But lif in all de mouths of my posteriors”—
 Meaning, indeed, by this severity,
 His name would live to all *posterity*.

Upon a day, some goodly folks and fine,
 Arriv'd, to barter praise for beef and wine;
 Academicians were the wights, I trow,
 The very men to dine with VAN and VROW.

To Madam Trump did fall the carving work—
 So, sticking in a fowl's sweet breast her fork—
 “ I wish this fork (quoth angry Madam Trump,
 Wriggling from side to side her angry rump),
 “ Were now as deep in PETER PINDAR's heart.”
 “ Vell zed—dat's clever—jantelmans, dat's vit,”
 Quoth VAN—“ spake it vonce more, my dear, a bit—
 “ Now don't you tink, Sirs, dat my vrow's dam
 “ smart ?

“ Now, jantelmans, I ax you if you please,”
 Roar'd VAN, upstarting—catching fire like tinder—
 “ Will drenk von dam goot bumper 'pon our knees—
 “ Come, Sirs, ‘ Damnation to dat PETER PINDAR.”
 Plump down the great academicians fell,
 And hearty drank th' *immortal* bard to hell!

Such, I'm asham'd to say, 's the dev'lish mind
 Contaminating poor mankind.

Here, too, a little moral may be seen—
 Reformers are good folks the million hate ;
 And who, if hang'd, or shot, or burnt, I ween,
 Repentant, find their folly out, *too late*.

T H E
PROGRESS OF ADMIRATION;
 OR, THE
WINDSOR GARDENERS.

WHEN first their Majesties to Windsor went,
 Lo, almost ev'ry mouth was rent—
 With what?—with gaping on the royal pair:
 Indeed, from east, and west, and north, and south,
 Arriv'd large cargoes both of eye and mouth,
 To feast on Majesty their gape and stare.

Not PUNCH, the mighty PUNCH, the prince of joke,
 E'er brought together such a herd of folk.

Amongst the thousands full of admiration,
 Appear'd fair Windsor's GARDENING NATION,
 Blazing with loyalty's bright torches—
 They humbly came their Majesties to greet,
 Begging their Majesties to come and treat,
 On ev'ry sort of fruit, their grand allforches.
 The couple smil'd assent, and ask'd no questions—
 Resolv'd to gratify their great digestions.

Forth went his Majesty, so condescending—
 Forth went our gracious Queen, the fruits com-
 mending—

Munching away at a majestic rate.
 The gardeners saw themselves bespread with glory;
 Told unto all the ale-houses the story;
 Which houses did again the tale relate.
 Yes, they were all so pleas'd, that their poor things
 Should find such favour in the mouths of kings—
 So happy at the sudden turn of fate,
 As though they all had found a great estate.

T t

With

With awe so stricken were the gardeners mute—
So sharp they ey'd them as they ate their fruit—

Marv'lling to find that such as wear a crown
Had actions very much like theirs in eating ;
And that they mov'd, when pines and neet'rines
greeting,

Their jaws, like other people, *up and down* ;
And that, like other folks, they ate a deal—
Making (that is to say) a ploughman's meal.

And now the gardeners, all so glorious, wanted
To send to Majesty rare things—'twas granted.

Both horse and foot so labour'd to embark it !
So much, indeed, unto their GRACES came,
In consequence of this most loyal flame,

The palace look'd like Covent-Garden Market.

And lo, their Majesties went forth each day,
Their compliments to dainty fruits to pay :

The gardeners met them with best looks and bows ;
And then the royal reputation rais'd—

The vegetable wisdom highly prais'd

Of George the glorious, and his glorious spouse.

They told of Windsor town the gaping throng,
What taste did unto Majesty belong ;

As how they pick'd the *best*—strange to relate too—
As how their eyes were of such lofty stature ;
Fill'd with so much sublimity their nature,

They look'd not on an onion or potatoe—
Which shew'd a noble patronising spirit,
And prov'd that ev'n in fruits they favour'd merit.

Reader, prepare to drop thy jaw with wonder ;
Prepare thee now to hear a sound like thunder—

The gardeners, lo, with Majesty grew tir'd !

No more their gracious visitors desir'd !

In short, when monarchs did themselves display,

The gardeners, *bonâ fide*, ran away ;

Finding a *sort of vacuum* 'mongst their fruit,

That did not much their scheme of thriving suit.

For

For Majesty gives nought to subjects, mind—
 Honour and money would be much too kind :
 The royal smile, and guinea's glorious rays,
 Like SEMELE *, would kill them with the blaze.

They now began exalted birth to *smoke*,
 And fancy monarchs much like common folk—
 Therefore, no more, when Majesties were coming,
 Whistling and laughing, smiling, singing, humming,
 They gap'd, and blessing their too happy eyes,
 Leap'd at their presence, just like fish at flies.

Thus did those fellows run from Queen and King ;
 Which shews the *changeful* folly of mankind—
 By growing tir'd and sick of a good thing,
 To actual happinesses blind!

For what in this our earthly world can spring,
 That's equal to a glorious king ?
 What in this world of wonders can be seen,
 That's equal to a charming queen ?

To fancy otherwise, alas ! what sin it is !
 From such profane opinion how I shrink !
 There must be *something great*, for they too think
 They're gods, or cousins of divinities !

No more the dogs the gard'ners ponder'd how
 To say fine words, and make a pretty bow :
 No more they felt a choaking in the throat :
 No more look'd up and down, and wink'd askew,
 Poor souls, and, silly, wist not what to do,
 When with such awe the royal visage smote.

No, no ! the scene was most completely alter'd—
 No longer like some stupid jack-ass halter'd,
 Beside a miller's door, or gate, or post,
 In seeming meditation lost,

* The story of SEMELE, not being known to every one, is this :
 —the young lady, ambitious of enjoying Jupiter in all his glory,
 perished amidst the sublime effulgence of the god.

'To Majesty were drawn their heads so thick—
No—they were off—all admiration-sick.

Such is sad repetition, O ye gods!
And this may really happen to my Odes!

Men of huge titles and exalted places,
Should at a distance commonly be seen—
Eyes should not be familiar with their faces;
Then WONDER goes a courting to each mien.

Lo, NOVELTY's a barber's strap or hone,
That keenness to the razor-passions gives:
USE weareth out this barber's strap or stone;
Thus, 'tis by NOVELTY, ENJOYMENT lives.

In *love*, a sweet example let us seek—
I have it—CYNTHIA's soft luxuriant neck—
Fix'd on the charm, how pleas'd the eye can dwell!
How sighs the hand within the gauze to creep,
Mouse-like, and on the snowy hills to sleep,
Rais'd by the most delicious swell;
Like gulls, those birds that rise, and now subside,
Borne on the bosom of the silver tide.

But let the breast be common—all's undone;
Wishes, and sighs, and longings, all are gone:
Away the hurrying palpitations fly;
Desire lies dead upon the gazeless eye.
Sunk into insipidity is rapture!
Thus finisheth of love the simple chapter.

This is a pretty lesson, though not new;
A lesson fit for Gentile or for Jew—
For LOVE, the cooing, sweet, persuasive pigeon,
Gains all the globe, indeed, to his religion:
Throughout the world his humble vot'ries pray,
And worship him exactly the same way.—
Other religions kill—are torn by strife—
LOVE *kisses*, and, what's sweeter still, gives *life*!

ADDRESS TO THE VIRTUES.

AN ODE.

AH, VIRTUES! you are pretty-looking creatures;
 But then so meek and feeble in your natures!—
 Thou charming CHASTITY, now, *par exemple*,
 Who guard'st the luscious lip, and snowy breast,
 And all that maketh wishing shepherds blest,
 Forbidding thieves on sacred ground to trample.

Appear but LOVE, the savage, all is lost;
 Faint, trembling, blushing, thou giv'st up the ghost:
 Lo, there's an end to all thy mincing care!
 The field so guarded, in the TYRANT's pow'r;
 Each fence torn down, despoil'd each mossy bow'r,
 Ah, all is rudely plunder'd and laid bare.

VIRTUES! you *blunder'd* on our world, I fear—
 Design'd for some more *gentle* sphere;
 Where the wild PASSIONS storm ye not, nor tease ye;
 Where ev'ry animal's a mild MARCHESL.

I know your parentage and education—
 Born in the skies—a lofty habitation—
 But for a *perfect* system were intended,
 Where people never needed to be *mended*.

How could you think the PASSIONS to withstand,
 Those roaring BLADES, so out of all command,
 Whose slightest *touch* would pull you all to pieces?
 They are GOLIAHS—you but *little* MISSES!
 Then pray go home again, each *pretty* DEAR—
 You but *disgrace* yourselves by coming *here*.

T H E
PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

A MIGHTY POTENTATE, of *some* discerning,
Inquisitive indeed! and fond of learning,
From Windsor oft danc'd down to Eton College,
To make himself a pin-cushion of knowledge;
That is, by gleaning pretty little scraps
Of Cæsar, Alexander, and such chaps.

There would he oft harangue the MASTER,
On HOMER, VIRGIL, PINDAR, my relation,
Fast as a jack-fly, very often faster—

Now jack-flies have a sweet acceleration.
Oft ask'd he questions about ancient kings—
Nat'ral! because so like himself—great things!

He ask'd if CÆSAR ever did insist,
That if his minister would keep his place,
That minister should always have the grace
To mind deficiencies of CIVIL LIST;

Whether great CÆSAR ever sent his sons,
To study all the classics and great guns,
And bring of art and science home a store,
To GOTTINGEN (his money wisely hoarding),
As Gottingen is vastly cheap for boarding
Young gentlemen whose parents are but poor—

He ask'd if CÆSAR's soul was fond of knowing
What all the neighbourhood was daily doing;
What went into the pot, or on the spit—
How much in house-keeping they yearly spent,
And if, like honest folks, they paid their rent,
Or gave of victuals to the poor, a bit—

If CÆSAR ever to a brew-house went,
 With lords and ladies of his court so grand,
 And hours on hops, and hoops, and hogsheds spent,
 So wise, with some great WHITBREAD of the land;
 And tarried till he did the brewer tire,
 And made the brewer's horse and dog *admire*;
 And curious draymen into hogsheds creeping,
 Sly rogues, and through the bung-holes peeping—

Whether great CÆSAR was so sly an elf,
 As from the very servants to enquire;
 And know much better than the 'SQUIRE *himself*,
 The business of each neighbouring 'SQUIRE—

As why the coachman JERRY went away;
 Which of the DRIVERS, JOAN the cook defil'd;
 Which of the footmen with SUSANNA lay,
 And got the charming chamber-maid with child—

He ask'd if CÆSAR's servants all
 Were, cat-like, all good mousers, earn'd their wages;
 Sought news from street and tavern, bulk and stall,
 Like NICOLAI, the prince of pages;
 And whether Cæsar, with ferocious looks,
 Found a poor trav'ling LOUSE, and shav'd his cooks—

If Cæsar's minister gave half-a-crown
 To shoe-blacks, and the sweepers of the town,
 To howl, and swear, and clap him at the play;
 And when unto the Senate-house he rode,
 To spread their ell-wide lantern-jaws abroad,
 And roar most bull-like when he came away.

He ask'd if Julius Cæsar's wife
 Had ever maids of honour in her life,
 Like any modern economic queen;
 And if, of saving wisdom full,
 The saving empress ever made a rule,
 So keen, indeed so very keen,

That all those honourable maids,
 Who wish'd to sleep in comfortable beds,

Should

Should purchase their own sheets and pillow-cases,
To treat their gentle backs, and blooming faces—

Whether great Cæsar lov'd humility,
That is, in subjects only, viz. Nobility ;
And eke the Commons, deem'd a vulgar mass,
Form'd by the wisdom of Almighty God,
To carry on their backs a heav'nly load,
Just like a camel, elephant, or ass—

If Cæsar cut up palaces for pens,
And unto butch'ring strongly did incline ;
Sold geese and turkeys, ducks, and cocks, and hens,
And fatten'd cows, and calves, and sheep, and swine ;
In rams surpass'd him (of ram-glory full),
Or ever beat him in a bull.

He ask'd if Cæsar did not find
Some cunning fellow for a hind,
Prepar'd with *strange* accounts to meet him.
And in his pigs, and sheep, and bullocks cheat him ;
And whether Cæsar did not slyly watch him—
And what were Cæsar's traps to catch him—

If, like PEG NICHOLSON, on mischief busy,
A mantua-maker drew a rusty knife,
To cleave the emperor in twain, the hussy,
Fright'ning the emperor out of his life—

He ask'd if Italy was half so blest
As England, in that prince of painters, WEST ;
And if there ever liv'd in Rome's great town
A man who *stole*, like REYNOLDS, a renown ;
A man, indeed, whose daubing brush
Puts painting, the sweet damsel, to the blush—
Then ask'd if Cæsar ever had a heart
To give a shilling to the glorious art.

He ask'd if Cæsar, 'midst his dread campaigns,
Felt bold, whene'er well dous'd by rushing rains ;
Not caring ev'n a single fig,
Although they spoil'd a bran-new wig ;

Joining

Joining the doughty regiments of death,
On some wild Wimbledon, or huge Blackheath.

He ask'd if Cæsar ever star'd *abroad*
(Instead of staring, as he ought, at *home*),
For architects with trash the land to load,
And raise of gaudy gingerbread a *DOVE* * :
Such as is rais'd by that rare Swede *SIR WILL*,
The grinning mouth of *·RIDICULE* to fill—

Whether the curious Cæsar sent to Greece,
For statues costing heav'n knows what a-piece :
Then putting under-ground a world's rare boast †,
To entertain a toad or ghost.

Such were the questions, with a thousand more,
He ask'd, to swell of knowledges the store ;
That fell like starlings on the ear, in flocks—
Sure keys for op'ning *MOTHER WISDOM's* locks.

Rare keys that ope the twilight vaults of *TIME* :
A thief who, with sacrilegious pride,
Delighteth something ev'ry day to hide,
Sacks full of prose and sweetly-sounding rhyme.

* The royal academy.

† A cast, and the only one, of the famous *FARNESI HERCULES*, having been procured by a considerable expence, as well as trouble, for the benefit of the *STUDENTS* of the *ROYAL ACADEMY*, and the admiration of the world in general, is now thrust away into a dark hole ; the building being rather calculated for the support of butterflies, than *heavy antiques*. The following short dialogue was written on the occasion :—

*A Dialogue between Two STATUES, in an upper Room of the
ROYAL ACADEMY.*

FIRST STATUE.

“ What keeps old Hercules *below*,
“ A fellow of such rare renown ? ”

SECOND STATUE.

“ Plague take thee ! hold thy tongue—for know,
“ Should *he* come up, *we* all go down.”

Such

Such questions, with a manner quite *unique*,
 The monkey boys to mimic soon began—
 And lo, of mimicry the faucy trick,
 Like wild-fire through the college ran
 Lord! hinder them!—there could be no such thing—
 Thus ev'ry little rascal was a king!

This FAME, who seldom lessons sounds, did bear,
 With all its horrors, to the ROYAL EAR—
 The consequence, the school had cause to rue;
 To schools the MONARCH made a long adieu;
 Of ETON JOURNEYS gave th' idea o'er,
 And, angry, never mention'd Cæsar more.

F I N I S.

5 FE 66

Direction to the Binder.

Divide the Volumes at Page 253.
